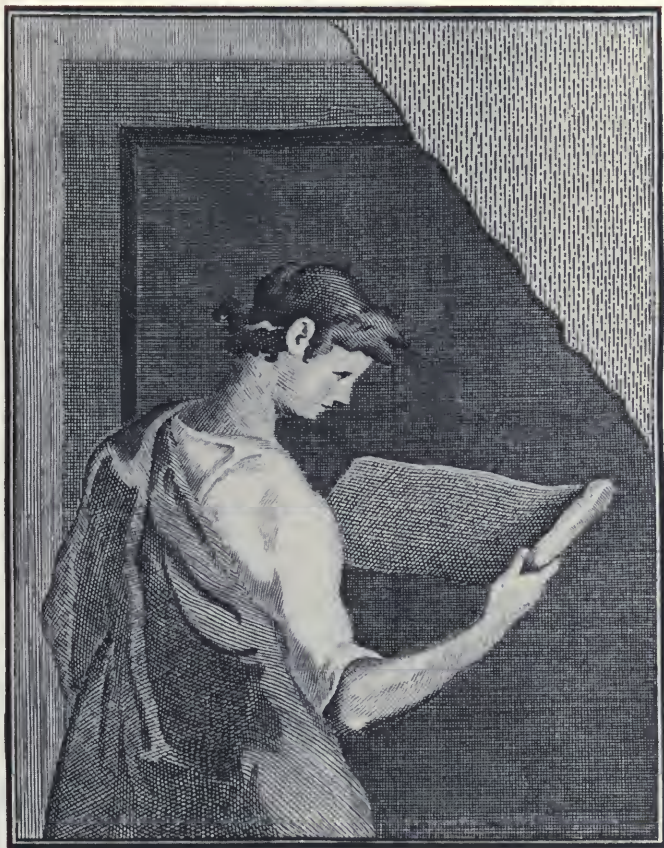






SIR JULIUS WERNHER  
BARONET





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T. Leigh,

From his friend,

A. Sartoris,

On his leaving Eton,

July, 1841.



NOTES  
OF  
A RAMBLE  
THROUGH  
FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, GERMANY,  
HOLLAND, AND BELGIUM;  
AND OF A VISIT TO THE  
SCENES OF "THE LADY OF THE LAKE,"

§c. §c.

---

BY A LOVER OF THE PICTURESQUE.

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"Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,  
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,  
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,  
Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,  
And life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share." *Byron.*

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LONDON:  
HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO., PATERNOSTER-ROW,  
AND W. ROBERTS, EXETER.

1836.





## PREFACE.

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IN keeping the following Journal, during a late tour on the Continent, my object was to possess the means of reviving the recollection of what I had seen and heard in the course of my travels, and of affording amusement to some of my most intimate friends. Originally I had no views more ambitious than these ; and, indeed, in looking over the manuscript shortly after my return, I thought that the incidents I had recorded, and the proceedings I had related, were too insignificant and too common-place to interest the general reader.

It happened, however, the other day, as I was perusing some of the letters of the “ Citizen of the World,” that I met with the following passage,—  
“ To a philosopher, no circumstance, however trifling, is too minute ; he finds instruction and entertainment in occurrences which are passed

over by the rest of mankind as low, trite, and indifferent ; it is from the number of these particulars, which to many appear insignificant, that he is at last enabled to form general conclusions.” —These lines afforded me encouragement, and at length I said, like Syntax, “ I’ll print my tour.”

The reader will find here the hasty notes of a traveller who moved on from scene to scene in the easy pursuit of amusement,—simple memorandums of daily occurrences or the rapid transcript of impressions made on the mind as the eye glanced over the surfaces of things :—objects are described as they appeared on a cursory survey, and men as I saw them in places of public resort—where, indeed, as it regards a large portion of the Continent, the principal part of their time may be said to be spent.

I am a mere traveller, and have no pretensions whatever to being an antiquary, a virtuoso, or a sentimentalist ;—still I am not one of those who can behold without an emotion of interest, the noble vestiges of by-gone days—the magic creations of the chisel and the pencil—or the diversified aspects of mankind.



Such, then, as my Journal is, I lay it before my readers,—not expecting it will afford “instruction” to philosophers, but thinking it may serve to beguile a few hours for those who, quietly seated at their fire-side, like to range over foreign scenes without having to encounter the annoyances of diligences and vetturini. *Perhaps*, too, it may serve to suggest a route to some future Rambler.

At the end will be found “A Visit to the scenes of ‘The Lady of the Lake,’ &c.,” in 1833,—written under the same circumstances as the Journal, and published with the same object.



# ROUTE.

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NOTES OF A RAMBLE  
THROUGH  
FRANCE, ITALY, &c.

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It was on a fine morning, on April the 15th, 1834, that I left the peaceful groves of Devon to wander, according to my annual custom, in search of novelty—to seek the variety of foreign scenes, and the excitement of distant cities. I first directed my course towards London, where I had to procure my passport and some guide books. The chalky soil of Salisbury Plain, seen in the moonlight, had a completely snowy appearance, and seemed to afford an anticipation of the snow-clad Alps I was shortly to see.

I arrived in London early on the following morning, and about mid-day repaired to the office of the French Ambassador, No. 6, Poland-Street, to apply for my passport. I was requested to write my name and address in London, and to call the next day for it. Having perambulated many of the streets of the metropolis, unparalleled in the world for bustle,

I walked in the afternoon to the Surry Zoological Gardens. The glass dome which covers the dens of some of the principal animals is fine, and the place generally pretty, although it did not appear to me so pleasingly arranged as the Gardens in Regent's Park. Amongst the variety is a camel and a rhinoceros unicornis eighteen months old, whose horn has not yet made its appearance; and a young weeping willow produced from that which overhangs Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena.

17th. I walked to the Regent's Park, and the Colosseum to see the Conservatories and Swiss Cottage. Amongst the noble plants in the former, is a very fine specimen of the bread-fruit tree in flower and fruit, &c. The grottoes here representing ocean caverns are curious: in looking out of them you see the undulating billows, and from one is seen a tempest—the heaving of the troubled sea—the rolling of a wrecked vessel—and the ominous flight of gulls near the shore. The Swiss Cottage is interesting: before it is a pond into which falls a cascade descending from the lofty rocks, decked with firs, which are seen opposite the window. The wild fowl swimming on the little lake give a reality to the scene, and have a pretty effect. The whole is also seen diminished in a convex mirror, which forms a pleasing picture. The cottage, the lake, the mountains, and all their Alpine accompaniments are enclosed by a high wall which separates them from a very different scene.

At the time appointed (between the hours of one and three), I applied for my passport which I obtained without delay; and then purchased a little French money at a money-changer's in Cheapside, but afterwards found I should have done better to make the exchange at Calais. I engaged my place to Paris at the office in Regent Circus, Piccadilly, corresponding with the Messageries Générales, Rue Notre-Dame-des-Victoires à Paris. The whole fare, including an outside place in England, a sea passage in the best cabin, and the *coupé* in France, was £3. 6s. I thus particularize for the benefit of future travellers.

18th. The towns through which I passed on the way to Dover did not appear to me particularly attractive. Amongst them were Dartford, Gravesend, Rochester, Chatham, and Canterbury the cathedral of which is well seen in descending the hill to the city. Dover Castle is a fine object, as you approach that town. On the route, much of the country is but of moderate interest, and several of the hills are long and steep. The soil, as geologists are well aware, is chalky in this direction. Dover does not present any great attractions, but appears neat, and gains vastly on comparison with Calais.

Early the next morning I left Dover, and passed from beneath its white cliffs, amongst which the most conspicuous and interesting is that of Shakspeare. These chalky battlements, which I was not

again to see for ten months, soon became dim in the distance, and I might now adopt Childe Harold's parting words—

“Adieu, adieu! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue.”

Our passage in the steam packet was performed quickly, occupying less than three hours. The day was fine, but the swell, which was considerable, produced on me all the miseries of sea-sickness. The horrors of this wretched malady of course deprived me of all pleasure, and the sun shone, and the blue waters sparkled in vain for me. We now arrived at the long wooden pier of Calais. Here a new world appears before you—every thing seems different—the houses, the vehicles, and almost every other object look of ruder construction, and the streets are more roughly paved. The passports of the travellers were deposited at the *bureau* on the pier, and their luggage left in the vessel, to be afterwards procured at the Custom-House, where it was searched: the exterior of the pockets was also felt. With an English and an Italian acquaintance I had just formed, I reached Meurice's hotel, a comfortable inn. One of the *domestiques* was a remarkably fine young woman dressed in the costume of her country, with the short gown or jacket, which has a look of simplicity. This kind of habiliment has almost disappeared in England, except in the country. After taking a *dejeuner de café*, I walked out with



my new friends to view the town. We by chance got admission into the fortress where we were shown a large collection of artillery and military stores. It was Saturday, and a bustling market-day: there was a great display of peasant costume, and of rude and rustic equipages, all presenting a wonderful contrast to those of the opposite shore—"my native land." The town is wretchedly dull, and is surrounded by neglected ramparts, while its dreary neighbourhood is scarcely varied by a tree. As I was walking about with my English friend, a little group of children once surrounded us to gaze at the foreigners and beg a *sous*. We observed one unfortunate Englishman, who did not understand French, very much pestered by these urchins. At the table d'hôte we had the company of several Englishmen, a Swiss, a Belgian, and an Italian.

20th. Sunday. At nine o'clock I seated myself in the coupé of the diligence, and soon rumbled over the several drawbridges leading from the town. The dreariness of the country was increased by the dense mist of the morning. After passing two unimportant towns, we reached Boulogne which is prettily situated on a hill, or rather on two, descending towards the sea. The chalky soil of the northern shores of France corresponds with that of the southern part of England. At Boulogne the proportion of English is even greater than at Calais, where they form about half the population. We

dined at Montreuil, a singular old town occupying a very steep hill, where our passports were demanded; and supped or rather took coffee at Abbeville, a fortified and, as far as I could judge in the dark, rather an agreeable town. Rolling over its drawbridges, we continued our journey, and the next morning reached Beauvais where we breakfasted *à la fourchette*. After this, the scenery is rather pleasing, but, all along, the want of country seats, houses, and hedges is observed by the English traveller. The towns and villages too, generally speaking, look old and gloomy compared with those of England. Some of the hills are very long, and in some parts the roads are paved in the middle for long distances. I observed that our postillion, in one or two cases, preferred sitting up in front of the diligence to remaining on his horse's back, and in this case a single rope once served to hold all six horses.

I arrived at Paris on the 21st, at half-past four in the afternoon, and in the evening took a walk on the Boulevards, amidst the animation of this most exciting capital. The 22nd was spent in wandering about the city, in visiting the Quays, the Louvre, Palais Royal, the Gardens of the Tuileries, and other objects. Description I will not attempt, as descriptions of the objects of Paris are already almost innumerable. This morning, as I was looking at some objects in a shop window, an incident occurred which, trifling as it was, is illus-



trative of the habitual politeness of the French. A man tripped and fell behind me, and as he re-established himself on his feet, said "Pardon, Monsieur," not considering that he had inconvenienced no one but himself.

The 23rd was chiefly devoted to the passport business. Previous to proceeding on my intended journey, I found it necessary to procure the signature of the British Ambassador, then the *visa* of the "Ministre des Affaires Etrangères," for which I paid ten francs. I afterwards took my passport to the Prefecture de Police, near the Pont Neuf, where it was *visé* again, and then brought it back to the Suisse at the bureau of the "Ministre des Affaires Etrangères," who promised to get me the five *visas* of the ambassadors of the countries I was about to visit, at one franc each. On calling the next day for my precious document, he was obliging enough to make me pay seven francs instead of five. This appears to have been money thrown away, as I could not afterwards discover that the *visas* were of any service to me. So much for the annoyance of passports.

24th. I paid a visit to the Louvre to take a glance at its almost interminable collection of pictures and curiosities, which it would require weeks to examine thoroughly. Many of the paintings in the gallery are quite new; and amongst the objects of the museum I observed numerous mummy cases, and other Egyptian antiquities.

The admittance being entirely free, the many apartments were thronged to excess by persons of all classes, and so dense was the crowd in some parts that it was difficult to move. With an English assemblage of a similar description, the preservation of the objects would be doubtful, but here all conduct themselves politely, and no one meddles.

25th. I bent my steps towards the banks of the Seine, where I took my seat in a diligence for Versailles the distance to which is twelve miles. The country in this direction is pleasant, and many châteaux are seen seated amid groves and gardens which now displayed the glad tintings of spring. The villages through which you pass are less neat than those of England, but perhaps more picturesque—a remark which will also apply to the vehicles of different sorts. On descending from the diligence, a boy commenced the operation of brushing my clothes, without my application, for which, however, he did not the less expect to be paid. An officious cicerone or *conducteur* followed me closely, and offered his services to show the palace. I found him a handy fellow: he had been for four years and a half prisoner of war in Porchester Castle, and understood a few English words which he was fond of using. Versailles, although it is I believe the fashion to find fault with it, is nevertheless a splendid place, and the fountains and *jets d'eau*, which are perhaps the finest in the world, seem almost without number.

Unfortunately for me, they did not play to-day, nor was the greater part of the palace open to inspection. I therefore only saw the king's chapel, and two or three apartments of paintings in disorder. I was shown the latter by a little conductress who told me the subjects, and smiled as she pointed at the paintings of human figures portrayed in all the undisguised simplicity of nature. The whole was preparing to be opened on the 4th of May, for which I was only a few days too early. I was much pleased with the orangery which is of great extent, and forms a cool retreat—"frais pour l'été." It is half subterranean, and you walk through long, enclosed vistas fragrant with orange trees which are ranged on each side. Many of these are a hundred years old, and a few of great size, considerably more than three hundred. The gardens abound with statues which afford classical associations, and here and there are enclosures for concerts and dancing, surrounded by marble colonnades, and open to the blue sky. Following my guide through groves of horse-chesnuts (*marro-niers*), I proceeded to the palace of the Grand Trianon which is within the enclosure of the park of Versailles, and was constructed by order of Louis the Fourteenth, as the residence of his *maîtresse*. It is a delightful place elegantly furnished, and decorated with paintings. The Petit Trianon, which is very near, is less elegant, and was built for a similar purpose by Louis the Fifteenth. The

gardens, particularly those adjoining the latter, are beautifully laid out with ponds, cascades, grottoes, and temples, and can scarcely be found fault with by the most fastidious landscape gardener:—they truly form an enchanting and fairy scene. On a pretty little isle, in the Temple of Love, are seen statues of Venus and Cupid. In returning, I passed numerous fountains, and saw the grand reservoir and pipes for supplying water. The Parc aux Cerfs, or hunting forest which surrounds Versailles, is very extensive. On paying my cicerone, he expressed himself “infiniment obligé,” a translation of which would sound rather odd in the mouth of an English guide. The people who show the palaces being paid by government, need not be remunerated by the traveller, except in case of giving particular trouble. I dined at a restaurateur, without the entrance of the palace, where I paid nearly five francs for a very moderate dinner. I however had the satisfaction of being waited on by a pretty girl—an object, by the bye, much more rare in France than in England. This sentiment was thus expressed by the Italian with whom I crossed the channel.—“The ladies of London are beautiful, beautiful! but those of Paris, horrible, horrible!!” I returned to Paris in an *accelérée*, a vehicle of the omnibus construction.

26th. I proceeded to the Jardin des Plantes, and spent a considerable time there, especially at the zoological part. The animals are interesting,



and the giraffe looked as well as when I had seen him two or three years before. I dined at a restaurateur in the Rue St. Honoré, which provides soup, three plates, dessert, bread, and half a bottle of wine, for thirty-two sous, or about sixteen pence. These were of very fair quality, as the crowded attendance attested.

The 27th was Sunday, and I went to St. Roch, where the congregation were kneeling in silent adoration, whilst the priest officiated before the altar. I afterwards walked to the gardens of the Tuileries which as usual presented a gay and crowded scene. At one of the seats I met a Scotchman with whom I had a long chat: he was one of the Stewart clan, and a native of a small Highland town I had lately visited. He informed me that in French infantry regiments of the line, little men are *preferred* as more active (although the conscription of course brings both great and small); and that they receive only one sous per day besides their bread and meat! With the exception of a slight variation in the turn-out, they have all the same uniform which is a blue coat with scarlet trowsers. In the winter season they usually wear a long frock coat of a very pale blue colour—the French gray. The National Guards wear a blue coat and trowsers, the former of which is turned out with red at the skirts; they may be known by the white plate, &c. about their caps. Since the Revolution of 1830, the Swiss

regiments have not re-appeared. My new acquaintance related a circumstance which, as the actors in it were citizen soldiers, may perhaps be considered as an indication of the general feeling amongst the people—a weariness of commotion.—About a fortnight before, at six o'clock in the morning, he had observed a party of National Guards conducting along the quay a young prisoner who had been engaged in the late disturbances. The offender suddenly placed his hand on the wall of the quay, and leaped into the river; but ere he reached the water, the muskets had been levelled with one accord, and a dozen bullets had transfixed him.

“England, with all thy faults I love thee still—  
My country.”—

I again visited the Louvre, and in the afternoon walked to the Place Louis XV., well known as a principal scene of the horrors of the first Revolution. It was this magnificent square which then served as a human slaughterhouse—it was here, at the foot of a statue of Liberty, that the life-blood of Louis XVI., and of thousands of his subjects flowed!

Adjoining the square, are the Champs Elysées which are on Sundays a grand scene of the vanities of the French metropolis, and exhibit one of the most motley assemblages of beings that can be imagined. Here is a continual roll of carriages of all constructions and all appearances, from the



meanest cab to the most magnificent equipage—swings, roundabouts, puppet shows, and games of all sorts are in active operation: everything, in a word, has rather the appearance of a fair than a sabbath. Such are the Elysian Fields!—how truly like a paradise!—how like an abode of bliss! At the end of the avenue I reached Napoleon's grand triumphal arch at the Barrière de l'Étoile. It is still unfinished, but although Sunday, many men were at work on it. The church of La Madeleine, which was to have been called "The Temple of Glory," and dedicated to those who sacrificed their lives in fighting for their country, now appears nearly completed. It is a vast temple facing the Rue Royale; and, judging from its appearance *en passant*, I should imagine it is scarcely surpassed, for grandeur and vastness of dimensions, by any edifice of modern times. The portico is supported by eight enormous Corinthian columns, and there is a range of eighteen on each side of the building. I at length retired to the tranquillity of my chamber, weary of the sabbath-breaking scenes of the giddy metropolis.

On the 28th, at four in the afternoon, I quitted Paris for Chalons-sur-Saône, which I reached by the new road in forty-nine hours. Much of the first part of the route is flat and uninteresting, but as you proceed the scenery is more varied. The general objects of the country, being ruder, have a more picturesque look than with us. Near Aux-

erre are many vineyards, for here you have just entered the province of Bourgogne, so well known from its wines. This is a mountainous district, and the hill sides are covered with vines which now presented no other appearance than that of dead sticks: even when in leaf they are by no means so ornamental to the country as some other productions, being short plants supported by low stakes. Six or seven leagues before you reach Chalons, in passing along the side of a hill, the romantic ruin of Rochepot Castle, an old baronial residence, is seen on an opposite eminence overlooking a rural village of the same name. "Sacré nom de Dieu" is an expression shockingly frequent amongst the postilions, and I observed that one or two were incessantly using it to urge forward their horses. During this journey, I had a specimen of French gastronomic powers in the person of an immensely stout man significantly styled "le gros monsieur" by a fellow traveller who truly remarked "son ventre est son dieu." In a dinner of perhaps eighteen dishes, he would partake of each, and sometimes help himself a second time to the same dish! About five o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived at Chalons-sur-Saône which is a pleasant town with good quays and commodious inns. I had intended to proceed by boat to Lyons, but went by diligence in consequence of the misrepresentations of the book-keeper at the messagerie.

I left Chalons at eight in the evening, and early in the morning reached Macon, where there is a pleasant quay on the banks of the Saône. The route hence to Lyons is delightful, lying near the banks of the same river ; and the country is fertile, woody, and animated. As you descend towards Lyons, you have on the left a deep, picturesque, and beautiful vale or dingle. It is named the valley of Rochemardon, and is celebrated as having been a favourite residence of Rousseau. Lyons is situated at the confluence of the Rhone and Saône which completely enclose the middle part of the town ; and some parts of it are singularly walled in by cliffs on which are perched houses that seem to threaten others built beneath them. Its streets are mostly narrow and dirty, and, for the second city of France, it appears very unattractive. Some parts of the quays, however, are fine, and there are several large and handsome public buildings amongst which the hospital and theatre should be named. In walking on one of the frequented quays, I observed some disgusting slaughterhouses which are open to the public eye, and look very offensive to an Englishman. On the river are moored a number of flour mills, the wheels of which are driven by the current. The Jardin des Plantes, disposed on the side of a hill, forms a pleasant promenade, and the environs of the town, picturesque by nature, are embellished with numerous villas and walks. There appeared to me much

*brusquerie* about the inhabitants of Lyons, which was now increased from the agitation consequent on recent attempts at revolution. The *pavé* in some places still remained up, and the lodges of one of the bridges, and several houses were in a very battered state. One or two, which had been burnt, were still smoking, and many along the quays bore the marks of shot. The place seemed almost full of soldiers who were stationed here to keep the turbulent inhabitants in order. In the evening, I listened to the awe-inspiring clang of a French martial band which played on the *place* before the Hotel de Ville, and afterwards heard the stirring evening call of the soldiers *à coucher*. As in some of the other continental countries, this is done by the beating of small drums. In France the number of men thus employed to drum through the town is large, and the rattle produced is tremendous, but also somewhat imposing.

On the 2nd of May, at seven in the evening, I left Lyons by the diligence for Turin, in company with a young gentleman from Liverpool, with whom I had just formed an acquaintance. Passing through a country of the view of which we were mostly deprived by the darkness, we reached, between nine and ten in the morning, Pont-de-Beauvoisin, the frontier town of Savoy. On one side of the bridge, which gives name to the town, and crosses the Guiers Vif, are stationed French soldiers, and, on the other, those of the Sardinian



government. All persons passing the bridge are obliged to submit to inspection: the habiliments of the women are examined, and the men take off their hats to show their emptiness! Even the passports of my friend and myself were demanded on our walking down to examine the bridge, and its picturesque accompaniments, although we had just crossed it in the diligence. Immediately on passing the frontier, our vehicle was driven into the court-yard of the custom-house where all the luggage underwent examination, and where we were delayed three or four hours. The contents of my little carpet-bag were, however, scarcely displaced, and I would recommend, from experience, all travellers to take with them carpet-bags rather than trunks—the latter being always more strictly examined. Having breakfasted, my companion and I walked on, to be followed by the diligence. We strolled along the green and woody banks of the Guiers, where our attention was attracted by the lizards which were running about in all directions with wonderful rapidity. Some of these were very pretty, and we observed one of a beautiful green colour about eight inches long. The grand scenery of Savoy now soon commences, and mountains with snowy tops are seen in the distance. We had presently to ascend a tremendous hill beneath a broiling sun. The accompaniments of this road, which is bordered by woods, are very picturesque; and in the ascent are some rustic

*auberges*, with benches before their doors, where we occasionally seated ourselves as the diligence slowly ascended the hill. The descent on the other side is rather terrific, the road being cut on the side of a mountain, and at the brink of a tremendous precipice. The Guiers Vif, before mentioned, boils tumultuously along at the foot of this, whilst another vast mountain frowns on the opposite side. The diligence rumbles down the hill with great rapidity. Four leagues from Pont-de-Beauvoisin, we reached the small town of Les Echelles situated in an extensive, and truly rich, and magnificent vale bounded by lofty mountains. Soon after this, we quitted the bright sunshine to pass through the twilight of a noble gallery, or tunnel cut by order of Napoleon for a distance of about 1000 feet through a vast limestone rock presenting a perpendicular front. The road thus formed superseded the route of the Grotto cut by Charles Emmanuel the Second, Duke of Savoy, which itself superseded the terrific ladder, or stair that before formed the only path over the mountain. Emmanuel's route was long considered a most wonderful achievement, but was cast into shade by that of "Europe's Hannibal!" Les Echelles derives its name from the once ladder-like passage in its neighbourhood; and it is the best point from which an excursion to the Grande Chartreuse may be accomplished. In this part of the world, as I also afterwards found in travelling by vetturino, we usually breakfasted



about twelve or one o'clock, and dined about seven. At the latter time, we arrived at Chambery, the capital of Savoy, where we dined. This town, which is rather a pleasant one, is delightfully situated on a rich plain enclosed by lofty mountains varied with vineyards, pasturages, projecting rocks, and forests of firs. The inhabitants, I need scarcely say, are Catholics. As you approach this place, the scenery has a novel and interesting character. Above—frowns the rugged and fir-clad mountain with its occasional cascades; beneath—lies the fertile vale with its picturesque dwellings, and simple and rudely-attired peasantry. The cottages are of the Swiss sort with red-tiled, overhanging roofs, and external staircases and corridors: the peasants, as they passed us with their rustic wains, drawn by oxen or cows, generally doffed their broad hats to our conducteur, and postilion. The next day, we breakfasted *à la fourchette*, about the usual time, at one of the small towns on the route, and, in the evening, reached Lans-le-bourg, a miserable town at the foot of Mont Cenis. The pictures of poverty and wretchedness seen on the road, especially as you approach this place, are very striking; and, in many places, the *goitres* abound, and *cretins* are not unfrequent: both have a deplorable appearance. Paper is frequently substituted, in the country, for glass in the windows; and this I observed during nearly the whole route from Lyons to Genoa. In the

Sardinian dominions it appears, as if almost half the population were soldiers: in this part, these have the look of robust and hardy mountaineers, as indeed they are; and present a contrast to the diminutive stature of the French infantry. During our journey we had the company of a young French nobleman, of a small and unimposing person, who, disgusted with the increasing illiberal spirit of Louis Philippe's government under which he had served, was about to enter the service of the King of Sardinia! Two of his brothers had followed the same course. We had also the company of an animated Italian with whom we chatted in French, and were on very good terms. The route by which we travelled from Pont-de-Beauvoisin till we had passed Mont Cenis is one of a very imposing description. It lies generally between stupendous mountains (capped with almost perpetual snows) which here recede, and give place to luxuriant pasturages of considerable extent—there contract the valleys within a comparatively narrow compass. Ancient castles and dismantled fortresses are occasionally seen frowning from their fastnesses on the mountain heights. Near Termignon, and a league or two on this side of Lans-le-bourg, is the King of Sardinia's grand fortress, built to defend the Pass of Mont Cenis, garrisoned by two thousand men. This fortification, which was commenced by Victor Emmanuel, and finished by his brother Charles Felix, occupies a command-

ing rock overlooking the road from which it forms a very striking object. Having taken our evening repast at Lans-le-bourg, the last town in Savoy, we commenced, soon after dark, the ascent of Mont Cenis. I much regretted the darkness as the pass was one great object of curiosity; but it was a very fine starlight. Much of the present road was the work of the Imperial Road-maker of the Simplon, and forms a striking example of the industry of man. Its width from Lans-le-bourg to Susa is everywhere thirty feet. On the plain at the top of the mountain, the air was fresh but not cold. Snow was seen on each side of the road, and, in the obscurity of night, might be fancied about to slip down on the traveller. The highest point of the pass is about 2250 feet above Lans-le-bourg, and 6773 above the level of the sea. Descending a little, the Hospice is seen at the road side. We now pursued our downward way by an astonishing zigzag road cut in the side of the mountain, overlooking an abyss of some thousand feet in depth from which, however, you are generally defended by a parapet. It is impossible to describe "les belles horreurs," the stupendous appearances, the sublime demonstrations of Nature in this descent: the road is very steep, and the diligence swings down at a somewhat terrific rate. I regretted the obscurity, but perhaps the limited portion of light tended to enhance the horrific effect: there was the more left for the imagination



which might do much here. The route, for some distance after this descent, is still bounded by lofty and snow-capped mountains. Continuing our journey, we passed Susa at an early hour in the morning, but I was now asleep. It is a small town of great antiquity, with a population of about four thousand consisting chiefly of priests, soldiers, and beggars. After Mont Cenis, the names of the people, and the shop signs are observed to be generally Italian. As you approach Turin, the country expands in broad and luxuriant plains animated by villas and cottages ; and, two leagues from it, you pass the vast palace of Rivoli whence an imposing avenue of lofty trees conducts you to the entrance-gate. In advancing through the vista your view is terminated by the fine dome of La Superga, a large and beautiful church built on an eminence about five miles from the city, and forming the Mausoleum of the royal family of Piedmont. Turin (which we reached at eleven in the morning, after a journey of more than three nights and two days) is generally well built, having regular streets, and good squares or *places*. This city, the smallest royal capital in Europe, is, I need not say, the metropolis of Piedmont, and of the dominions of the King of Sardinia. It is an open pleasant city not enclosed by regular fortifications, but having a citadel of considerable size. The houses in the principal streets, are supported on arcades, or colonnades, which afford protection

from the ardent sun of Italy. The weather, although it was the beginning of May, was much hotter than it frequently is at midsummer in England. Nevertheless my new friend and I well perambulated the city, and visited several of its numerous churches. The Cathedral is a very ancient structure the interior of which abounds in black marble, and has a sombre appearance : before its spoliation by the French it was wonderfully rich in gold, silver, and precious stones. The chapel of the “ Santa Sindone ” contains, as the name implies, the sacred shroud which wrapped the body of Christ in the sepulchre !—one of the many *veritable* ones shown in different parts of Italy !! On the banks of the Po is a new and elegant church dedicated to the “ Mother of our Lord.” In the Piazza del Castello is the King’s Palace, a fine edifice sumptuously fitted up, and possessing a gallery rich in excellent paintings, particularly those of the Flemish school.

I fixed my quarters at the Hotel de Commerce, a good inn with the French rate of charges, and where I had an immense and excellent room well suited to the climate. The *visa* of my passport cost five francs, or nearly the amount of my bill. I dined with men of different nations at the table d’hôte which is conducted as in France. At dinner I observed a biscuit, or kind of rolled wafer about eighteen inches long, and very thin : it is styled “ pane grisino,” and is excellent. There

were some curious nutcrackers (of which I saw more afterwards) in which the nut is broken by the pressure of a screw. The French language is as much spoken here, amongst the educated classes, as the Italian ; whilst the Piedmontese patois is used by *all* in the ordinary intercourse of life. At Turin I was immediately struck with the number of priests, processions, and soldiers, by the first of whom the people are held in ignorance and superstition, and by the last, awed into submission and servility. Mendicants too are very numerous.

On the 6th, at five in the morning, my friend being gone to Milan, I quitted Turin for Genoa after remaining there only one day—a shortness of stay which I afterwards regretted. On leaving the city, you cross the Po by an elegant bridge built by Napoleon, and proceed a considerable distance along a pretty road on the right of which rolls the river, and on the left, rise verdant hills decked with villas. After travelling several leagues, we reached Asti (the native place of the celebrated tragic poet Alfieri) much of which has a poor and wretched appearance. Here, however, was a fête with its usual accompaniments of music, and merriment. Proceeding hence over a pleasant country expanding in fertile and extensive plains, we reached, to dinner, at a little past three, Alessandria, a city defended by a large and strong *citadella*. We entered it by a very long bridge over the Tanaro which is covered with a tile roof



throughout its whole length. Alessandria was built in 1168 by the celebrated Lombard League, as a barrier against Frederick Barbarossa and the Ghibelins of Asti; and was declared a free city like the others of the league. Napoleon, who wished to make it his chief stronghold in Piedmont, surrounded it by an extensive line of fortifications, but these have been razed in accordance with the Treaty of Vienna, the citadel alone remaining. Alessandria now appears a wretchedly dull place; the large blinds over the shop windows, and the languid look of the inhabitants indicate a warm climate. Amongst priests, monks, and soldiers I felt myself an Englishman, and was happy in being such. The only good place in the town seems the Piazza Reale, a large square with acacias planted at each side, and where "il est defendu de fumer." Why, I could not conceive, and I smoked my cigar. It is, however, no doubt, as I afterwards found in Germany, from the supposed and imaginary danger of setting fire to magazines, &c. The Place d'Armes, without the town, is a fine open space affording good promenades. At Alessandria I lost the company of two officers with whom I had chatted a good deal during the journey, and who had come hither to join their regiment.

On leaving the city, we soon crossed the extensive plain of Marengo, celebrated as the scene of Napoleon's victory over the Austrians in 1800.

His tower or observatory still stands a monument of his triumph. The road to Novi, which we reached at dusk, is new and excellent, and, for an immense distance, as straight as an arrow. The plain, over which it passes, is rich and fertile, abounding in corn and grapes. Travelling through the night, I reached Genoa at six in the morning. The diligence proceeds by the new road which has not, like the old one to encounter the mountain difficulties and dangers of the Bocchetta. The descent to Genoa, or Genova as it is called in Italian, is very fine, the hill sides being enlivened by palaces and villas seated amidst vineyards.

7th. I established myself at the Hotel des Etrangers, a very good inn, splendidly furnished, where I had a lodging and sitting room for two francs a day. The staircase and part of the corridor were of black and white marble. The cushions of my sofa and chairs, and the window-curtains were of figured scarlet silk: the sideboard was adorned with gilt, and its top was a beautiful slab of variegated pink and white marble. It seems an anomaly to see such palace-like splendour in so poor a country, whilst, in so opulent a one as England, things are on a much humbler scale; but here the display of public establishments appears to supersede the comfort of private ones. Some accommodations I found wanting—the floors of my rooms were of tiles as in France, and, there being no bell, I was obliged to go to the door, and

vociferate “garçon.” The weather was now intensely hot, but, after a good breakfast of *caff’e latte*, I engaged a *valet-de-place*, a fine, dark, black-whiskered Italian, and commenced my circuit of the city. Amongst the many fine palaces of Genoa, I visited four remarkable for their magnificence. These were the Palazzo Durazzo, the Palazzo Rosso, the Palazzo Serra, and the Palazzo Ducale formerly occupied by the Doge : they contain the valued paintings of distinguished masters, much fine sculpture, and a great variety of beautiful marble ; here are seen the grand productions of Vandyk, Rubens, Paolo Veronese, Caravaggio, Guercino, Spagnoletto, and others with whose names we are familiar. Description it would be vain to attempt, as, like other Englishmen, I was now running against time. A new palace, which is building for Paganini, was pointed out to me. The churches are very grand, and much frequented ; but, from the information I received, it appears that the old adage may be applied here—“The nearer to church, the farther from God.” They abound with pictures and statues, and are lined in many instances with costly marbles which afford a treat to the eye of an Englishman. The Cathedral is covered, within and without, with black and white marble of which its floor is also composed. The church of Santa Maria in Carignano is of an elegant form, and contains two colossal statues, and a few paintings by Guercino, Carlo Maratta,



and Procaccino. The chief approach to it is by a viaduct of amazing height and size, which connects two hills, and looks down on the dancing waters of the blue Mediterranean. Amongst other churches, I visited St. Ambrogio which is rich in marbles, paintings, and gilding. My valet conducted me through the principal streets, and to the most frequented promenades, and, afterwards, to hear the stirring, and almost deafening, sound of a grand martial band which was playing near one of the palaces. The Strada Balbi, the Strada Novissima, and the Strada Nuova are the best streets, and are lined with palaces the exteriors of some of which are painted with mythological, historical, and other subjects. The lower windows being grated have a prison-like appearance. At Turin, and on the road I have observed this security adopted: indeed it is much the case in Italy generally, and seems an indication of the state of society—rather, however, that of the past than of the present. Many of the streets here are very narrow, being rather lanes and alleys; and the houses, many of which are from seven to nine stories high, nearly meet at the top. By this plan the scorching rays of the sun are in some parts nearly excluded, and the pedestrian enjoys comparative cool. The streets are a kind of smooth pavement the stones of which are laid down obliquely and meet at an angle in the centre; but the horses and mules, from being accustomed to the smoothness, proceed without danger. The



Theatre is an immense structure the portico of which is supported on six handsome columns.

Genoa is enclosed by an amphitheatre of the Apennines which have here a dead and tame look after the snow-clad Alps, and resemble rather some of our own secondary mountains. The villas seated somewhat low down on their sides, amidst vines unfortunately for me scarcely yet in foliage ; and the groves of citrons, lemons, and oranges have a very pretty appearance. The bay of Genoa is said to be second only to that of Naples, and the view of the city from the water is by some considered finer. The ramparts which shut in the town, and deprive it of its view, themselves afford splendid views of the sea and harbour, and pleasant promenades for the inhabitants.

Genoa, once the formidable rival of Venice in maritime prowess, is highly interesting from the events which her history records. But—her glory is departed ; and the great republic, once the seat of a most flourishing commerce combined with a prince-like magnificence, has, like her rival, become (in the language of poetry) “ a province for an empire.” Like other Italian cities of importance, she has her *proud* epithet, and continues (not without reason) to be styled “ Genova la Superba.”

This city abounds with specimens of female beauty ; and the charms of the ladies are enhanced

by the neatness of their attire, and the “*velo bianco*,” or veil of white muslin, in which they walk out. The veils are long and beautifully white, descending, like a scarf, over the shoulders ; they are styled *pezzotto* and *mezzaro*, but the latter name, I am informed, applies to a commoner sort. Many of the men appeared to me to resemble Englishmen in athletic figure, and breadth of shoulder : those of the labouring classes (as at Naples and in other parts of Italy) usually wear a kind of nightcap of varied colours hanging on one side. Soldiers, priests, and monks seem to make up nearly half the population ; and I was told that out of 100,000 inhabitants, the number of soldiers is 14,000. The monks, with their long beards, shaved heads, brown gowns, and a girdle of knotted rope (originally meant, perhaps, for punishing the flesh !) are novel objects to an Englishman, nor are the trains and processions of priests, which are met in the streets, less so. Every *good catholic* doffs his hat as these pass, but I retained mine, and only assumed an additional dignity. Everything indeed indicates the doubly oppressive *Despotism of Church and State* common to all Italy.

In the Sardinian as well as in the Austrian dominions, public prostitution is forbidden by government—not sanctioned by it as in France where its unfortunate victims are furnished with certifi-

cates. To the eye all is propriety, but, *according to my informant*, there are few that are not frail—

“All evils here contaminate the mind

That opulence departed leaves behind.”

In walking on the quay, a sailor addressed me, “Barca, Signor?” which answers to our “Boat, Sir?” This *bellissima lingua* is really so musical that, on first hearing it spoken, one almost fancies they are repeating poetry. Lord Byron calls it a “soft bastard Latin,” and, *amongst other things*, says it

“Sounds as if it should be writ on satin!”

The 8th was a grand fête, and all was promenading, and recreation. In the morning, three hundred soldiers attended mass in the neighbouring grand church of Annunziata. A fine military band played in the church, and produced an imposing effect; but, with regard to religion, one might as well go to a concert, or an opera. The church is enriched with a profusion of marble and gold, and over the principal entrance is a *capo d'opera* of Procaccino representing the “Lord’s Supper.” As is frequently the case in Italy, the façade of this church is unfinished: there are several thus incomplete at Florence. In the evening I walked, as I had done before, to the promenade of the Acqua Verde which exhibits a gay scene, particularly from six to eight at this time of the year. It commands a fine view of the city, and



the villas on the neighbouring hills. Here was a grand display of pretty Genoese girls enveloped in their bewitching pezzotto. The walk was completely scented with hedges of roses which, although it was thus early in the season, were in full flower ; and adorned by pretty acacias in flower and leaf. In the evenings the frogs make a continual croaking.

I found by assuming a smiling countenance, laughing through blunders in language, and cultivating a disposition to be pleased, I could get on very well although a solitary stranger in a strange land, and I would recommend a similar system to others of my countrymen in preference to the hauteur, and authoritative tone which is often assumed by them. The garçons at my inn, who had scarcely any one to attend to besides myself, amused themselves by playing with a monkey which was kept in the court-yard below, and was very skilful in leaping from one window to another. In the court, which was cooled by a fountain, was a lemon plant in fruit—such is the climate of Genoa.

On the 9th, at seven o'clock in the morning, I left this city for Leghorn—a distance of 120 Italian miles ; having first bargained with a vetturino to convey me thither for fifty francs, he providing me with breakfast, dinner, and lodging during the journey which was to occupy three days. I afterwards found that this was English price, and that



a German, who was with me, had agreed for exactly half the sum, and a Frenchman for thirty francs. As a trifling satisfaction, however, I was honoured with a few superfluous touches of the hat as being an Englishman, and a liberal payer. My two companions were pretty good specimens of their respective countries with regard to person, but our Italian voiturier, who made up the complement of the carriage, would have passed for a John Bull much better than myself. Our carriage, which was styled a *calèche*, was a small open vehicle supported on four wheels, and drawn by one light horse. Our departure was animated by meeting a complete army of soldiers who appeared mostly robust, and able men. Genoa has a most pleasing appearance as you leave it, and you at once enter a beautiful country. The road, which was commenced by Napoleon, passes along the Riviera, and is one of the advantages he conferred upon Italy—for it cannot be denied that a facility of communication with other, and more enlightened, nations is a great advantage. Nothing can be conceived more delightful than this route which continually passes through scenes of enchantment, and through a “land which still is paradise.” The road is cut at the base of the Apennines, and overlooks the blue waters of the Mediterranean. The sides of the mountains are covered with vines, olives, figs, cherry trees, oranges, lemons, citrons, and other southern productions. These fill the

landscape with beauty, and the atmosphere with fragrance. The vines are frequently trained to a framework supported on a double row of pillars, so as to form shady avenues. The olives are ripe in November, December, and January. Amidst these luxuriant groves, in the most delightful situations, are seen interspersed cottages, villas, villages, and churches. The towers of the last are prettily constructed with openings where the bells are seen—a circumstance which probably occurred to Byron when he wrote—

“While swung the deep bell in the distant tower.”

The views of the sea are most charming, and the banks which overlook its azure expanse are continually enlivened by small towns or separate residences. As you proceed, the successive parts of the route unfold ever-varying features, and happy combinations of scenery; and in whatever direction you turn, objects of delightful contemplation present themselves to the eye. Goldsmith, whose “Traveller” has long been my *vade-mecum*, has truly said, in describing these scenes of overpowering beauty and unbounded exuberance,—

“Could Nature’s bounty satisfy the breast,  
The sons of Italy were surely blest.  
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,  
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;  
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,  
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;  
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky  
With vernal leaves, that blossom but to die;

These 'here disporting own the kindred soil,  
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;  
While seaborn gales their gelid wings expand  
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,  
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.  
In florid beauty, groves and fields appear,  
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here."

At half-past eleven, we halted at an inn named the " Locanda della Gran Bretagna " to take our siesta which lasted till nearly four in the afternoon. On approaching this, I observed, below us, on the sea shore, a remarkably pretty little town occupying a peninsular rock. The locanda enjoys a most delightful and commanding situation a considerable way up a long ascent of the mountain, and affords a very extensive and truly magnificent view of the Mediterranean, of the diversified coast as far as Genoa, that city, its *fanale*, and a long extent beyond ; and, in returning, the eye luxuriates amidst the groves of fruit-trees with which the rich sides of the mountains are covered. Soon after our arrival two or three English families drove up in their carriages ; and we continually met others as we proceeded. Amongst the *fair* travellers there was one whose rosy English face made me think of home—" sweet home."

In the afternoon we passed Chiavari, beautifully situated on a rich plain at the sea-side, with fine mountains rising behind it. The houses here are generally neat and good, and not crowded toge-

ther. Passing near the sea, we arrived at Sestri di Levante where we remained for the night, at the Hotel de Londres kept by our vetturino who provided us with good beds. The principal part of the town is pleasantly situated at the sea-side, but our inn was some distance from it, and faced the high road. Our rooms overlooked a garden of oranges and lemons whose blossoms imparted a delicious fragrance to the atmosphere, and formed a contrast to the horrible and *sausagy* odour of the garçons, produced by the use of large quantities of garlic which seems to exhale at every pore. I may here remark that the citron family, which comprises the citron, the lemon, the orange, and the shaddock, continue in blossom during nearly all the summer, and that the fruit is two years in coming to maturity—thus, for a great part of every year, a healthy plant displays every stage of the production in perfection at the same time, from the flower bud to the matured fruit; or, as a poet expresses it, both

“fruit and flower the selfsame bough bestows.”

A large sort of aloe grows in abundance on the hedges and walls which border the route.

10th. At four o'clock in the morning, after a repast of coffee and bread, no milk or butter being to be procured, we left our *albergo*, and soon commenced a long ascent of the Apennines. I should like to have had a picture of our Italian voiturier



of to-day who was the servant of our former one, and completely in character with his country, not only in his use of garlic, but in his appearance: he had a dark complexion, black hair, whiskers, and mustachios, with a patch of hair beneath the lip, and wore a tasselled cap resembling a long night-cap, beneath a rusty hat whose brim was turned up all round. His many-coloured dress consisted of a blue check shirt open in front, and displaying his brawny breast, a waistcoat with a dark blue front and green back, a scarlet sash, and blue striped cotton trowsers of ample dimensions. It is impossible to convey by description an idea of the scenery which our ascent of the mountain unfolded. We had occasionally enchanting views of the sea, and, as our route wound across or along the sides of the Apennines, we had sometimes inland and retired mountain scenes, with objects, and figures indescribably picturesque: there was the deep valley with its patches of pasturage, and the ascending mountain with its sides disposed in little terraces luxuriant with corn. The women we met at the commencement of the day's journey, were mostly old, and extremely ordinary and sun-burnt—indeed, all the old women of Italy appear ugly, and wrinkled; the warmth of the climate, exposure to the burning rays of the sun, and the manner of living being inimical to the duration of beauty. In proceeding, however, we occasionally met interesting girls carrying their *pacquets de bois*.

Some of the women were occupied with their spindles or distaffs, and were, at the same time, watching their cows ; others were spinning as they walked : in both instances they looked picturesque, and industrious. Here and there was seen a brigand-looking figure with his gun slung on his shoulder. The mountains have not the stupendous look of the Alps, and, being in some parts beautifully wooded, recall to mind those of Scotland in the neighbourhood of Loch Catrine. I only remarked one with snow on it all the way from Genoa to Leghorn. Lupins (styled in the patois of the country “lonaci”) are cultivated in small patches for a kind of salad. They bear a bluish flower, and are thus prepared for the table ; they are first boiled for six hours—next steeped in cold water for twenty-four—and then eaten with pepper and salt ! I give the people full liberty to eat them themselves. At the road-side, I continually observed aromatic herbs growing wild, such as different species of thyme, rosemary, and marjoram. In ascending the mountains, we encountered a snake which we killed, and which my German friend assured me was a “veritable serpent.” After Borghetto, where we stopped for our mid-day repose, the country for some distance has a bold, and wild appearance, and you pass between mountains but little cultivated. It is afterwards again fertile. Both the women, and their costume were prettier as we proceeded. They

generally wear a black cap resembling a nightcap which depends behind in a long tassel—upon which is stuck a little straw hat sometimes decked profusely with red ribbons. In the afternoon, I observed a pretty girl thus tricked off, standing without her cottage at the road-side, and who,

“in sooth,

Possess'd an air and grace by no means common :

Her stature tall”— \* \* \* \* \*

The vetturino said “à vous ” to her, a kind of salutation she did not seem to like, and probably meant as a joke, or little bit of impudence. On waving my hand, however, she returned the compliment by an interesting smile. The people, who were employed in the fields, were miserably attired, and had a look of wretchedness ; and women and girls were seen working barelegged amidst the furrows, whose scanty clothing reached only to the knee. Some children were running about with only one garment—a little coarse shirt. Towards evening, the scenery was still more rich and beautiful, and the vines were seen

“ (not nailed to walls) from tree to tree

Festooned,”

and many of them on poplars. We met several English equipages, and passed many hotels “ de Londres ” and “ de l' Europe.” Just before reaching Sarzana, we crossed the Magra in a large ferry-boat for carriages and horses. At Sarzana we halted for the night at the Hotel de Londres. We

were obliged firmly to assert our right to separate rooms—a matter, by the bye, of some importance when the apartments are so close as to resemble ovens. In the evening we walked into the cathedral, a large but not a splendid edifice opposite the inn ; and strolled to an antique and romantic castle now occupied as a *caserne*.

We left Sarzana about four the next morning in a carriage and four, but such an equipage as you might seek in vain in England—so remarkable was it for rudeness, dirt, and antiquity ! My German friend here lost his dog which had faithfully followed him during a pedestrian tour through Switzerland and our two days' journey, but unfortunately did not observe his master enter our new conveyance. The German carried a knapsack only, and I envied his independence. The country, as you advance, is luxuriant and fertile, and vines are seen in abundance hanging on the trees in elegant festoons. At some distance, on the left, rise the Apennines finely wooded, whilst occasional castles are observed in romantic situations. Massa, which we passed a few leagues from Sarzana, is a delightful place, and its castle, occupying the fine eminence on the left, is large and imposing. Here arise

“ Woods over woods in gay theatric pride,”

and in the hills there is a happy blending of the grand and the beautiful—the usual characteristic



of the scenery of “la bella Italia.” About five miles from Massa, is Carrara celebrated for its quarries of white marble, and for its workshops which abound with fine models of ancient and modern sculpture. At Massa a large body of the soldiers of the duchy was exercising: their caps resembled on one side a cocked hat, and on the other a common one; and their green costume was unlike any I had before seen. We stopped to take our siesta at the Locanda della Posta at Pietrasanta, another delightful place—indeed what place is not so here? As you pass on, frequent little shrines with niches containing an image of the Virgin or a saint, are seen at the road-side, or, as Goldsmith says,

“A mistress or a saint in every grove”—

and here the country forms a continuous, and luxuriant grove.

In this neighbourhood many pretty faces are seen; and once or twice, where the owner knew their effect, brilliant, bewitching black eyes—*bellissimi occhi*—were displayed to the passing traveller. In one village the cottagers were dancing before their doors; in another named Torretta, where we crossed a bridge, the amusements were on a larger scale—it was a fête, and all was

“Revelry, and dance, and show.”

As we passed the frontiers of the small intervening states, and entered Tuscany, doganas presented themselves continually, where our passports were

demanded, but little trouble was given. The *malle* or trunk of my French companion was the chief object of inquiry. A few miles before we reached Pisa, we passed some delightful residences forming a long village, or villages—*bien propres* as the German remarked. Passing through a land of corn and wine, we reached, about eight, the city of Pisa, one of the glorious republics of the middle ages. Its leaning tower is observed to incline when you are still at a distance. The vetturino took us to an execrable inn where we entered a kind of public kitchen ; while the Frenchman, to aggravate the evil, had a long dispute about the *buona mano*. He gave little enough I believe, and in return was *sacréé* without mercy by the vetturino who did not spare his abuse. During the dispute, a number of little black *facchini*, with whom I was actually afraid to come in contact, collected round to take a part, and gain a trifle by carrying the *sacs-de-nuit*, and other *effets* up stairs. It was a wretchedly dirty place, and I have seldom been more annoyed. These are some of the evils here and there interspersed to counterbalance the traveller's enjoyment.

In the morning, between eight and nine, after more disputing, and making a partial circuit of the town to take up passengers, I set off for Livorno in a *carrozza*—that place being included in my bargain. The distance is about twelve miles, and the route lies through a flat country less interesting

than that of yesterday. With the exception, however, of occasional spots of ferny ground, it is well cultivated and fertile. In one place I remarked, at the road-side, a well the water of which was raised by a kind of Jacob's ladder, or succession of buckets brought up by the revolving of a wheel. It was driven like our apple-mills by a horse, and the water was raised for irrigating a garden. Many of the old oriental-looking wells are in use, with the long wooden lever having a stone attached to its end to assist in raising the bucket. Fine oxen, some black and some white, are seen yoked in pairs to waggons: the yokes resemble our own, except that the part under the neck is formed of rope passed through tubes of wood, so as to yield—which appeared to me an improvement.

At Leghorn I procured a good room at the *Locanda della Quercia Reale*. I then walked to see the shipping, and observed at the quay a vessel from Liverpool. Instead of the gems of art so abundant in other Italian cities, you have here the bustle of commerce, Leghorn being the sea-port of Tuscany, and having, too, one of the finest harbours in the Mediterranean. Amongst its principal exports are silk, corn, wine, and oil. In the dock yard there is a gigantic marble statue of Ferdinand the First, Grand Duke of Tuscany, with four large slaves in bronze chained at its feet, one at each corner of the pedestal,—a disgusting sight to a free man who desires the freedom of his fel-

lows. I also visited the church of Domenicano; and the Cathedral the interior of which has a somewhat imposing but sombre air. The latter faces the spacious square styled the Piazza d'Arme.

At Leghorn I observed a kind of wooden clog with merely a toe of leather, worn by the poorer classes as a substitute for a shoe. The pezzotto, or white veil, is frequent. At the cafés, and similar places, are seen little niches containing a picture of the Virgin and Child before which a lamp is kept burning! Such is the superstition of Italy. There seems much curiosity about the lower classes—when they see you embarrassed in making an inquiry, they crowd around, and stare at the unfortunate stranger. I dined at the Giardinetto (or little garden) a nice place, near the inn, where you dine *à la carte* in the open air, amidst orange and rose trees, and other fragrant shrubs, and beneath the shade of luxuriant vines. At Leghorn, cords are extended across the street from house to house, on which blinds are supported so as to produce a pleasant shade. The figured muslin window-curtains, often as white as snow, at the large hotels, have a pretty and light appearance; indeed, almost anything is agreeable which excludes the burning rays of the sun.

13th. About eleven o'clock I procured a cicerone who spoke scarcely a word besides his own language; and, as I was not *au fait* at Italian, we were unable to converse with much fluency! he



conducted me to the office of Police respecting that important document, my passport; to the Post-office, and the Greek Catholic Church. The interior of the last is neat and handsome, but not very much decorated. We next went to the Dutch Cemetery which is enclosed by high walls, and where the tombs are arranged amidst weeping shrubs;—thence to a handsome and spacious edifice which is being erected as a reservoir for water, and is decorated in front with eight fine columns. In this neighbourhood there is much new building on rather a grand scale, and in an elegant style. We now passed a fine structure (a Jewish establishment for education) having an inscription which intimated that it belonged to the “*Nazione Israelitica*.” These are said to form one third of the population of Leghorn. Near this, I reached the *Cimiterio Inglese*, a spot interesting to an Englishman. It is enclosed by a low wall surmounted by iron railings, and displays a collection of elegant monuments of white marble. The most interesting, perhaps, are Tobias Smollett’s, and Francis Horner’s—the former a tall pedestal, the latter a massive tomb. Some wandering Scot had written a plaintive couplet on Smollett’s, introducing Scotia, and signed it—“One of her sons.” On the banks of the Leven, not long ago, I passed an obelisk—it was raised to the memory of this eminent novelist and historian. Amongst the “*funèrei marmi*,” willows and cypresses cast a

pleasing shade. The chaplain was conducting a large party of English round the ground, and showing them the most remarkable tombs. From this cemetery I went to the Lazaretto or Quarantine Station near the port: it is an extensive, and, I should think, a well-arranged establishment, but I found it difficult to comprehend the explanations of my conductor which were given in bad Italian. There are different apartments for the different grades; those for the captains appear very comfortable. Some of the stores contained large quantities of hides and wool; and in the fosse or rather basin, which is extensive, lay a Neapolitan vessel from Morocco with its crew stretched asleep on the deck. Hence I went to the Jewish Synagogue said to be one of the most beautiful in Europe, and furnished with an immense number of chandeliers which, when lighted up, must produce a brilliant effect. The upper part and galleries are appropriated to the women who, as formerly in the temple at Jerusalem, are not deemed worthy to mingle with their lords! I reached this edifice through a dirty street with a gutter in the middle, where I met two culprits chained together, and employed as scavengers—a sight at first rather striking to an Englishman. Many men are seen in the oriental costume, amongst whom are Turks, Greeks, and Armenians.

After dining at the Trattoria del Giardinetto, I seated myself in a vettura at four o'clock, and,

after lingering an hour in different streets for passengers, set out on my return to Pisa. I arrived, about half-past seven, in that city where I stopped at the Tre Donzelle (the Three Damsels) which I found very superior to the wretched inn before alluded to.

14th. My room looks out on the "Mercato delle vettovaglie e olio" the varied noises of which are truly "*placidæ inimica quieti.*" The singing one hears here, and in the streets generally, is a wretched drawl most offensive to the ear. In the market, I observed eight culprits employed in sweeping it, and chained together in pairs, each pair being guarded by a man with a musket slung on his shoulder. The Italian water-jug, used in the bedrooms, differs in shape from ours, and has a short spout, and simple form.

In the forenoon, I hired a cicerone to point out the chief objects of interest. After passing through a good square, adorned in the centre with a statue, we reached that wonder of the world, the Campanile, or leaning tower, which brought to mind a picture I used to look at when a child, representing (somewhat erroneously) the tower of Babel in a falling state. It is a circular tower 190 feet high, and projecting about 14 feet. Round it are open galleries into which you pass from a staircase in the interior. I ascended to its summit which commands a beautiful, and extensive view. In erecting, it sunk on one side, and the architect, as

a curiosity, determined to build the remainder in the position the former part had accidentally taken. In the immediate neighbourhood of the Campanile, are the three other chief monuments of Pisa—the Cathedral, the Baptistery, and the Campo Santo. The Cathedral, which is of the eleventh century, has a yellow appearance on the exterior unpleasing to the eye, but the interior is magnificent, and sumptuous, containing noble sculptures, paintings, and mosaics, and displaying a rich profusion of porphyry and marble, lapis lazuli and other precious stones. Here, overhead, you have a roof resplendent with gold, and, beneath your feet, a pavement of beautiful mosaic. The principal entrance is by grand bronze doors adorned with admirable relievos executed by Giovanni di Bologna.

The Baptistery contains much marble of various sorts, and its exterior, like the cathedral, is of a yellow cast: the fonts are simply little hollows scooped in the marble. The pulpit, also of marble, is supported by several small columns (all of different stone, and some of them granite) resting on lions' backs. "Baptisms," says Du Cange, "could only be performed in one public font at Florence, Pisa, and some other cities. The building that contained this font was called the Baptistery."

The fourth object is the Campo Santo, or Cemetery appropriated to the burial of persons of rank



or celebrity. It is a large portico, or arcade built round the sides of an oblong green, or enclosure. Beneath this are seen the monuments of great men, and, amongst others, is that of Algarotti, the poet. Here also are several Egyptian sarcophagi, and numerous other antiquities. The walls are covered with frescoes of about the date of 1300, part of which, on one side, have been much injured by the north wind. Many of these are whimsical paintings of the infernal regions with crowds of devils, mostly borrowed from Dante's rhapsodies. Passing the large hospital, I proceeded to the Botanic Garden which, perhaps, afforded me nearly as much pleasure as any of the other objects. The names of the plants although pronounced *en Italien* sounded very familiar. There was a splendid *Magnolia grandiflora*, and Cedar of Lebanon. Plants, which with us are confined in green and hot-houses, here luxuriate in the open air—such as camellias, *ficus elasticus*, *laurus camphora*, and the *verbena citriodora*, and *menthiodora*. The gardener pointed out a beautiful specimen of the white *Rosa Banksia* which he styled “*una bella rosetta*.” The gardens are not extensive, and are at present out of order: they are, however, rather pretty, and are decorated by a few ponds, and fountains. I saw *en passant* the University, and the Piazza di Cavalieri di San Stefano, with its church.

Pisa is divided into two parts, nearly equal, by

the Arno over which there are three good bridges. There are some fine palaces overlooking the river, on the bank of which I observed a statue of one of the Medici. The streets, as at other places, are paved with large flat stones. In the cool of the evening, when dusk approaches, the *beau monde* promenade on the quays bordering the river, which are named Lungarno. The population of Pisa, which during the Republic amounted to 150,000, now scarcely numbers 20,000. This city appears extremely dull in comparison with Florence, and Leghorn; and one day is sufficient for the tourist—at least so it appeared to me at this season of the year.

15th. I engaged with a vetturino to take me to Florence for fifteen paoli which are worth sixpence each, and afterwards found that my companions had agreed to pay eleven and twelve according to their skill in bargaining. The distance is forty-nine miles. The country is generally pretty, and the surface varied; and, towards the latter part of the journey, the Arno is occasionally seen on the left. Like the country I had before passed over, this too was enriched with exuberant vegetation, and covered with fields of corn intersected with lines of trees on which the vines hung in festoons, presenting an appearance new and pleasing to the untravelled Englishman. The trees are generally poplars (*populus Italicus*, and in Italian *pioppo*,) and a kind of maple, I think it is, styled by one of

my fellow-travellers *oppio*. We passed, on the way, La Scala, and several small towns and villages none of which deserve much notice, as well as one or two country seats of the Gran Duca. My companions, during this journey, were a Savoyard, and two Italians : the latter, to their honour, were desirous of screening me from imposition, and cordially shook hands with me at parting. On the route, Jerome Bonaparte, the brother of “ Le Grand Napoleon,” passed us in a carriage and pair, in his way to Florence where he resides. As we approached this city, the people were observed sitting at their doors, employed in the manufacture of the straw bonnets known by the name of Leghorn bonnets, &c. Many of the young women and girls thus occupied, are very beautiful, and have some of the most delightful black eyes I ever beheld. We entered “ la bella Firenze ” about seven, after a journey of more than twelve hours during which we changed horses only once.

16th. I walked by chance to the square of the Pitti Palace where I heard a fine band—more noisy and exciting than those of England, as most continental bands seem to be. The prevailing uniform of the soldiers is white turned out with red. I also walked to the Cathedral the dome of which is the largest in the world, although not the loftiest : it is painted, but not to my taste. The balustrades and pillars, round the gallery, were designed by Buonarrotti, and are much admired. The floor is



of various marbles, and attracts attention, but there is a naked appearance about the interior of the building. The exterior, however, (except the façade which is not finished) is very fine, being covered with different coloured marbles ; and indeed the edifice is magnificent from its vastness. The Campanile, or belfry, is close to the cathedral, and is a beautiful and lofty square tower also covered with marbles of various colours. In the same piazza is the Baptistery, or Church of San Giovanni, also cased with different marbles ; and of an octagonal form. It has some noble bronze doors adorned with exquisite little figures in relief which the more minutely I examined the more I admired. Michael Angelo used to call them the gates of Paradise, and, if we may suppose these gates made of bronze, the name would not seem ill applied ! Beside the doors are some pillars and chains taken from Pisa in the time of the Republics, and attached to the church as trophies. Within, amongst others, are two statues representing the Law of Nature, and the Revealed Law—the former a young and pretty female with but little drapery—the latter an elderly one more completely clothed. I visited also the Church of Santa Maria Novella facing the large square to which it gives name, and containing many excellent paintings by the artists of the fifteenth century. In the evening, I went to the Pergola Theatre to see the Opera—the Druid, the betrothed, and the Roman.



In the middle of the entertainment was a ballet, in which the dancers and *danseuses* made a somewhat undue display of their persons ! In my return, near midnight, I experienced no little inconvenience from the water-spouts from the roofs of the houses, a tremendous shower having just ceased. The eaves of the houses, and palaces, often overhang several feet, and the rain-water is sometimes further projected by pipes. Thus an Englishman, lately arrived, not dreaming of being exposed to the droppings in the middle of the street, finds himself wofully mistaken on betaking himself thither to avoid annoyance.

17th. I went, with a compatriot I met at my inn, to see the Cabinet of Anatomy at the Royal Museum of Natural History. The representations of the human body, in different stages of dissection, are admirably prepared in wax. Here indeed are displayed *les secrets de la Nature*, and the human being is seen from its most diminutive size, that of the tip of one's little finger, to its full and perfected stature. Here, too, is a good collection of stuffed animals, birds, insects, &c., and a miniature representation in wax of the Plague in Florence, which is truly horrifying from its fidelity to the appalling scenes it portrays. Adjoining this is the Botanical Garden. I afterwards went to the celebrated Royal Gallery of Florence, which contains the finest collection of painting and sculpture

in Europe. Here the amateur and the classic may spend hours, days, or weeks, and still find "some new charm" to delight their eyes. The far-famed Venus de' Medici, supposed to be the production of Praxiteles, but with hands restored by Bandinelli, is of course a grand object of attraction. Here

"the Goddess loves in stone, and fills  
The air around with beauty; we inhale  
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils  
Part of its immortality:—"

she is indeed a captivating creature, although some unknighly connoisseurs will have it that her head is too small, and that a veritable woman with such an one would be an idiot! She occupies a conspicuous situation in the Tribune, the apartment most enriched with wonders of art; and near her, is her luxurious sister, the reclining Venus of Titian. The collection occupies two long parallel galleries, forming the sides of a kind of street, or long *place*, and connected at one end by a shorter gallery. From these a great number of apartments branch off, some of which are appropriated to paintings, and others to bronzes, Etruscan vases, and numerous antiquities amongst which household gods and sylvan deities hold an important place. The different schools of painting are classified in separate rooms, and you see in succession the productions of Florentine, Venetian, Flemish,

French, and other masters. The Cabinet of Gems is a beautiful little room filled with splendid fancy objects formed of the most precious stones : diamond, ruby, onyx, jasper, topaz, chalcedony, agate, lapis lazuli, pearl, &c. &c. are in abundance, and there are several elegant tables made of beautiful marbles arranged in various forms.

18th. (Sunday.) I went to the Cathedral where I heard some fine music. The ceremonies, the kneeling before emblems and images of saints and the Virgin, are sickening and disgusting sights. Having formed an acquaintance with another Englishman, I walked with him to the Church of Santo Spirito Annunziata, the grand resort of fashionable devotees. The interior is splendidly decorated ; the altar in the Virgin's chapel, and its lamps are formed of massive silver, and the surrounding objects correspond. The vestibule of the church, as well as the walls of the court of the adjoining convent, is adorned with frescoes some of which are very fine.

In the evening I walked to the gardens of Boboli adjoining the Palazzo Pitti. These are admirably laid out on a varied surface with winding walks, and imposing avenues. Fountains and statues diversify the scene, nor are you annoyed with stiffness. The extent of the ground is immense, and much of it is very elevated so as to command the city, and surrounding hills. Here,

at a kind of observatory, I surveyed the “Etrurian Athens” where,

“Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps  
Her corn and wine and oil”—

and where, after successive ages of anarchy and darkness,

“buried Learning rose, redeem’d to a new morn.”

Had I before been dissatisfied with Florence, I should now have entirely altered my opinion. Here, especially on a beautiful summer evening, it is indeed seen to be “la bellissima Firenze”—here you may appreciate the lovely climate, and brilliant sky of Italy. The city is situated on a beautiful and rich plain enclosed by the Apennines, and is divided into two parts by the Arno which, despite its poetical associations, is like the Tiber a muddy stream. Whilst walking in the gardens, I met a lady of the ducal family who was taking the air in a carriage and six, under the protection of three footmen crowded together behind. As I was surveying the botanical part of these delightful grounds, an old man, struck like myself with the abundance of the productions, remarked to me—“Ci sono le frutte in tutta la varieta.” Not far hence is a pond in the middle of which is a little island of lemon trees weighed down by their golden fruit. In this neighbourhood are many statues deserving attention, amongst which that of a young



man pouring water from a vase he has on his shoulder, struck me as being very good. The gardens form a grand promenade on Sunday evenings, and are only open to the public Thursdays, and Sundays. The tulip trees were in full flower, and almost covered with blossoms: these, which are of a yellowish and greenish hue, are not pretty, but bear a slight resemblance to the passion-flower.

I returned to a caffè on the banks of the Arno to take an ice—a kind of refreshment which, in spite of its extreme frigidity, is dispatched very rapidly by the Italians. On walking out, I observed the disadvantage of the flat mode of paving which prevails in Italy. An English carriage and four had just crossed that elegant bridge, the Ponte della Trinità, and, in the descent, one of the wheelers slipped and fell, and was dragged a considerable distance. This is the first accident of the kind I have seen, the horses being generally well accustomed to the smoothness of the stones.

19th. This morning, as I was strolling towards the Ponte Vecchio, I was tapped on the shoulder with a switch by a pretty little girl: she had a little basket of bouquets, and said “prenda,” and would not leave me till I had purchased one for a *crazia*. It was composed of roses, mignonette, a carnation, geranium, and heliotrope, the last of which is very plentiful here. There is a great trade in these little nosegays, and their fragrance is very agreeable. To-day was a *mezza-festa*, and

I walked to the cathedral, and two or three churches. As yesterday, I found the Annunziata full ; but here alas ! Popish rites supersede Christian simplicity, and

“ in lieu

Of true devotion monkish incense burns,  
And Love and Prayer unite, or rule the hour by turns.”

Tuscany is, however, I think, superior to the rest of Italy in almost every respect. *En passant* I saw a flask of wine sold at one of the palaces. Beneath the windows of some of these, are little doors where people knock as at a post-office in England, and hand their flasks to be filled, just as they would fetch a pint of beer at a public-house with us. This seems a petty traffic for the owner of a palace, but a similar practice appears to have obtained amongst the ancient Romans, as has been illustrated at Pompeii, where some of the principal private houses had shops attached to them for the sale of wine, and other agricultural produce. The flasks are cased in a little basket, and resemble the oil flasks.

The women fanning themselves, and shading their faces with fans as they walk, look in character with the climate. A few are seen wearing a large broad-brimmed black hat, sometimes of beaver, and sometimes of straw. This, I am informed, constitutes a part of the true costume of a Florentine *bourgeoise* ; and has an ugly appearance.

Some of the caffès of Florence are excellent,

and may be called luxurious. The Caffè Elvetico, near my inn, is a most noble place having an arched ceiling of immense height, beautifully decorated. The walls are covered with a light blue paper of a very handsome pattern, and, around the apartment, are cushioned seats, covered with mo-reen, before which stand a number of small tables formed of slabs of white marble. Before the lofty and open entrance, curtains of figured muslin and snowy whiteness depend in ample draperies. Such are often the caffès of the continent, and such I should like to see established in England. Here I read Galignani's Messenger, a paper well known as being published at Paris in the English language. The men, I observed, generally sit in the caffès with their hats on—a practice strange in so warm a climate. My inn at Florence was the Grand Hotel de Madame Hombert, an excellent establishment occupying the Palazzo Torrigiani, in the Via della Porta rossa, and moderate in charges. My apartment was very capacious, being ten or eleven good paces in length, eight or nine in breadth, and, I should think, full twenty feet in height. It was *covered* with a carpet and furnished with a sofa, and of course served (as is usually the case) both as bed and sitting room.

At six o'clock in the evening, I witnessed the funeral of a daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. It was a military procession completed with a few carriages. The music was scarcely more than a drum

and fire, and there was little indication of its being a funereal occasion. The flaring of the many wax tapers would have had rather a fine effect if it had been night, but in the broad light of day they blazed in vain; and boys were seen seizing without ceremony on the wax which streamed down them. The coffin was covered with crimson velvet, and placed on a carriage drawn by six horses. The whole train passed in a few minutes, and formed a contrast to the imposing funeral procession of an officer of high rank I saw some years ago in England. The crowd of spectators, however, was immense.

I now walked to the Prato, and to the promenades in the neighbourhood of the Cascine, or farms belonging to the Grand Duke. Here is the grand drive—which is covered, in the evening, with carriages vyeing with those of England for their elegance, and neatness of construction.

On the following morning, after a walk respecting my passport, I visited the galleries of the Palazzo Pitti. Here are seen the masterly works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Salvator Rosa, Guido, and Titian; and here, in the centre of the boudoir, stands the Venus of Canova. Although she is newer, and therefore fairer, I do not admire her so much as her Medicean sister whom she certainly does not equal in

“The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell.”

In a small room near, I saw some mosaics admi-



rably executed, which might almost be mistaken for paintings. In the different apartments are seen several artists diligently copying the patterns which the old masters have set them, and striving to emulate "that excellence they cannot reach!" The Palazzo Pitti, which is the residence of the Gran Duca, is an extensive edifice having a rude and prison-like exterior. The stone of which it is built is a yellowish brown, and appears put together almost as it came from the quarry—rough and unchiselled.

In the evening I again walked to the Cascine, and wandered amid the delightful groves which decorate the Arno's side. People were carousing amongst the trees, and the drives were crowded with equipages.

Ten o'clock. I have just returned from a moonlight stroll on the fashionable promenade along the banks of the Arno: the reflection of the moon, sparkling on the water, reminded me of the same appearance on the river \*\*\* when I have been sitting up on a beautiful summer night, and contemplating the scene after the rest of the family had retired to slumber. This promenade is in a central part of the city, and consists of the quays intervening between the two principal bridges, the Ponte della Trinità and the Ponte alla Carraja. At Florence there are four bridges of which the most beautiful is that of the Trinità, and the most curious, the

Ponte Vecchio—from its having a range of jewelers' shops on each side of it.

The streets of Florence are generally narrow, and look the more so from the loftiness of the houses that border them. There are, however, some good open spaces, amongst which the Piazza del Gran Duca is the most worthy of remark for its central and animated situation, its statues, and the picturesque architecture of its edifices. Among these last is the Palazzo Vecchio built in the glorious days of the Republic, and having a very lofty tower esteemed a wonder of art. It has an air of antiquity, and before and around it are numerous statues some of which are of great merit. The somewhat sombre court in the interior, is surrounded by a vaulted arcade decorated with arabesque paintings, and forms a public passage from the grand piazza to a street behind. This "old palace" is now occupied by some of the public offices.

The next morning I visited the Church of Santa Croce which may be termed the Westminster Abbey of Florence, and the interior of which is very spacious and imposing. Here among others are seen the tombs of Michael Angelo, of Galileo, of Machiavelli, and of Alfieri whose monument was executed by Canova. The new monument raised to Dante I much admired: on its snow-white marble is inscribed—"Onorate l'altissimo

poeta." I visited here the Niccolini Chapel, and saw its marbles, and the four celebrated sibyls in fresco. I afterwards walked to the Royal Gallery to bid adieu to the marble goddess; and again hastily surveyed the pictures and statues. Among the paintings of the Florentine school are the famous Head of Medusa by Leonardo da Vinci, and a fine picture by Cigoli representing Potiphar's wife,—and Joseph who,

“flying, turns to gaze, and, half undone,  
Wishes that heaven and she could both be won.”

Among the sculptures is that of Laocoon and his sons in the folds of the serpent—not the original, however, but a fine copy of it by Bandinelli. It has been said by some, and I think with justice, that the sons are little men rather than boys.

As I sat in the Caffè Elvetico, previous to my departure for Leghorn, two funerals passed the door. Each coffin was covered with a black pall, and borne on a bier by two men. Each had a retinue of about half a dozen men bearing torches, and shrouded in black with which even the whole of their faces except the eyes was covered. Their black visor descended over the chin, like a beard, in a point. The practice of the Romish Church, of using torches at funerals, is much more than two thousand years old, and is one of the many ceremonies it borrowed from heathen rites: it arose from the nocturnal celebration of funerals.

I set off, about nine o'clock in the evening, for Leghorn, to travel in a most delightful moonlight, through a country of corn and wine. The continual sparkling of the *luciole* or fire-flies has a pretty effect, and was a sight quite new to me.

As morning dawned, I observed a commanding and ancient castle built on a ridge of the Apennines. We left Pisa to the north, and arrived at Leghorn early in the forenoon. I dined or rather lunched in that cool and pleasant retreat, the Giardinetto, which was enlivened by the strains of a harp; and then devoted a broiling afternoon to partly getting my passport *visé* for Naples. I wished it a worse fate than that which probably awaits the leaves of this my journal (the use of the trunk-maker), as both the expense and trouble are appalling! In the evening I drank coffee, and smoked a cigar in the Caffè la Minerva, and fancied myself quite oriental—the more so, perhaps, from having purchased my cigars of a Greek waiter. He spoke Italian well, but said English was “molto difficile per me perche sono Greco.” A glass of excellent cold water is always brought with the coffee, or other beverage, at the caffès, and you are perfectly at liberty to spit about the floor! Within are apartments where “il est defendu de fumer.” You are much annoyed at these places by pedlers who endeavour to force their commodities upon you, as well as by the unharmonious chant of the waiters who, when they receive an



order, sing out a repetition, and the amounts of their receipts, as “mezzo paolo,” &c. Livorno seems a poor place after “la bellissima Firenze,” but the variety of person and costume is a source of amusement. Many wear the oriental dress—priests, monks, and soldiers abound—mustachios, whiskers, and beards are seen in every variety—pretty female faces peep from beneath the bewitching mezzaro—the sunburnt tar mingles in the crowd—and the chained culprit, attired either in a rusty red-brown, or a yellow habit, sweeps the streets, followed by his musket-bearing guard. Although the female dress here is not generally so fashionable, nor so much studied as at Florence, there is something, I think, rather more captivating ;—the eyes are brighter, or else the mezzaro does a great deal. It is scarcely seen in the Tuscan capital. . . . . At the quay I observed a vessel from Plymouth, which seemed like an old acquaintance.

The next day I again proceeded with the passport business. I had to pay nine pauls to the Tuscan consul, and, although I had been *visé* by the English ambassador at Paris, the agent of the Police would not give his *visa* without my first obtaining the signature of the English consul here. The clerk attributed this to my wearing mustachios—the badge of liberal opinions ; so, for a pair of about a week’s growth, I had to pay five pauls more, or 2s. 6*d.*, the charge of the English consul. On the other hand, you may sometimes gain by

wearing mustachios, as, especially if you have a dark complexion, you may not unfrequently pass for something short of an Englishman, and thus elude the impositions often practised on him.

The news arrived, this morning, of the birth of a daughter to the Grand Duke of Tuscany—a circumstance celebrated by the firing of a hundred guns: had it been a son, there would have been one hundred and one. Its being a daughter was a source of great disappointment to the people, as, if the duke does not leave an heir, the dukedom at his death will be added to Austria. At present there is more semblance of independence, although the Austrian government no doubt exerts considerable influence over the dukedom. The duke (who is very rich) had three daughters by his former wife.

Between four and five in the afternoon, I took a boat shaded by an awning, and, passing out through the harbour of Livorno which is enclosed by piers, reached the French steam-packet “*Il Sully*.” The weather was truly delightful, and we soon commenced our voyage down the beautiful Mediterranean,

“O’er the glad waters of the dark blue sea.”

At night, we had a fine moon which, as it rose behind the horizon, looked magnificent. About midnight, we passed the island of Elba with its frowning rocks on one of which stood a castle.

We passed between the continental cape (Piom-  
bino) and this history-associated

“isle

Which sees Etruria from its ramparts smile.”

I was, however, half asleep, and did not know at the time it was Elba we were passing. Such was the beautiful state of the weather that most of the passengers slept in the open air both nights of our voyage: to conduce to our comfort, mattresses (*matelas*) were brought up, and laid on the deck, but the first night I did not enjoy the luxury of one, the ladies of course having the preference. We had English, French, German, and Italian on board, and our company in the first cabin was rather select. Amongst these were two pretty and agreeable French ladies the brilliant eyes of one of whom “spoke a thousand things at once!” I was acting the part of her tutor in the English language, and explaining some passages in a volume on Pompeii, when I discovered that I had well nigh caused the jealousy of one or two little *cavalieri* who were of the party. Amongst my *compatriotes* I well remember some who displayed that aristocratic deportment so characteristic of the English, and often so conspicuous when they are in the company of foreigners. I was once a little interested to see a smutty cabin-boy reading *Telemaque*; and I doubt whether an English boy similarly circumstanced would read a similar book.

About half-past eleven A. M. the ensuing day, we arrived at Civita Vecchia ; but, not having the *visa* of the Roman Consul at Leghorn, I did not attempt to land. We spent a pleasant hour or two, or what would have been so but for the heat of the weather, in a harbour, or large basin enclosed by piers ; the ladies amusing themselves by sketching, and journalizing. There is not much to be seen in the town ; but some good buildings, and stern fortresses were observed from the deck. Being the port of Rome it is a place of considerable trade, although of small size. At three, we again proceeded, and, about seven in the evening, descried the dome of “ the mightiest of existing temples ”—St. Peter’s at Rome. We passed another delightful night, our only canopy the moon-illuminated sky of a southern climate. Between nine and ten in the morning, we neared the islands of Ischia and Procida which had a very pretty appearance : they are very thickly inhabited, especially the latter which is between Ischia, and the continent. Naples now began to display itself in all the glory of its splendid situation, in allusion to which the Italian proverb says “ Vedi Napoli e poi mòri ”—“ See Naples and then die.”

About half-past eleven, we arrived before the city, but did not land for full half an hour from the necessity of having the permission of the “ Polizia del Porto e Marine ” first stamped on our passports. A number of boats crowded round our



vessel, some bringing government officers, others—persons attracted by curiosity, and still more—whose owners were desirous of the profit of conveying the passengers on shore. Close by, were two hulks of chained offenders attired in their prison dress of rusty brown-red, and guarded by soldiers. Innkeepers and waiters boarded us in bewildering numbers, and, in bad French and worse English, vociferously urged the claims of their respective hotels.

On reaching the shore, I found a porter who spoke English pretty well, and who had served in an English vessel five or six months. After a slight examination of my carpet-bag at the Custom-house, I proceeded to the Albergo delle Crocelle which was nearly a mile from the place of landing. As we crossed the Largo del Palazzo, my conductor pointed to the church of San Francesco di Paolo which he told me was “one church”—a kind of literal translation of *una chiesa*.

The front windows of the hotel I had selected, afford a fine view of the Bay of Naples and Mount Vesuvius, which is, however, obstructed in one place by a house. The charge for front rooms, which are of princely dimensions, is twelve carlini, or 4s., per diem, but good rooms in the back are half the price. Behind the inn rises a lofty rock on which a large prickly cactus grows wild, and on the summit of which frowns a fortification.

In the afternoon, I walked from one end of the

Strada Toledo to the other—which, although a fine street, scarcely equalled my expectations, the loftiness of the houses giving it a comparatively narrow look. I was astonished at seeing so few beggars, who do not appear to abound here more than in other Italian cities. It was Sunday—a fact scarcely discoverable from the appearance of the streets, about half the shops being open, and standings ranged before them as usual. There was, however, an air of relaxation in the evening, and every one seemed to be walking or riding.

In the streets of Naples you often meet single cows followed by their calves: these belong to milk-venders, and many of them are white, and very fine animals. Flocks of goats kept for their milk, are frequently encountered; and at the doors of some of the houses may be seen single sheep and lambs which are fed on refuse vegetables, &c., petted till fit to kill, and then—eaten! At the necks of all these animals bells are suspended, whose incessant tinklings contribute to the complication of sounds which at Naples assails the ear. As in many English villages, pigs are allowed to wander about the streets! The machine for watering the streets is a rude carriage drawn generally by two fine oxen, and supporting two huge casks from sundry apertures in which, the water is allowed to escape.

Towards evening, I walked to the beautiful Promenade of the Chiaja, the Passeggiata Reale di Chiaja,

which presented a scene of dazzling gaiety, and where the company were regaled by the strains of a grand military band consisting of perhaps fifty musicians. These play here in the evening of all *festa* days which are sufficiently numerous, occurring, it appeared to me, nearly every other day. The walk is very delightful; and is cooled by gushing fountains, adorned with marble statues, decked with odoriferous flowers, and shaded by graceful acacias. But earthly enjoyments are of short duration; the gay throng was ere long dispersed by a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, and rain; and I retired from the excitement of Naples to the quiet of my apartment—impressed with the conviction that all was vanity!

May the 26th. I have achieved no grand object to-day, having only seen a few churches none of which display anything very striking. The churches here are, generally speaking, gaudy, and decorated in bad taste. At the restaurateur I had the pleasure of meeting the interesting lady of the steam-packet, who was accompanied by two gentlemen, and a little boy who had been our fellow voyagers. Here I also met an Englishman, who had mistaken me for a Frenchman, and from whom I received some useful information. Strange is the variety of character you meet with in travelling:—one man (the above) is a clergyman, and a conscientious one who has renounced theatres some years as things of the world;—another (an

Englishman) disbelieves, or pretends to disbelieve, both the existence of a God, and a future state ;—whilst a third (also English), although making a slight, external profession of religion, cares for nothing but the follies, vanities, and dissipation of the world. With my new friend, I walked to the Museum, and afterwards to the Mole, a grand evening resort for the lower classes, and an admirable place for getting your pockets picked ! My companion, like one or two I had before met with, had lost two or three pocket-handkerchiefs during his stay. Here is the pharos or *fanale*, and, near it, the post-office. As we walked along the quays, we were occasionally addressed, “ Want a boat, Sir ? ” my friend being recognised as an Englishman, and many sailors here having served in the British navy. When I am alone, it is generally “ Barca, Signor ? ” and, until I speak, I generally pass for an Italian ; but then the illusion vanishes. Two *Improvvisatori* were holding forth on the Mole—each to a very attentive audience, but whether they were repeating portions of the works of Ariosto or some other Italian poet, or relating stories of their own invention, I was not near enough to determine. These men, I need scarcely say, contrive to make a living by thus amusing the people. We returned to the Caffè d’ Italia, to quaff lemonade, a luxury well appreciated in a warm climate. This caffè, where scarcely a seat is to be found at night, is frequented by men of all nations, and



presents a most crowded and animated scene. The way hence to my inn lay through the Piazza del Palazzo Reale, a noble square on one side of which stands, as the name intimates, the Royal Palace, and, on the other, the fine church of San Francesco di Paolo which forms a kind of amphitheatre. Here had been, at eleven in the morning, a grand military spectacle with fine bands of music. Near the square, a report is daily produced at *mezzo-giorno* by a burning glass. As I returned in the dark, through St. Lucia, the flames of Mount Vesuvius were bursting forth at intervals, and exhibiting a beautiful appearance.

Many of the military at Naples are very fine men with a martial, and, at the same time, an elegant deportment. The King prides himself on his army which is very numerous, and makes a great display, but the Neapolitan part of it is much more calculated for show than use. The uniforms are generally either red, blue, or white, the last of which is worn by the Swiss troops. At an angle of the staircase of my inn, stands a sentinel in effigy, with his musket, and bayonet—such is the rage for military display! At Naples you see many very fine men with dark, handsome eyes and hair, but the ladies appear less fascinating than in some other places. I know not how this is to be accounted for, and leave it to physiologists to determine. Naples is the most populous city in Europe after London and Paris, the number

of its inhabitants amounting to 400,000. Priests, monks, soldiers, and lazzaroni are said to form one half of this number.

27th. This, although my birth-day, has turned out a blank. The rain commenced in the morning, and has continued to pour until evening: so I have lounged away most of my day in three caffès and a trattoria, and now conclude it by noting down some *important* "facts and observations" which will be seen below.—In one of the caffès, three lamps burned before a saint; and it is a common practice in such places to keep them burning either before a saint or a Madonna. On the appearance of a flash of lightning, I observed two men, sitting at the door, cross themselves, and mutter an *ave*. The waiters at the caffès drive away the flies with a brush formed of shreds of paper, with which you are also fanned somewhat in the style of an eastern nabob! The newspapers are very contracted in their political information, and their leading articles, if they have any, form a contrast to the bold compositions of our own journals. The periodicals contain light and trifling literary productions.

The Neapolitan *calesso*, of which we read in England, is now only occasionally seen, four-wheeled carriages with one horse being generally substituted for it. The carriages here, in a general way, differ little from those used in England, and the horses are mostly good. There are a few

very long three-wheeled omnibuses, drawn by three horses abreast. I observed one rude gig occupied by two women of the lower class, one of whom held the reins, whilst the vetturino stood behind, and whipped the horse over their heads. Some of these gigs or cabriolets are very odd-looking things, and resemble in some degree the prow of a boat stuck on an angle, and placed with the fore part behind. No one here, walks while he has the means of riding, and the number and variety of the vehicles, as well as the rapid pace at which they are driven, are astonishing. In driving post with four horses, the rope traces are sometimes long enough to admit a third pair of horses between. This was afterwards our case in proceeding from Naples to Rome; and the only advantage of it would seem to be, in case of one of the leaders falling, that the driver might pull up before the wheelers ran over him. I have nowhere seen ruder equipages than at Lyons, and in that neighbourhood; and from Genoa to Pisa, Leghorn, &c.

The scanty dress of the poor at Naples is remarked by the English stranger, and has a picturesque effect: children are sometimes seen in the streets with only a single garment—a coarse shirt; and are occasionally seen running about like little savages—literally *in puris naturalibus*. True it is that in this climate, in the summer, they may very well do without clothing.

The lazzaroni are seen in the Strada Toledo (in fine weather) basking in the sun, even at mid-day, in the baskets they use for transporting goods: they are not beggars, as some suppose them, but a sort of porters who, to use a homely but rather expressive phrase, “live from hand to mouth,” satisfied if their precarious employment enables them to “keep body and soul together.” Their trowsers, and those of the fishermen, are merely white drawers not reaching to the knee. At Naples the people of different trades emigrate from their shops, and occupy their positions in the open air of the street: tailors are seen plying their needles, tinmen hammering, artisans sawing and filing; shoemakers and others are busily engaged at their respective employments. The streets resound with the rattling of carriages, the discordant cries of the *petits marchands*, and the loquacity of gesticulating Neapolitans; but, with all this, there is not that tremendous noise I expected to hear from the descriptions that have been given. I had made up my mind to be *all but* stunned.

28th. To-day the weather has been nearly as bad as it was yesterday, and the middle of the Strada Toledo has formed a complete river. When I arrived this morning at my caffè (the caffè d’Italia), they were roasting coffee without the door in a small machine such as is used in England. A frequent morning repast, here as in England, consists of coffee with roll and butter; and I ob-



served that some of the more economical sopped their bread instead of buttering it.

In the forenoon, I went to the Museum (the Museo Reale Borbonico) which is highly interesting as containing, amongst numerous other antiquities, an immense number of relics from Herculaneum, and Pompeii. In the first apartment I entered, was a large collection of frescoes cut from the walls they once adorned, and framed like pictures. Many of these are in excellent preservation, and their subjects are mostly mythological. The collection of statues and bronzes is very extensive. Above stairs are galleries of paintings containing among several masterpieces the splendid productions of Raphael, Titian, and Salvator Rosa; also collections of rolls of papyrus found at Herculaneum, many of which have been unrolled by an ingenious but tedious process which is shown to the visitor. Although these scrolls have the appearance of burnt sticks, many of them have been thus laid open and read; but their contents are mostly unimportant. Numerous apartments are occupied by beautiful Etruscan vases, and with vessels, lamps, &c. in terra cotta, armour, horses' bits, keys, and various utensils of ordinary life found at Herculaneum and Pompeii. Amongst these objects are one or two ancient bells for cattle, almost exactly resembling the modern Italian unsonorous cattle-bell. Some of the floors are formed

of mosaic brought from these partly disinterred cities.

I dined at a superb restaurateur delightfully situated in St. Lucia close to the bay, and styled the "Villa di Roma." Here you may dine at a balcony overlooking the "finest bay in the Universe," and refreshed by its balmy breezes, or enjoy the luxury of a sofa in the inner apartments. It is amusing to observe the consummate vanity of some of the fops who enter—eyeing themselves, in every position, in the numerous mirrors that surround the rooms: those who have least cause seem to indulge themselves most in this way. Near here, is the station of the Gendarmeria Reale, a splendid body of men who wear cocked hats and handsome blue uniforms resembling those of the French Gendarmerie.

In the afternoon, I attempted in vain to reach the Castle of St. Elmo which occupies a commanding height above the city, and the route to which is somewhat intricate, and difficult to discover. I then visited the "Real Orto Botanico," or royal botanic garden, which affords agreeable promenades, and seats shaded by luxuriant trees, and shrubs. I had, too, nearly reached the Campo Santo, but, the rain coming on, I got wet through, and returned.

29th. The weather has been more propitious, but sufficiently unsettled to defer a *festa*, at least

the splendid part of it, till Sunday. This morning I went to the Cathedral which is dedicated to San Gennaro or Januarius, the Patron Saint of Naples; but the predominant feeling excited was that of pity and contempt for the egregious folly, gullibility, and insincerity of mankind. The picture of the Italian given by our wandering bard will, it appears to me, still apply to the *mass* of the people—

“Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;  
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;  
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;  
And e’en in penance planning sins anew.”

The ceiling of the *duomo* is rich in gilding, and decoration, but some parts of the building want finish. There are many chapels amongst which that of San Gennaro is the most splendid, and is indeed remarkably so. In this chapel are two vials of the Saint’s blood which becomes miraculously liquid on being placed before his head, on grand occasions which take place three or four times in the year!!! There was a grand procession to-day through the church; the bishop marching under a white canopy, and bearing the mysterious wafer to which all knelt except myself. He was preceded by a number of men—*men*—dressed in blue gowns and white tippetts, and each bearing and wasting a candle! I left the scene, and went to the Church of the Apostoli which contains some fine frescoes. Mistaking an Italian for an English-

man from his light hair and complexion, I asked him, in French, if he spoke English—which he did not. He told me in Italian that this church was the most ancient in Naples, having been once the temple of Castor and Pollux. It was filled with such an assemblage as I was really afraid to come in contact with :—so, wandering for a long time through intricate streets, I knew not whither, although I pretended by a sapient look to know all about it ; in short, having lost myself, I at length found myself again in a caffè opposite the Botanical Garden. In again seeking the Campo Santo, I once more got out of my latitude, but thus reached a hill commanding a magnificent view of Naples and its enclosing hills, its sparkling bay with its picturesque islands and smiling shores—a scene of surprising beauty of which words can convey but little idea. The island of Capri, anciently called Capreæ, which immediately fronts the city, is an interesting object not only from its precipitous character and delightful situation, but for its historical associations. It was hither Augustus, weary of the cares of government, retired to enjoy ease and tranquillity—it was this beautiful spot that his infamous successor Tiberius polluted by the most degrading of pleasures, the most shameless of excesses, and the most inhuman of cruelties. It was here he erected twelve palaces and several other structures the ruins of which still bear his name, and stand memorials of his



crimes. The island is so defended by rocks and precipices that it is only accessible at one point named the *sbarco*, or landing-place, above which is the little town of Capri.

Descending from the eminence I had attained, and passing through a disagreeable suburb where I met no one but soldiers, and wretchedly dirty people of the lowest class, I at length reached the Campo Santo. I passed with half a shudder beneath its melancholy archway, and pursued my way up a paved but grass-grown ascent. Two old one-eyed hags, in character with this desolate place, now admitted me to the cemetery. This is a quadrangular enclosure shut in by walls, covered with a grass-grown pavement beneath which are 365 vaults for the reception of the dead. One is opened every day of the year to receive the entirely naked remains of the poor, to whom this *Golgotha* is appropriated. One of my spectral guides raised the square stone of one of the vaults by a lever, whilst the other moved it aside, to display twenty-four hideous corpses that had been thrown in during the morning, some perhaps mutilated by the knife of the dissector. At the end of a year, when the vault is again opened, nothing but bones remain, the other parts having been all decomposed by quick-lime thrown in when the vault was closed. This is a thing you see, and then almost wish you had not seen ; and it may be readily supposed that

I gladly returned to the varied scenes of Naples—from the silence and solitude of the dead to the din and animation of garrulous Neapolitans.

In the evening, I walked to the delightful promenade of the Chiaja where I again heard a grand martial band. Each tune is commenced by a hurried rap of the small drum, terminated by one thump of the large one—when the tune proceeds. Later, when it had become dark, the torches of the fishermen, as they rowed about before my inn, in the vicinity of the Castello dell'Ovo, had a very pretty effect. The lights, which are for the purpose of attracting the fish, are very brilliant, and produce a luminous and glittering line along the water.

30th. This morning, I again walked to the Museum, but, as it was the king's birthday, and a festa, only two apartments were to be seen. One of these contained bronzes many of which were found in Herculaneum, and Pompeii. A reclining Mercury was pointed out as "*il piu bel pezzo*" in the whole collection. There were horses' heads, and two dyeing-cisterns found in one of the above cities. I then went to the Gabinetto dei vitri, or Cabinet of glasses, and saw numerous vessels of that manufacture, some for pharmacy, others for holding tears, and various others for ordinary uses. Some were very well formed, but they generally yield to our English manufacture of the

present day. There was a variety of little glass ornaments, and a few vessels containing the ashes of the dead.

I now walked to Capo di Monte, a delightful eminence on which the king has a palace. The road leading out of the city, in this direction, is a beautiful avenue bordered by acacias, beyond which is a picturesque zigzag ascent. In ascending this, I met a man driving his cart and two horses (one of which was hitched on loosely at the side) very furiously down the steep. He was pursued by a soldier on foot, who had his musket with the bayonet fixed, and who I thought would have shot him. The side horse, however, falling, and becoming disengaged, the man arrested his headlong career lest he should lose the animal, and I believe afterwards adjusted the matter with the soldier. He probably had, or was suspected to have, some contraband article in his cart. An English gentleman, I afterwards met, related a similar occurrence which he had witnessed. In this instance, some soldiers ran out to the assistance of their comrades who were in pursuit: one of them cut down a horse with his sword, but fell himself under the wheel, and died in consequence the next day. So much for Neapolitan pugnacity!

The sides of the hills here are disposed in terraces of vines festooned from one pole to another, or laid out in gardens smiling with the productions of a warmer climate than our own—the orange,

the lemon, the olive, the aloe, and the palm of different kinds. The view of Naples from the hill is delightful, and it looks what in many parts it is not—an agreeable place; for when you deviate from the Strada Toledo into the streets leading up the side of the hill, you find them wretchedly narrow, terribly steep, disgustingly dirty, and often perambulated by quadruped as well as biped pigs!

The oxen, which are generally white, are seen yoked to waggons, and look very picturesque. They seem to have a great fancy here for hitching on a smaller animal at the side of a large ox—sometimes a cow, a little horse, or perhaps a donkey.

I returned to the trattoria where I generally concluded my dinner with cherries, or strawberries, or perhaps a plate of "*frutte miste*" including both and two or three other sorts of fruit amongst which were often almonds fresh from the tree. I have once tasted macaroni here, but once is enough: this favourite dish of Neapolitans, and the only manufacture in which they excel, is, to me, tough insipid stuff: it is usually flavoured with powdered cheese, but there are various other ways of disguising it, which are said to render it very palatable. While I was at the trattoria, a party of midshipmen entered. Hearing them speak English, I fancied they were my countrymen, but presently found they were Americans from the United States, just arrived in a frigate,



employed to watch the interests of the Republic in the Mediterranean.

In the evening, the city was illuminated in celebration of the King's birthday. The church of San Francesco di Paolo fronting the Palazzo Reale, afforded a brilliant spectacle, the finest of the sort I have seen—I know not what I am yet to see. The exterior of the grand dome, as well as that of the two smaller ones at the sides, the grand entrance, and the noble semi-circle which forms one side of the *place*, the cross at the summit of the dome, and other conspicuous parts were covered with glittering lamps. On a sudden, thousands of more brilliant torches,

“ Blotting the lights of heaven  
With one portentous glare,”

blazed up amidst the lamps, and produced a magnificent effect—very inferior, however, I am told, to similar spectacles at St. Peter's at Rome. A grand military band played in front—the largo was crowded to excess—and the whole neighbourhood formed a scene of gaiety and animation. In the court of the barracks, beneath the Strada del Gigante, was also a band to the sound of which the soldiers were dancing. A little further, at the Gendarmeria Reale, was another band :—in short, throughout the city it was one universal jubilee.

31st. At the caffè this morning, I met my reverend friend with whom I walked into the church

of San Ferdinando which still displayed the gaudy draperies and decorations of last evening. I left him, to commence an ascent to the Castello Sant' Elmo which I reached from behind after toiling up a long and devious route. Its situation is most commanding, and the magnificence of the view well rewards your toil. The blue expanse of the bay is seen enlivened by its islands, and speckled with innumerable sails; and amongst a great number of interesting objects, are the Grotto of Pausilippo, and the neighbouring road cut by Murat.

The hospital attached to the castle was formerly the Grand Carthusian Abbey of San Martino. Its principal court and the enclosing arcades display a great quantity of marble, with which the pavement is also formed. In the middle of this court is a vast cistern for receiving the rain-water which descends from the adjoining buildings. But it is the Chapel of San Martino attached to the abbey which most commands attention, abounding as it does with works of art, and a great variety of precious stones. It is completely lined with varied and beautiful marbles, and the high altar exhibits in profusion sardonyx, amethyst, agate, giallo antico, lapis lazuli, &c. The pictures are mostly the productions of eminent masters, and are, particularly in the minor chapels, very fine. One of the Virgin, with the infant unfinished, by Guido, is held in high estimation, and by it is a fine pro-

duction of Paolo Veronese, as well as two others by Spagnoletto whose Twelve Apostles adorn the nave. There is a very fine Michael, by Guido, and the Dead Christ, a masterpiece of Spagnoletto. The late Lord Bristol offered an enormous sum for the latter, when he purchased for the purpose of furnishing a grand mansion in Ireland some fifty years ago. Amongst some frescoes, I observed a representation of the Grande Chartreuse near Grenoble. The sentinels I addressed at the castle gate could not speak Italian, but were Swiss who only spoke *Tedesco*. The descent of a roughly-paved zigzag and some precipitous and disagreeable streets, at length brought me again to the Strada Toledo.

In the afternoon I walked to my favourite resort, the Chiaja : here the nerium (or oleander) is in full flower, and aloes and arums deck the fountains whose sparkling waters impart a delightful coolness to the surrounding air. Hence you may see the rugged rocks of Capri—the den of Tiberius—rising from the glittering waters of the bay ; or watch the picturesque groups of half-dressed fishermen pulling in their nets, and displaying in their movements quite the Italian elegance. At nine, I heard the royal band in the square of the Palace where it plays beautifully every evening at that hour.

June 1st. It was Sunday and a fête. I went to the church of San Ferdinando where I heard

music, and saw mummary ;—for what else can you call some of the ceremonies of the Romish church ? I afterwards saw two regiments of infantry march out with their bands. One, being in red uniform, had a very English appearance, but, whilst there is less mettle, there appears more grace and military pomp in the motions of the soldiers than with us. I passed the palace as the royal equipages drove out, and then strolled to the quay, and amused myself by looking at the swimmers and divers many of whom, from exposure to the sun, and wearing scarcely any clothes, are quite of a copper-colour, and look like savages. They seem to spend much of their time in the water, and some will remain under for a considerable space of time : oysters are the object of their search.

In the evening, the Chiaja was again enlivened by a band, whilst another played in the square of a neighbouring church, where there was a grand to-do—the priestly procession with its canopy, and flaring tapers. The people all around knelt, and doffed their hats. I was not induced to follow their example, and indeed I found it impossible to look on these rites with patience. This may appear harsh and uncharitable, but the feelings of disgust I occasionally express will, I am sure, be well understood by those of my countrymen who have witnessed the miserable superstitions which degrade this beautiful country.



2nd. This morning about nine, I set off for Pozzuoli in a hackney-coach having, however, more the appearance of a gentleman's carriage and pair. Rolling past the Chiaja, I presently reached the Grotto of Pausilippo over the entrance of which is Virgil's Tomb which I visited on my return. The grotto is what we should call a tunnel, and is an excavation, in some parts of immense height, formed for a distance of about the third of a mile through a solid rock. It is paved like Naples with square blocks of lava, and is quite wide enough to allow two carriages to pass. As you proceed through its subterranean gloom, you continually meet passengers and vociferating Neapolitans whose figures are half concealed by the obscurity.

I emerged from the grotto at a mean and rustic village whence I proceeded through a country rich in vines hanging in festoons on poplars, and decked occasionally with pomegranates (*granato*) gay with scarlet blossoms. My route afterwards lay along the shores of that part of the bay styled the "Baian Sea," and commanded a fine view of its azure waters, of the neighbouring little islands of Niscita, and the Lazaretto, and, at a distance, of Capri, Ischia, and Procida.

About seven miles from Naples, I reached Pozzuoli, a very ancient town now containing only 11,000 inhabitants, and having a most striking air of antiquity. It was formerly named Puteoli, and it was here, as we learn in the last chapter of the

Acts, that St. Paul “found brethren, and was desired to tarry with them seven days.” On arriving at this truly antiquated place, I was assailed by a number of ciceroni of whom I engaged one who spoke English, and who had served on board a British ship eight years “*nel tempo della guerra.*” We first ascended a hill which led us to the Amphitheatre, once capable of containing 45,000 persons, and the extent of which attests the former size and importance of Puteoli. Here you see the chambers and dens which were appropriated to the gladiators and wild beasts destined to gratify the popular appetite for blood; and you can still trace round the Amphitheatre whence the barbarous spectators surveyed the sanguinary sport. Hence I descended a very precipitous street, and reached the shore where the remains of the pier, vulgarly called the “Bridge of Caligula,” were pointed out, and which now have no other appearance than that of a range of small rocks rising a little above the surface of the water. A corner house, close by, is that which St. Paul is said to have occupied; and to this there is, once a year, a grand commemorative procession. Here my attention was directed to the ruins of the castle and town of Baiæ, and the temple of Venus, on the opposite side of the gulph, and to Monte Barbaro anciently noted for its excellent wines. The Grotto of the Cumæn Sibyl, Avernus, Acheron, the Elysian Fields, and several other scenes con-

secrated by poetic fiction, are also in this neighbourhood.

I was now conducted to the ruins of the Temple of Serapis which has been deprived of its chief ornaments to decorate the Royal Palace of Caserta. The principal remaining objects are three weather-beaten columns of Cippolino marble, and the ancient baths near, over which new ones have been constructed. There is a circular part in the middle of the temple, raised—once surrounded by columns; and you see the altar, the ring to which the victim was tied, and the vessel for holding its blood. Passing through the town, I observed one or two curious ancient statues, and, ascending a steep street, reached the Cathedral, once a pagan temple dedicated to Augustus. Its exterior exhibits parts of six lofty columns, now walled up except their capitals and a small portion besides. The interior resembles the other churches I have seen, and I observed in it two beautiful little columns of lapis lazuli. After purchasing as a relic a little pitcher for holding tears! I quitted Pozzuoli, and, leaving the volcanic district of Solfatara to the left, returned towards the “Grotta del Cane.” This is situated on the borders of the Lago d’Agnano, a pretty little lake resembling a Scotch one, and surrounded by woody mountains. The lake abounds with frogs to an extraordinary degree, which make a continual croaking, and, if you approach the shore, hop off in thousands, and

in all sizes, making a wonderful rustle amongst the canes. On the lake were swimming a number of birds called here "*folaga*," Anglicè moor-hen. The grotto is quite a small one, and contains carbonic acid gas which, being heavier than atmospheric air, remains at the bottom, and only escapes when it rises higher than the step at the entrance. Thus a dog, or other animal of low stature, would soon perish if left in the cavern, whilst a man would remain uninjured from being above the influence of the noxious vapour. Dogs are kept to display the effect; and I saw one of these unfortunate animals, after remaining a minute or two in the grotto, run off in convulsions. In a short time he recovered—to be reserved for future exhibition! The grotto of course derives its name from this circumstance. Torches also are immediately extinguished by immersion in the gas, and are kept to exhibit the effect. Near the lake, too, are some sudatories commonly called St. Germano's stoves. These you enter at a kind of cottage, and find them so hot and sulphureous that you are glad to effect a speedy retreat. From the sides of the chambers exudes saltpetre, at least so my guide said it was. The whole neighbourhood abounds with volcanic matter, and the lake itself is said to have been a crater. Returning through rural lanes, I again reached the Grotto of Pausilippo, after passing which I left my vettura to ascend, on foot, a hill amidst gardens and vine-



yards. The ascent brought me to the Tomb of Virgil which occupies the edge of a cliff overlooking the entrance of the grotto. All that is now seen of the tomb of the great Mantuan bard (if indeed it be his) is a little arched chamber which you enter by a small arched doorway. Opposite it, against the side of the rock, is an ill-expressed Latin inscription dated MDLIII., which intimates that—here repose the ashes of him who once sung of warriors and pasture-grounds.

I now returned to the Trattoria della Villa di Roma where I dined in the open air under the colonnade commanding the glorious bay which was animated by the Neapolitan flag-ship, and the American frigate. Beneath the balcony, at the water's edge, a number of boys station themselves during the dinner hours, and continually call out "*Signor*"—"Signor." Their object is to get a piece of money, wrapped in paper, thrown them to dive for, at recovering which they are very expert.

In the evening, on the Mole, I saw Punchinello, and heard an Improvisatore. The latter was gesticulating very much, and seemed to be relating some very pathetic tale. His auditory was the picture of attention, and appeared much moved by his recital. Once he moved his hat—when his example was followed by his hearers. These, some sitting, some standing, and others smoking, formed an interesting group whose half-dressed

figures displayed the human form in all its variety and elegance. I afterwards saw, at dusk, the funeral procession of a personage of some importance, lighted as usual with torches. The following was its order :—first walked men attired in white habits, and with only their eyes visible—next came the coffin cased in black velvet, and supported on a velveted bier—then, men completely enveloped in black gowns, bearing black flags suspended horizontally. The procession was completed by three or four carriages of the friends of the deceased.

June 3rd. At four o'clock this morning, my vettura was at the door, and, a few minutes after, I was *en route* for the far-famed Vesuvius. Most of the way to Portici, you have houses on each side, and the road is paved the whole distance with large flags of lava, the general material here. At Portici I procured a guide and pony for the ascent, and, having armed myself like my conductor, with a *baton ferré*, proceeded. My little horse (whose natural energies had not been invaded), not being very anxious for the honour of the ascent, made several awkward *right-about*s ; but, by the shouting and gesticulations of my guide and his boy in the rear, was at length induced to proceed in a more orderly manner.

For a long time, I ascended through a country of vines the produce of which is called *Lachrymæ Christi*, but over the worst road I ever passed : in

fact I rode over stones and rocks, through channels worn by the descent of rain-torrents, now up, now down, in all positions—where riding appeared at first sight almost impracticable.

In ascending, different formations of lava were pointed out—the product of successive eruptions. Leaving the vines and vegetation behind, we passed over a large extent of lava having the appearance of cinders ; and then, climbing a steep ascent, passed the Hermitage round which grow some fine trees. Thence we proceeded along a ridge clothed with brushwood and verdure, having at our left a mountain arrayed in a similar mantle of green. After some time, we again wound our way over lava by a very intricate track till we reached the spot where the pedestrian part of the ascent commences. Here the little steed was tethered to a stone, and we commenced a most laborious and steep ascent of forty minutes, over rough and loose masses of lava which give way beneath the feet, and where your shoes become filled with sand. The labour and exhaustion were so excessive, although I laid hold of the skirts of my guide's coat, that I thought—as it was my first, so it should be my last ascent. I found, however, that three English ladies had been carried up by the guides during the night, and was shown their conveyance. This was a kind of sedan, or chair supported on poles ; and the time usually occupied in an ascent with such a vehicle is sixty mi-

nutes. As I scrambled up, the ancient crater, the eruption of which overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii, was pointed out to me, as well as another precipitous place, formerly a crater, from which a Frenchman, not long since, threw himself, and plunged into the "fiery flood" which rolled beneath, to meet a death as terrific as it must have been instantaneous. Having surmounted the steep just alluded to, our route was a little more level, but still very rugged; and we were soon to be nearly suffocated with sulphureous exhalations. We passed one large quantity of lava that had been liquid only three months since, and reached several hillocks, or small craters, which had ejected stones, and other matter, but a short time before. Some of these were of varied colours amongst which yellow, yellow-green, and red were the predominant. The lava all around was smoking, and producing a terribly suffocating exhalation; whilst, in some places it was scorchingly hot. The wind too, at so great an elevation, came in gusts bearing hot sand which almost filled the ears and eyes. The height of Mount Vesuvius above the sea is 3938 feet, or about three hundred and fifty more than that of our Welch Snowdon. Passing over hot lava, we walked along at the base of the grand crater which was smoking, and throwing up immense quantities of stones that descended very near us; but, in the brightness of daylight, no flame could be seen. The fall of the stones which



descended again into the crater, produced a rumbling noise resembling distant thunder. Near the base of the crater rolled forth, like molten iron, a burning stream of lava having a mixed red and black appearance. My guide put his stick into it, and took out a portion—which made it flame up. This portion having received the impression of a copper coin, served as a memorial of my visit. I also inserted my *baton*, but the heat compelled me speedily to withdraw; indeed the lava on which we stood, was anything but cold, and yielded considerably to the feet. I had, as yet, had no breakfast, and the sensation of suffocation was so disagreeable that I had no objection to retrace my steps, and to quit a scene which, from its brimstone fumes, and streams of liquid fire, seemed rather a realization of the

“Tumults and torments of th’ infernal seats”

than the object of a morning excursion of pleasure in the most genial of climes. We descended in five minutes that part of the mountain which it had taken forty minutes to ascend. This we did by taking a different path, where we trotted down through deep sand which yields to the tread, and keeps you steady. The view enjoyed from the mountain is truly magnificent: Naples is seen rising like an amphitheatre upon the hills, and its unequalled bay extends its vast expanse of azure from cape to cape. On another side, backed

by the distant range of the Apennines lie the beautiful plains of Campania Felix studded with villages and villas, and displaying amongst other objects the abode of royalty at Caserta. Mounting my pony, I soon reached the Hermitage, where I dispatched, with great relish, a frugal meal consisting of bread and cheese, some sausage, an apple, and some *lachrymæ Christi*. The hermit is attired in a black, monkish habit, and speaks scarcely anything but Neapolitan; he makes no charge for his entertainment, but leaves the amount of remuneration to the generosity of his visitors. Having exchanged valedictions with him, I was conveyed in perfect safety, down the devious and precipitous track to Portici.

I now descended to see the immense Theatre of Herculaneum—larger than that of San Carlo at Naples, the largest modern theatre in Europe. Herculaneum, over which Portici and Resina now stand, was covered with the *lava* of Vesuvius; Pompeii, only by its ashes mixed with pumice stones, &c.; so that, whilst the former city is buried beneath an immense body of lava having the hardness of a rock, the ashes and other matter, which overwhelmed the latter, are almost as easily removed as sand. In the theatre are three stories or ranges of galleries, to which you are of course obliged to be lighted with torches, as it is now all underground. The different parts of the building, such as the stage, the orchestra, and the seats, are

pointed out by the guide who shows you round, and, amongst other things, the impression, in the lava, of a bronze head which has been removed to the Museum at Naples.

I at length resumed my seat in the vettura, and proceeded through a beautiful country studded with villas, and commanding the blue waters of the bay which were glittering in a resplendent sun. I passed through the bustling villages of Torre del Greco, and, at eleven miles from Naples, Torre dell' Annunziata, a mile and half beyond which I reached Pompeii.

This is a place of passing interest—for what can be more interesting than to be an eye-witness, as it were, of the habits and usages of a people as they existed nearly eighteen centuries ago, to walk through those streets where once paced the masters of the world, to tread on the very stones on which they trod, to enter their public and private edifices, and examine the very utensils they used? Pompeii was overwhelmed by the terrific eruption of Mount Vesuvius which took place in the year 79 of our era; and remained unexplored nearly seventeen centuries, the first excavations not having commenced till 1755, although indications of ruins were observed in 1689. It is remarkable it should have remained so long undiscovered, since some parts of its edifices were scarcely two feet below the surface. The matter, with which it was buried, was *chiefly* ashes which, moistened, probably, by the

torrents of rain that fell at the time, produced by the steam sent up by the volcano, formed a kind of liquid mud that pervaded every place. The city was anciently surrounded by walls in which twelve towers, and six gates may be counted. Its circuit was nearly two miles, its greatest length a little more than three quarters of a mile, and its breadth less than half a mile. Scarcely more than a quarter of the city has yet been excavated. The first striking object is the house of Marcus Arrius Diomedes, a suburban villa without the ancient gate (called that of Herculaneum), but within the modern wall. In this house, the spot is shown where a number of skeletons were found of people attempting to escape, some carrying with them necklaces and rings of gold, or "*anelletti d' oro*" as my guide called them. The following particulars respecting the unfortunate inmates of this villa I quote from an excellent little work lately published on Pompeii.—"Beside the garden gate, two skeletons were found; one, presumed to be the master, had in his hand the key of that gate, and near him were about a hundred gold and silver coins; the other, stretched beside some silver vases, was probably a slave charged with the transport of them. When the vaults were discovered, the skeletons of seventeen persons were found huddled up together, unmoved during seventeen centuries since they sank in death. They were covered by several feet of ashes of extreme fine-



ness, evidently slowly borne in through the vent-holes, and afterwards consolidated by damp. The substance thus formed resembles the sand used by metal founders for castings, but is yet more delicate, and took perfect impressions of everything on which it lay. The jewels belonging to these persons were found beside them, comprising in gold two necklaces, one set with blue stones, and four rings containing engraved gems." In the same large vault are still seen *amphoræ* ranged against the wall, and mostly filled with ashes. Some were found to contain the remains of wine in a dried and hardened state. The *amphoræ* are rather elegantly shaped earthen vessels having two handles near the top, and pointed at the bottom for sticking in the ground.

Leaving the villa, I proceeded to the Herculaneum Gate through the street of tombs. Amongst these is that of the Arria family, and in one chamber are seen vessels containing the ashes of the dead. The workmanship of some of these sepulchres looks like that of a few years ago—such is their state of preservation. The streets, which are very narrow, are paved with flat blocks of lava (the product of early eruptions) in the same manner as the streets of Italian towns of the present day, with this exception, that the blocks are not so well squared, but laid down in much larger and more irregular pieces; they still bear the deep marks of the chariot wheels. There are the shops

and their doorways, but the doors have disappeared. Pivots were generally used instead of hinges, and the sockets in which they turned are still seen. On the right of the street by which I entered, is an obscene emblem placed over the door of a house and inscribed—"hïc habitat felicitas"—a sign sufficiently indicative of the character of the occupants, and of the depravity of the people. In some of the shops are seen large jars for oil, &c., and in those of the bakers, several ancient hand flour-mills with their accompanying oven and kneading-trough, amphoræ, and other vessels; but most of the smaller objects have been removed to the Museum at Naples. Private houses, coffee-houses, and others applied to different purposes are shown. The apartments on the ground floor are all that now remain, the second stories having disappeared. Some of the mosaics on the floors are very beautiful, and amongst them the most remarkable is one on the floor of a spacious and handsome mansion rather recently discovered, and called the "House of the Faun" from the bronze statue of one found in the centre of its atrium. Almost everything within this edifice remained in the place it occupied before the catastrophe which overwhelmed it. There was consequently a rich harvest for the antiquary; and besides several mosaic floors (composed of small pieces of marble),—objects in bronze and glass; vases, pateræ, cups, and plates of silver; coins,

medals, and ornaments for the person were found in abundance. The mosaic I have alluded to represents a battle, supposed to be the celebrated one of Issus, between Alexander and Darius. It is a splendid piece of workmanship remarkably perfect with the exception of one part which was probably injured by the earthquake that took place a few years before the town was buried. The chief objects it comprises are a large war-chariot, twelve horses, and twenty-two human figures more than half the size of life. The mosaic floors of Pompeii more often exhibit ornamental and fancy patterns formed with small pieces of variegated and beautiful marbles; whilst the walls of the rooms are adorned with frescoes some of which are very well preserved. Boys are in attendance to brush away the gravel, and wet the objects so as to show them to more advantage, and, at the same time, to gain a few *grani*. Ornamental fountains are still seen in some of the apartments.

I visited the Temples of Hercules, Jupiter, and Venus, in the last of which was found a statue of the goddess, now at Naples. I understood my cicerone to say the priest was accustomed to conceal himself behind this, and move its eyes, with the cunning design of making the people believe it was the statue itself that moved them. In relating this, my guide assisted his Italian phraseology by a somewhat terrific movement of his eyes! "Yes" was nearly the only English word he un-

derstood. In the temple of Isis, he pointed out the place where the priest used to hide himself beneath the statue, and give it his own voice. These deceptions he spoke of with disgust and contempt for the wickedness of the priests, and the folly of the people ; but I could not help thinking, although I did not express it, that some of the villanies and follies of his own time and country were only a shade or two less glaring. Near the Temple of Isis is the statuary's workshop where some unfinished sculptures were discovered, as well as thirty-two mallets, several compasses, and a great number of chisels and other tools. Near this I was shown a room in which a skeleton was found.

There is a fine establishment of hot and cold baths in comparatively good preservation. On the ceiling of the apartment styled the *tepidarium*, you see some small reliefs in a very perfect state. This was a chamber of warm, but mild and soft, temperature, occupied by the bathers to prepare their bodies for the more intense heat of the vapour and hot baths, and again resorted to on their way to the open air. In this room was a large bronze brazier, for burning charcoal, and a seat, or rather bench, of bronze.

Besides a fine tragic theatre, and a comic one, there is a grand and spacious amphitheatre which is situated in the south-east corner of the city, and the path to which now leads you through a garden



of vines, and Indian corn (here called *granturco*). Many of its stone seats remain remarkably perfect, and the dens for the wild animals appear to have suffered little by the lapse of centuries. Both theatrical and amphitheatrical performances anciently took place by daylight : the edifices devoted to these exhibitions had, with very few exceptions, no roofs ; but the Romans, who formed their theatres on the Grecian model, added the luxury of an awning or *velarium* to protect them from the rays of the sun.

Time and means fail me to describe the glories of the Forum, the grand though decapitated columns of the Tribunal, the temples of the heathen deities, and other objects the contemplation of which carries the mind back to the obscure periods of distant time—to days long passed away. The last objects I saw at Pompeii were a theatre in good preservation, and a square enclosed by barracks, or soldiers' quarters. In one of the chambers of these, stocks, formed of iron, were found, which are now replaced by a model in wood.

Having paid the various demands of guides and beggars, I quitted Pompeii, and, passing a few miles through a pleasant country, reached Castellamare, a small town on, or near, the site of the ancient Stabiæ, and agreeably situated on the shores of the bay across an inlet of which Vesuvius is seen. A range of woody mountains rise

behind the town, and the neighbourhood smiles with villas and residences : on the hill too is a “palazzo reale.” I dined at an *albergo* and *trattoria* on the shore of the bay—rested an hour or two after the fatigues of the morning—and, when the intense heat of day was a little moderated, left Castellamare to return to Naples—a ride of seventeen miles. We rattled over the smooth pavements of the towns on the route at a glorious rate, and reached the Largo del Palazzo about half-past eight o’clock. Never have I passed a day of such intense interest, or been so well rewarded for fatigue. Not many weeks after I left Naples, Vesuvius burst forth in its grandest style, and I had to regret having missed one of the most magnificent spectacles in Nature !

June 4th. This morning I walked again to the Museum, and visited the Farnese department. Here is the celebrated statue of the *Hercule Farnese*, with his club, executed by Glycon, the Athenian, whose name is inscribed on it in Greek characters. At the other end of the apartment is the famed group of the *Toro Farnese* found in the Baths of Caracalla at Rome, also a production of Grecian art, and characterized as “*il piu bel pezzo di tutto.*” Here are Antiope, the luckless Dirce, the twins Amphion and Zethus, another human figure, the raging bull, and a dog—all sculptured *originally* from one block of marble. The whole of this magnificent group stands on an immense block or

pedestal. It was removed five or six years ago from the Chiaja which it formerly adorned, and took six days to transport. My cicerone related its story in his native tongue, but I did not comprehend all he said. The dialect of Naples is a bad, contracted Italian, and it is very difficult to understand some of the ciceroni—for instance Ischia would be pronounced *Ishk*. Around the walls of the apartment are numerous ancient sepulchral monuments from Pompeii, and other places. On one side is the statue of a soldier carrying Astyanax, “Hector’s warlike son,” and, on another, the statue of Tiberius. Here is an almanac arranged on the four sides of a column, with the signs of the Zodiac, &c., and another column inscribed with the names of the warriors who fell in one of the Roman wars. There are many other objects, and fragments of statues.

The museum has also a small apartment, named the *Gabinetto delle cose riservate*, which contains relics from Pompeii and Herculaneum of a nameless description, some representing crimes for which—who knows but they might have been overwhelmed? *Phallic* objects, once worshipped as deities, probably as being emblems of creative power, are here in every variety.

June 5th. To-day was a grand fête, and, after breakfast, I followed a minor procession to the church of San Domenico. It was preceded by a military band, and consisted of soldiers and priests,

on whose heads flowers were showered from the windows. In the evening, however, there was a far more imposing spectacle:—all the different regiments of military paraded the streets, with their bands, in a grand procession of which priests and monks, bearing crosses, and emblems of various sorts, formed a prominent part. Two temporary altars, adorned with columns, were erected in the Strada Toledo, and another before the Théâtre of San Carlo,—at all of which ceremonies were performed.

In the evening, at the usual hour of nine, a grand performance commenced at San Carlo, the largest theatre in Europe. Such is the melange of religion, and mundane vanities! The subject of the opera, to-night, was an Ancient Roman triumph—that of Septimius Severus—of which a chariot-race formed a conspicuous part: three curricles, fashioned after the antique, each drawn by two fiery steeds, were galloped round the stage, at an astonishing pace, by impetuous charioteers who stood erect. There were, too, magnificent processions of Senators and People, and of Roman soldiers with their bands of music, and their triumphant standards bearing the proud characters of S. P. Q. R. The ballet was interesting—the dancers showed a surprising agility, but the captivating *danseuses* made too great a display of their fair forms! The opera is certainly a very unnatural performance, since we never address each



other in song when under emotion. The ballet is, perhaps, equally so, but the gesticulations of the silent actors are sometimes very moving—very intelligible. The gilding and decorations of the theatre of San Carlo are most superb. The scenes are admirable, forming almost a diorama of themselves, and displaying castles, aqueducts, and edifices of gigantic architecture, adorned with lofty porticoes and stately columns. The seats in the spacious pit are all furnished with elbows, and numbered. The performance was concluded by priestly mysteries, and the “Vestal buried alive.” Her lover falls in agony on the floor, and—the curtain drops. I returned at midnight, but lights were still seen, and the streets were not yet deserted.

June 6th. Little has transpired to-day, and I am now waiting for a conveyance to Rome. Near the theatre, I observed a number of letter-writers sitting at their little tables which were furnished with paper, ink, &c. These people obtain a livelihood by writing letters for others, and practise their profession in the open air. Interesting and moving scenes may not unfrequently be witnessed at these little standings; here the eyes of fair correspondents may sometimes be seen glistening with love or joy, or—perhaps dulled by sorrow. In the Strada Toledo women are seen stationed at tables covered with copper coins; they are money-changers who, I am told, frequently amass fortunes

by their trade. The inscription on some of the coins intimates that the Neapolitan monarch is king of the "Two Sicilies and Spain," but to the latter distinction we all know he is no longer entitled. Lotteries are much in vogue, and you continually pass shops over which is printed "*Reali lotti*." I observed, as I walked along, one or two curious signs; one was *Beck, tailleur de Paris*—German tailor—and, in German text, *Deutscher Schneider Meister*. Another, at a barber's shop, seems rather singularly expressed to an Englishman—"Qui si fa la barba, e si tagliano capelli"—"Here they shave, and they cut hair." The shops of Naples (few of which have glass windows) are ordinarily closed, like those of St. Malo and of different parts of the continent, by two folding doors which answer both for door and shutters.

Men kissing each other in the street, and accompanying their embrace with a "*Caro amico*"—excites a smile in an Englishman who is accustomed to a less *endearing* mode of salutation.

Vesuvius is fine to-night, and is seen emitting flames at intervals.

June 7th. I am still waiting. I should not omit to mention, as something Neapolitan, the standings for lemonade, which are fitted up in the open street, and adorned at each side with little columns. Above—is generally a representation of the Virgin, and, sometimes, below—are painted a

number of wretched beings tortured by the flames of a hell-fire, looking up to her for mercy. The stand is generally laden with lemons, and decked with branches; and at one side of it swings a barrel of water suspended on a pivot. The Strada Toledo is usually fragrant with nosegays, or would be so but for the counteracting odours. The streets here are called *strada*, but at Florence *via* is the name generally applied to them: the flat pieces of lava with which those of Naples are paved would, to the uninformed, pass for a common stone.

The people searching each other's heads, and endeavouring to exterminate their inhabitants—forms a scene quite Neapolitan, but not very interesting to an Englishman. It has, however, been deemed worthy of a painting; and it formed the subject of one I saw in the Gallery at Florence.

I entered, this morning, the church of Trinità Maggiore, a large structure remarkable for the sumptuousness of its interior, its immense columns of various marbles, and its vaulted ceilings rich with painting and gilt.

As I was shortly to leave for Rome, it was necessary to have my “maladetto passaporto” *visé*, a process which, including the fee to the valet for getting it done, cost the moderate sum of ten shillings!

June 8th. (Sunday.) Over the door of one of the churches which I entered to-day, was inscribed

“*Indulgenza plenaria, quotidiana, perpetua, toties quoties*” (!!!), and over its altar—“*Altare privilegiatum.*” It is a good thing to be able to get your sins so easily forgiven. Physical goods are also cheap—the *vino usuale* at the trattoria being eight *grani* per bottle, or not quite  $3\frac{1}{2}d$ .

June 9th. Still waiting for my dilatory conveyance. This evening, in passing through the street, I saw a true Maccaroni-seller—the first I have observed. He had one large pan of soup, which was now chiefly in demand, and another of maccaroni which was transferred to the plates on a stick, whilst the odd strings were disengaged with the hand. He occupied a standing before a kind of low *restaurateur*, or dirty public kitchen, into which some of his customers went to consume their repast. I stopped a few minutes to enjoy the scene, for it is in such that national character may be observed, and human nature studied. In the streets, occasionally, may be seen little girls dancing before the doors of their houses to the unharmonious thrumming of a tambourine: the effect is pretty.

Snow is an article consumed at Naples in immense quantities, and is a great luxury in so warm a climate. It is obtained during the winter season from the Apennines and the eminences which branch off from them, and is carefully preserved in deep caves. There are many of these depositories in the mountain which rises behind Castel-



lamare, and from them is brought, in large boats, much of the snow used at Naples. The sale of water cooled with snow affords employment to a numerous class, and forms no unimportant branch of the trade of the lemonade-seller. *Ice* could not be procured in quantities adequate to the consumption, but the hardened snow forms an excellent substitute.

The proprietor of my lodgings speaks English very fluently, and seems well acquainted with English literature. He is no admirer of the French, and says there is as much difference between France and England as between hell and paradise! He is an enlightened man, and, in speaking of the sovereigns of Italy, says "these petty kings can see no further than the length of their noses!"

10th. To-day I bid adieu to the most amusing of all amusing places;—about three o'clock in the afternoon, I entered the *coupé* of Signor Angriani's *voiture*, and set off for Rome. This vehicle is something between a diligence and a common *vettura*, but differs from the former inasmuch as it has not a regular time for starting, but waits till its complement is made up.

In ascending one of the hills, soon after leaving Naples, I observed an instance of the brutality of the people: the vetturino employed a boy to dig a hole with a stone in the back of one of the miserable horses, for the purpose of urging him forward.

Passing over a fertile country, with vines climbing on trees, we reached Capua. About midway between this and Naples we had passed Aversa, a small town of a complete Italian character, and presenting a striking contrast to the neat towns of my own country. At Capua soldiers were marching to the loud beating of a drum. As we left it, we met an immense number of people crowding in before the gate should be closed. Many of them were peasants returning from labour, with their tools on their shoulders; and a more picturesque assemblage I think I never beheld. Hereabouts I observed some men, once five in a group, with guns slung on their shoulders, for all the world like the representations we see of brigands, both in dress and countenance. My German friend (for we were once more German, French, English, and Italian) told me they were "*une espèce de paysans ou chasseurs*" who might, perhaps, turn brigands on a favourable opportunity—in the night, or in a solitary part of the road. On leaving Capua, it became terrifically gloomy, and the obscurity was only relieved by the vivid flashes of lightning, and the sparkling of fire-flies. We passed St. Agatha and Garigliano unseen, and at the latter traversed the ancient Liris by a suspension-bridge. At the *point du jour* we arrived at Mola di Gaeta, a little town with lofty whitewashed houses and an Italian look, facing the beautiful bay of Gaeta. Near it are (or are supposed to be) the remains of Cicero's

villa of Formianum ; and at the left of the road, soon after leaving Mola, is seen an antique tower named the Tomb of Cicero. As we now passed through the mountain scenery of the Apennines, with plantations of vines, lemon and orange trees, and other southern productions occasionally bordering our road, we met a great number of peasants going to their labour with their mules and donkeys, and forming groupings most picturesque. Proceeding some miles, we reached Itri (formerly Mamurra), an antiquated wretched town partly situated on a wild and romantic acclivity—the haunt of banditti, and the birth-place of the famous brigand Frà Diavolo. The women who came to the fountain, and carried away their pitchers of water on their heads, looked picturesque, but were all dirty and miserably ugly. The pitcher bears some resemblance to the ancient amphora, but is much shorter, and of a less elegant form. Continuing our route, chiefly through wild mountain scenery animated by numbers of peasants, some of whom had very sinister looks, we arrived at Fondi where we passed over the Appian way in its original state. There were many people in the street, but I thought they all looked squalid, wretched, and debased. The town, too, has a ruinous and desolate appearance. Here the German and I procured an extraordinary and very dirty breakfast consisting of an omelette, a piece or two of *manzo* (beef), and some bad wine in dirty

glasses,—no part of which repast we could have tasted had our appetites been at all fastidious. The eggs were thrown into an earthenware dish which looked as if it had not been cleaned for a month, and cooked over a wood fire. The place in which we procured this meal, was in fact a hovel, although dignified, I believe, with the name of *albergo* by its inmates. After this interesting incident, we advanced towards Terracina, and soon had to produce our passports—when we passed through the archway of a small castle, the Neapolitan barrier against the Pope. As we journeyed on, I observed myrtle, in bud and blossom, growing wild, and in abundance, on the sides of the Apennines, also *Arbor Judæ*, and *anchusa paniculata*. Very soon after the Neapolitan barrier, we reached that of the Papal States, and, then passing for some distance near the lake Fondi, we arrived at Terracina which still answers to the description of Horace—

“ Substructum saxis latè candentibus Anxur.”

At Terracina there was a general examination of passports and baggage. In the immediate vicinity of the town are many antiquities, and we had already passed several tombs at the side of the *Via*. It is situated on the sea shore, and, before it, extends a beautiful expanse of azure. Here commence *Le Paludi Pontine*, or Pontine Marshes which extend as far as Cisterna—a distance of



twenty-five miles. The road, which is paved, and stretches in long straight lines, is bordered by a double row of trees, whilst a canal, formed to drain off the stagnant waters, is also cut at the side; and, in some parts, you have one on each side. On our right, at the distance of a mile or two, was the chain of the Apennines, and at our left, at some distance across the plain, a forest, beyond which was the sea. These marshes have less the appearance of being so than the moors of Somerset, having generally speaking no inundation, but looking more like a neglected wilderness where weeds grow in luxuriance. Wherever they have been cultivated, the produce has been great.

Judging from the appearance of the marshes, I should conceive they are less dangerous than has been represented, nor did I observe many persons who looked unhealthy. The danger to the traveller of course depends, in great measure, on the hour at which he passes, and the season of the year; and the insalubrity has, no doubt, been considerably lessened from draining the ground by means of the canals. The postilions were continually begging my German friend, who was a great smoker, for cigars to repel the "*aria cattiva*," but their smiling faces seemed to intimate it was a farce. In the canal, at one place, I observed a herd of buffaloes swimming, or wading with just their noses exposed to the air as is their custom, and looking very picturesque. They are black

coarse-looking cattle, with horns more turned back than those of the ox. The oxen and cows here are very fine, and mostly white, as at other places where I have been in Italy.

The village of Cisterna, situated at the extremity of the marshes, is supposed by some to be the *Tres Tabernæ* of St. Paul, mentioned in the Acts.

In the evening, we reached Velletri an ancient town situated on a steep hill, and paved in the style of the Papal States. In these, the pavement differs from that of other parts of Italy, the stones used being small, and, but for their being placed in the diamond fashion, giving the streets the appearance of those of England. Pursuing our way over a mountainous country, and up long, steep, and imposing ascents of pavement, we reached in the dusk Gensano which occupies a commanding situation. We now passed down several precipitous descents on a road embowered in trees, and, although it was dark, evidently very picturesque, and worth seeing. We afterwards ascended to Riccia (the Aricia of Horace and his resting-place whilst on his journey to Brundisium); and proceeded through a romantic country abounding with the remains of antiquity which, however, were now invisible. The classic associations of Gensano and Riccia are very interesting, and the eminences command striking views: the country girls too have fine eyes, and a pretty head-dress. No ban-

ditti were obliging enough to furnish us with an incident for the note-book.

Night having closed, we stopped at Albano—which we preferred to continuing our journey to Rome in the dark. Here we had a pretty good supper, and good beds ; and, at half-past six the next morning, after taking some coffee, we proceeded. Albano is a pleasant town standing on or near the site of the Alba Longa founded by Ascanius, son of “ the great Æneas ”

“ not unknown to fame.”

Passing amidst occasional ruins, we reached the insulated post-house of Torre di Mezza Via. A little on the left of the road, runs the ancient Via Appia with its line of ruins of tombs, villages, and dwellings on the mound or low ridge that borders it. Opposite Torre di Mezza Via and close to it are seen, crossing the ancient road, the ruins of a brick-built aqueduct which supplied water to the Baths of Caracalla at Rome. A little further on the right, we saw the aqueduct of Claudius once the means of conveying water from the mountains of Albano to Rome : it joins another at a few miles' distance from the city which the two supplies consequently entered in one stream. The Campagna of Rome over which we were now passing, has a desolate and melancholy appearance, bearing little but poor grass, and, whilst displaying the wrecks of ancient splendour, is enlivened by few modern

dwellings however humble. This plain, once perhaps smiling with villas and gardens, now

“forsaken lies,

A weary waste expanding to the skies.”

On the left, as we approached Rome, we observed the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, a personage whose name and sepulchre appear to have outlived her fame, but who, it seems, was the wife of Crassus. We entered “the immense and marble city of Augustus” by the Porta San Giovanni where the walls are little injured by the lapse of time. For some distance within them, there is an open and neglected piece of ground which you traverse before you completely enter the city; and in crossing which you cannot fail to be struck with the indications that appear around you of the desolating power of time, and to contrast in imagination the present appearance of Rome with its aspect in the time of Augustus, when, instead of 150,000, its actual population, it contained (according to Goldsmith) four millions and sixty-three thousand inhabitants!

A little within the gate, on the left, stands the fine church of San Giovanni Laterano, and, as we proceeded, we passed the Egyptian obelisk, the Colosseum glorious in ruins, the Arch of Constantine, and a crowd of other antiquities. After some detention at the Dogana di Terra (or Custom-house), a venerable structure once the temple of



Antoninus Pius, I at length reached the Piazza di Spagna, in the immediate neighbourhood of which I found my inn, the Hotel d'Allemagne kept by Mr. Frantz, a German. The deserted streets of Rome (particularly for some hours after noon) present a picture of desolation, and offer a striking contrast to the animated scenes of Naples. There all is clamour and activity—here, but with little exception, all is silence and comparative solitude : there the senses are distracted—here the mind is soothed or saddened. The mean and tame appearance of the degenerate modern Roman soldier forms nearly as great a contrast to the military bearing and stately attitudes of the Neapolitan as the one city to the other. At Naples, however, it is nothing more than the *appearance* of a warrior, and even the elegance of attitude which is observed there, would be considered, by an English drill-serjeant, a poor substitute for our bolt-upright discipline. Towards evening, when it became a little cooler, I ascended the long and noble flight of stone steps leading from the Piazza di Spagna to the church and promenade of the Monte. I was now on the Pincian Hill, along which I pursued my way, and afterwards descended to the Porta del Popolo which is on the Florence side of the city, and immediately within which is the Piazza of the same name, remarkable for its splendour and extent, and forming an entrance worthy of Rome in a less fallen state. In this, however, as in several of the other

*places* a part of the paving is grass-grown. I afterwards took coffee in the Piazza di Spagna at the grand caffè which is fitted up with marbles, mirrors, gilding, and decoration, in the style of elegance and luxury so common on the continent in establishments of this sort.

June 13th. This morning I walked to the Ponte Sant' Angelo, the principal bridge in Rome, by which I crossed the Tiber's muddy although classical stream, and reached the mighty temple of St. Peter. On approaching this for the first time, you are perhaps somewhat disappointed in its size. This arises from the vast extent of the grand piazza in front—a fine open space ornamented with an Egyptian obelisk and two splendid fountains, and enclosed by a noble circular colonnade adorned with one hundred and ninety-two statues of saints. On reaching the cathedral, however, and measuring yourself against the columns, you are made fully aware of the magnificence of its dimensions, although you may regret that a portico, modelled on that of the Pantheon, had not taken the place of the heavy façade. I should in vain attempt to describe what I saw in the interior of the edifice—the immense and massive columns, the exquisite sculptures, the endless variety of marbles, the paintings and mosaics representing the tragic fate of saints and martyrs. Suffice it to repeat the words of Gibbon who pronounces this temple “the most glorious structure that ever has

been applied to the use of religion ! ” The mosaics which decorate the walls, have so much the appearance of paintings that, at this my first visit, I went away without discovering they were not so. Having contrasted my own insignificance with the vast proportions of this stupendous fabric, I walked along the banks of the Tiber to the Ponte Sisto, a bridge of no beauty ; and then returned through a broiling atmosphere, to enjoy the luxury of *una granita*. Some idea of the heat may be formed when I say that I saw the quivering exhalation, sometimes called *summer-dance*, rising before me from the dry and stony street, as I strolled along. In the afternoon I walked a short distance, but found the streets deserted—indeed the common saying here, that Englishmen and dogs are the only creatures that stir out at this time of the day, seems nearly correct.

In the evening I bent my steps down the Corso which is a good and straight street affording, what many continental ones do not, a well-paved footway. I now surveyed more completely the objects I had passed yesterday. In the square in front of the Post Office stands the lofty column of Antoninus adorned with small sculptures, and surmounted by a statue of St. Paul ! Turning out of the Corso, a little beyond this, I reached Trajan’s Column, a structure entirely composed of thirty-three blocks of white marble, and which formed a

model for Napoleon's brazen pillar in the Place Vendôme at Paris. It is decorated with finely executed basso-relievos ascending in a spiral direction, and representing the succession of Trajan's Dacian victories, and the two grand triumphal processions by which they were celebrated. The statue of the emperor, which originally occupied the summit, has been replaced by one of St. Peter. The column stands in the once magnificent Forum of Trajan which forms an enclosure now some feet below the level of the surrounding street, containing a number of broken granite columns of a bluish grey colour. This forum, like many of the other antiquities, has been excavated, having been buried to a depth of several feet partly, perhaps, by the washing and wearing of centuries, and, probably, partly by having been made the depository of rubbish. The crumbling ruins of once splendid edifices constituted, however, the chief cause of the elevation of the surface. Walking on I found myself in the midst of the remains of ancient grandeur, and saw before me the reliques of the *Tempio della Pace nel Foro Romano*. Thence I reached the Arch of Constantine which is in very good preservation, and close to which stands that stupendous monument of Imperial magnificence, and—Roman barbarity!—the Colosseum. This immense structure is said to have afforded seats for 87,000 spectators, and standing room for



20,000 more. I entered, gazed around, and paced the broad arena where victims almost without number, and, on single occasions, hundreds and even thousands of animals have been sacrificed to the depraved and sanguinary taste of the multitude, and where the brave but captive Dacian, nay the persecuted but patient Christian, was

“ Butcher’d to make a Roman holiday.”

The arena, once deluged with the blood of victims, is now surrounded with catholic altars which, with their paltry appearance and lighted candles, are quite out of character with a magnificent ruin. The term *amphitheatre* (of which this forms the finest specimen in existence) signifies, I need scarcely say, a theatre or place for exhibitions forming a continuous enclosure of an oval form, and is thus distinguished from the simple theatre which was only a semicircle.

Returning hence I passed beneath the celebrated Triumphal Arch of Titus raised, after his death, by the Senate and People, in honour of the conqueror of Judæa and the destroyer of Jerusalem. It had fallen much to decay, but its broken columns and mouldering ornaments have lately been restored ; and thus it will, probably, be long preserved. The new masonry, however, is by no means conducive to the picturesque effect of the ruin. One of the most interesting parts is the

relief within the archway, representing the triumphal procession of Titus with the candlestick, trumpets, and table for shewbread, taken from the Jews, borne in triumph.

I now crossed the Forum, and reached the arch which was erected to commemorate the conquests of Septimus Severus, and which is situated in a cavity below the level of the street : this emperor, it may be remembered, built the northern wall between the Forth and the Clyde, intended to prevent the incursions of the Picts and Scots, and died at York at the age of sixty-six. The Forum Romanum once “ the focus of business, the resort of pleasure, and the scene of all political and legal contention,” is now a rural place partly planted with trees, and is not inappropriately named the Campo Vaccino, or Cow Field. Here, in the evening, are seen groupings of cows, of buffaloes yet unyoked from their ponderous *carro*, and of patient-looking, useful oxen just disengaged from the labours of the day. Here perhaps the Roman citizen lounged away his day, *somewhat* as many Parisians of the present period do theirs in the purlieus of the Palais Royal. It *was* the habit of the Romans, as it *is* of the French, to live in public, and to care nothing for the *comforts* of home where, says a modern writer, they “ slept in a small room, without windows, without a chimney, and almost without furniture.” It is in the neigh-

bourhood of the Forum that the principal relics of the once "Mistress of the World" are congregated—scenes which I frequently revisited.

In coming from Naples to Rome the tables seem to be turned with respect to personal beauty; here the women are frequently beautiful, and have the dark irresistible eye, while the men appear to be less handsome and elegant than at Naples.

I observed to-day two spirited, coloured English prints in a bookseller's window, one representing three mail-coaches starting from Islington on the king's birthday; the other, a fire in London with the engines hastening to the scene of action. They excite much admiration, and you may hear "*questo bello*" as you pass.

Little boys asking for "*una piccola limosina*"—has at first rather a pretty effect to a foreigner, but I find I am more troubled here with beggars than at Naples. Amidst the silence of Rome, I am immediately recognised as a stranger, and, in one of my first walks, a vetturino addressed me, in French, to enquire if I wished to go to Florence—whilst at Naples I was lost amid the bustling scene.

June 14th. Having ascended the *scalini* to the Church of Santa Trinità del Monte, I turned my steps to the right, and followed a long and desolate street which led me, in a straight line, to the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. This is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, as its name implies;

and stands on Mount Esquiline, and on the ruins of the temple of Juno Lucina. After St. Peter's it is, perhaps, the finest, but, at any rate, the most beautiful church in Rome. The ceiling is very handsomely gilded with the first gold brought from Peru. The two ranges of Ionic columns of white marble, supporting it, have a fine effect, there being eighteen on each side, besides the four of granite, of similar size, supporting the arches of the nave. Over the grand altar is a splendid canopy surmounted by six gilded angels, and supported by four Corinthian columns of porphyry. There are two or three magnificent chapels—in fact, I think some parts of this edifice exceed everything I have seen for richness. The altar of the Virgin, in the Borghese chapel, is chiefly composed of precious stones amongst which the splendid blue of lapis lazuli is very conspicuous. In this chapel are some fine paintings by Guido ; and in short the church abounds with tombs, pictures, mosaics, and marbles well worthy of particular examination.

One of the most remarkable churches of Rome is the Basilica of St. Paul, which is situated about a mile from the city on the road to Ostia. It was partly destroyed by fire in 1823, but its columns, pavements, and mosaics are being restored, in a style, I am told, equal to their former magnificence.

In returning, I visited the small church of St.



Andrew de' Gesuiti, which has a rich circular interior,—thence I reached the Piazza of Mount Quirinal where, beside a fountain and an Egyptian obelisk, stand two fine colossal statues (said to represent Castor and Pollux), each holding a horse of proportionate magnitude. One, *they say*, was sculptured by Phidias, and the other by Praxiteles, whose names are, at all events, inscribed on the pedestals. I passed also the grand fountain of Trevi which is adorned with statues of Ocean, Salubrity, and Abundance, and the water of which is the best in Rome. Afterwards directing my steps to the ruins which form an endless source of interest, I surveyed, amongst other remains, those of the temples of Concord, and of Jupiter Tonans. Of the latter only three fluted Corinthian columns now survive. After some difficulty (for I explored Rome undisturbed by the garrulity of a cicerone) I found the Pantheon, now the church of Santa Maria della Rotunda. It was built by Agrippa, during the reign of Augustus, and was called Pantheon, as most schoolboys know, from having been decorated with statues of all the gods. It has since been dedicated to all the saints ! I did not now enter it, but gazed at its grand and timeworn exterior, and its venerable portico supported by sixteen vast columns each of which is formed of a single mass of granite.

Later in the day, I walked to the splendid Piazza del Popolo, and without the gate to the

beautiful drive and shrubbery which is the evening-resort of people of fashion in their carriages, as well as of pedestrians. Passing afterwards down the Strada di Ripetta, I at length reached the Piazza Navona, once the Circus Agonalis. It displays three fountains the principal of which has an obelisk supported on a kind of grotto adorned with four colossal statues, one at each corner. Near the piazza is the statue Pasquino, so named from its vicinity to the house of Pasquin, the pasquinading tailor who furnished a new word for the dictionary. I now lost myself in a maze of narrow and disagreeable streets, but at length succeeded in finding the Ponte St. Angelo, whence I returned, tired with exploring.

June 15th. I walked to St. Peter's where I met a French gentleman with whom I had voyaged from Livorno to Civita Vecchia. Ceremonies were proceeding, but the "full-toned organ's swell" was unheard. Round the interior of Buonarrotti's "vast and wondrous dome," at the lower part, is the following appropriate inscription in purple letters on a yellow ground—" *Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam, et tibi dabo claves regni cælorum.*" The rich gilding of the ceiling of St. Peter's (as of many other churches) has a sumptuous appearance; but one thing I remarked as detracting from the completeness of the building: it was that, whilst in the lateral aisles all is marble, the immense piers of

the arcade flanking the spacious nave, are not faced with white marble, but with a plaster representing it. Few persons, perhaps, observe this, and indeed the effect, at the distance of a few steps, is the same.

I passed the Pantheon and the ruins, and walked to the church of "San Pietro in Vincoli," so named because it is said to possess the chain with which St. Peter was bound! The principal object here is the celebrated statue of Moses by Michael Angelo. This I was rather surprised to find a sitting figure, and I did not think the head much dignified by its pair of horns, although among the ancients, both Jew and Gentile, the horn was an emblem of power, strength, authority, and empire! Hence I visited the splendid church of San Giovanni Laterano (formerly the mother church) which contains much marble, and is decorated with large white marble statues of the Twelve Apostles, executed by sculptors of eminence. The Corsini chapel is remarkably handsome, and displays a beautiful porphyry sarcophagus found in the Pantheon, said to contain the ashes of Agrippa, but now serving as the monument of Clement the Twelfth: the altar-piece consists of a fine mosaic after a painting by Guido.

Near this church is a chapel containing the "sacred staircase" which passes as the identical one by which Christ ascended to the Judgment

Hall at Jerusalem when he was led before Pontius Pilate ! Devotees are continually seen ascending it on their knees ; and it has been considered necessary to protect the original steps from so constant a friction by a casing of wood. Passing near the gate by which I first entered Rome, I reached the Anfiteatro Castrense of which little appears but a circular wall, and the church of Santa Croce (holy cross) which boasts no splendour.

In returning, I ascended to the different corridors and galleries of the Colosseum, and from an aerial elevation gazed down on the arena where instead of the combat of wild animals and wilder men ! a *confraternita* of monks were now chanting, and peacefully performing the offices of their religion. To have seen the ruin (as I afterwards did) in silent dignity, or by moonlight, would have been more in character with its desolated condition. What a monument is this of the power of man, and to what an object was that power directed ! This “ Titanian fabric ” covers a space of nearly six acres, and its vastness may be conceived from its having served as a quarry for several of the palaces of modern Rome, and its still remaining so huge a pile. It was commenced by Vespasian, and completed by his son Titus. The name of Colosseum is said to have been derived from the colossal statue of Nero that stood near—the base of which is still to be seen. In the immediate



neighbourhood, besides the Arch of Constantine, are the remains of a fountain enclosed by a circular wall, the Temple of Venus, and other relics.

Amidst the ruins, I witnessed a scene ill in keeping with their venerable antiquity. One man, who was in a great passion with another, was vociferating, gesticulating, and violently beating his breast,—the usual demonstrations here on such occasions ; for they beat their own breasts instead of adopting the Englishman's plan of beating that of his adversary. A woman, probably the wife, was endeavouring, with little success, to end the dispute, and crying “basta—basta.”

I was informed by a gentleman who had spent some time in Rome, that, in one day only, seventy persons had entered the different hospitals in consequence of knife wounds. This was after an extraordinary fête, and, of course, an unusual number, but we may suppose there were also others wounded more or less seriously. I saw nothing of this kind of work myself, but a gentleman with whom I afterwards travelled, told me he had seen a beautiful girl mortally stabbed in the street, in a fit of jealousy, at three o'clock in the afternoon, by her *lover* who immediately disappeared in a lane. “*Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas, sæpe videto*” is a maxim which cannot be too well observed in Rome. Napoleon did a great service to Italy by abolishing assassination ; his remedy was rather a summary one ;—the offenders were hanged

within a certain number of hours. The evil, however, has unhappily, in some degree, returned.

At some of the caffès, candles burn before the Virgin, but although this is the head-quarters of Popery, the people are said to be rather less superstitious here than at Naples.

Young children are curiously enclosed in a wrapper, so that, at the extremities, they have the appearance of a little package. This mode of swaddling must, I think, be opposed to the proper developement of the *understandings* !

I am told that consumption at Rome is not the lingering disease it is in England, but that it carries off its victims in five or six weeks.

June 16th. This morning, I walked to the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, constructed by Michael Angelo from the Baths of Dioclesian. It is a remarkably fine edifice, but has not the finish of some others. It contains a fine painting of the "Baptism of Christ" by Carlo Maratta; and several excellent mosaics—St. Sebastian by Domenichino, and Simon Magus by Battoni. Here, also, are the tombs of Salvator Rosa, and Carlo Maratta, and a meridian, on the marble floor of the church, laid down in 1701 by Bianchini.

I afterwards saw three apartments of paintings in the Palazzo Barberini which has, without, an old and ruinous appearance. These rooms contained, according to my cicerone, "*i piu belli*

*pezzi.*” They were the productions of the great masters, and, amongst others, was a picture of Joseph and Potiphar’s wife, like that at Firenze—a wonderful display of passion and voluptuousness. I ascended also, by a broad spiral staircase, to the Library which has rather a musty look, and contains (in several rooms) a number of antique books in various languages. After an early dinner, I walked to the Vatican which is open to the public, at four in the afternoon, on Mondays and Thursdays. On enquiring of one of the party-coloured and whimsically-attired guards of the palace when it would be open, he told me twenty o’clock, *c’ est à dire*, four in the afternoon. Their mode of reckoning time here, as well as in other towns of the Pope’s territories, and sometimes at Naples, is very odd to an Englishman. They reckon from sunset, or rather from half an hour after it, and count on to the end of the twenty-four hours. Finding I was rather before the time, I walked into that ever-agreeable, interesting, and comparatively cool retreat, St. Peter’s. During two or three hours spent in the Vatican, I obtained but a hasty glance at its innumerable statues, vases, monuments, sarcophagi, inscriptions, &c., and its almost innumerable halls, chambers, and corridors. I saw here Laocoon and his sons (the original sculpture) writhing in their “all-eternal throes ;” and I stood a long time before that prodigy of art the Apollo Belvidere, to contemplate and admire

that perfection all the constituents of which have perhaps never been combined in *one* human form. The sculptures of various animals delighted and astonished me from their fidelity to nature, and the ancient chariot, with its two horses prancing in marble, recalled the triumphal procession. In another apartment is a veritable ancient *biga* of the same construction, formed of brass, and extremely valuable as a relic of antiquity. I also saw the sombre-looking Cappella Sistina, or Sistine Chapel the ceiling of which was painted by Michael Angelo. Here too is his famous fresco of the Last Judgment, which, however, from its sadly decayed state, and from the view of it being obstructed by the apparatus of an artist who was copying it, I could not appreciate ; nor, although it may show a great want of taste, could I have derived pleasure from contemplating it under more favourable circumstances. Besides the horrors it represents, this much lauded composition is not free from inconsistency, the fabulous Charon, who is occupied in ferrying his cargo across “ the Stygian floods,” being a personage out of character with the Saviour who is pronouncing the dread sentence of condemnation.

I returned to the Pantheon, the best preserved of all the remaining Roman temples ; and entered it for the first time. The interior is adorned with very fine Corinthian columns, but the intervening altars, with their paltry decorations, detract from



its effect. In the centre of the roof is an aperture left open to admit the light and air of heaven, and through which you look up at the blue and cloudless sky. The Piazza della Rotunda, or space in front of the temple, is occupied by a dirty fish market.

The shops of Rome, like those of Naples, are entirely shut by means of two massive folding doors within which they are now, in many instances, glazed. . . . . I was amused to-day, at the *restaurateur*, with the importance displayed by a pompous livery-servant, a tall fellow dressed like a military officer, with a cocked hat, and sword, who seated himself at the table at which I was dining. He and many similar come, I observe, to the grand caffè, in the evenings, for ices for their *masters and mistresses* who take them at the door in their carriages.

June 17th. This morning I walked again to the ancient and modern Capitol, and to the Monte Tarpeio, or Tarpeian Mount, which is now a dirty place with a wretched neighbourhood. I afterwards went to the Palazzo Doria, and saw its extensive gallery of choice paintings which are arranged in many apartments. In the first you enter, are watercolour paintings by Gasper Poussin—in the second, others in oil, and chiefly landscapes, by him, and by his brother, Nicholas. Amongst the numerous pictures, are seen a fine painting of the Visitation of St. Elizabeth; Cain

and Abel by Salvator Rosa ; Four Misers by Albert Durer ; Abraham's Sacrifice by Titian ; the Prodigal Son by Guercino ; and many others "*molto stimati* : " there are also some fine landscapes by Claude Lorraine. The tables, &c. now wrapped in leather coverings, are mostly of beautiful alabaster. The lady of the palace died some years since at the age of forty-one. My cicerone, with dolorous voice and countenance, pointed at her portrait which represents her as a very fine person.

In the evening, I revisited the ruins, and, strolling past the Colosseum, and under the well-preserved Arch of Constantine, reached after a long walk the Temple of Vesta, a small circular edifice surrounded by Corinthian columns, and situated in a disagreeable neighbourhood. In the open space at its side, is a handsome, but neglected, fountain to which cows wander to quench their thirst. Near this, is the Ponte Rotto or Broken Bridge, the remains of a fine structure now extending only part way across the Tiber. A little further down the stream are the *Vestigie del Ponte Sublicio*—relics immortalized by the heroism of Horatius Cocles. In this neighbourhood, are several antiquities, but I did not like gaping about to explore them, as you soon find there are those who will gape at you, and possibly do something worse. I entered, as I wandered through the disagreeable streets, several churches of which there

are a great number, and many of which are fine structures. From the Ponte Sisto I had a view of the Tiber, and of modern Rome with its confused jumble of palaces, churches, and ill-built and irregular dwellings. The view hence inspires melancholy rather than pleasurable feelings, the river being shut in by houses of a mean appearance.

They have a mode of fishing here which was new to me : by the rapid current of the river, nets attached to the extremities of the spokes of a kind of water-wheel, are driven round, and, in revolving, ensnare the fish. This plan could only answer on a river whose stream, like that of the Tiber, is very rapid.

This evening I met at a caffè my merry old German friend who had been my travelling companion from Naples, and whom I afterwards chanced to meet amidst the wild scenes of the Apennines, between Florence and Bologna.

The most frequent word I hear in passing through the streets is *bajocch'*, an abbreviation of *bajocchio*, a coin of the value of a halfpenny : this is perhaps an indication of the poverty-stricken condition of the people.

June 18th. This morning I bent my steps to the Campidoglio Moderno, or Modern Capitol, for the purpose of ascending its tower (the belfry of the Senatorial Palace), but, after waiting nearly an hour for the *custode*, I found it would be necessary

to come again in the afternoon. The Palazzo Senatorio occupies one side of an elevated square of which the Palazzo de' Conservatori and the Museo Capitolino form the second and third ; whilst at the fourth side is an imposing flight of steps which descends to the street below. The square and its edifices are all decorated with statues, and in the former stands the celebrated equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius.

I now went to see that spacious structure, the Palazzo Borghese, which contains a long suite of apartments filled with splendid paintings by the old masters. In one of the rooms are two pretty fountains whose waters diffuse "a genial freshness;" and, on entering, you have a fine *coup d' œil* of a range of chambers with a fountain playing at the end of the vista. As you approach the end, however, you find this divided from the palace by a kind of neglected ditch. I saw here the *Graces di Tiziano*—which an artist was engaged in copying, the *Four Seasons* (in four circular paintings) by Albano, the *Descent from the Cross* by Raphael, *Joseph and Potiphar's wife* again, *Susannah and company*. Here too you see the *Madonna e bambino* till you are weary of it—at least I am so, despite the beauty of some of them. In each room you find a list of the paintings it contains, with references, for the use of visitors,—for which, and for the sight of his gallery, the proprietor of



the palace is well entitled to thanks. The tables are formed of marble and alabaster, and are extremely beautiful.

I repaired to the Capitol a second time ; and ascended its tower which commands a most imposing and interesting view. Never, during my stay in Rome, have I felt so intense an interest as when looking down from the tower of the Capitol. Here were pointed out to me the Seven Hills of the “ Eternal City,” and all around were seen

“ the splendid wrecks of former pride ”—

edifices which have withstood, in different degrees, the storms of centuries. The surface of Rome, as the *custode* observed, has considerably altered since the period of its greatness ; the hills have been somewhat lowered, and the valleys filled up. As it is, there is not that hilly appearance you would expect to see, and the *Sette Colte* require pointing out. I was now on the summit of a structure raised on a part of the site of the ancient Capitol, of which a small portion of the massive masonry is still seen. Immediately below, were the Temples of Thundering Jove, and of Concord, and the Arch of Septimius Severus. The lower part of the last-named structure has been lately excavated to display its original state, it having been covered, to a considerable height, like some of the neighbouring ruins, with *debris* or rubbish. Hence also the eye ranges over the extent of the

ancient Forum to the Colosseum, and the Baths of Titus, and of Caracalla ; dwells on the scattered remnants of the Palace of the Cæsars, on the Temples of Antoninus and Faustina, of Jupiter Stator, of Romulus, and of Vesta, the Arches of Constantine, Titus, and Janus ;\* in another direction views the Columns of Antoninus, and of Trajan (the latter rearing itself from the forum of Trajan) ; and then, in completing the circuit, rests on the dome of the Pantheon. In surveying these, and the numerous other similar objects interspersed amongst them, you cannot but feel a deep and thrilling interest, as your thoughts are hurried back through the dark periods of the past, to muse on

“ the long glories of majestic Rome.”

But, alas ! the charm was dissolved when I afterwards wandered through the labyrinth of dirty streets, and narrow and devious lanes of the modern city, amidst its jumble of churches, palaces, and hovels, and wound my way amongst scenes of filth, and abodes of wretchedness, annoyed by offensive odours, in the vicinity of the muddy, but classic, Tiber.

The island on the Tiber styled “ Isola di San Bartolomeo ” is very unattractive, being built over

\* *L' Arco di Giano Quadrifronte.* Antiquaries disagree as to the claims of this and many of the other ruins to the names popularly assigned to them.

with mean-looking houses ; it is approached, on each side, by rather picturesque bridges, and on the river, in the neighbourhood, are several mills the wheels of which are propelled by its rapid current.

The pyramidal-polled, broad-brimmed hat of the peasants is very picturesque, but has a brigandish look. The trains of carts drawn by fine white oxen, with their lazy drivers sitting in front, sometimes seen passing through the city, also look picturesque. The oxen have bells attached to their necks, and there is generally a rude representation of the Virgin erected over the head of the leading animal. In the neighbourhood of Rome, the oxen are simply yoked in the common manner, but, in some parts of the North of Italy, they are tied or strapped by the horns by which they draw.

Little girls of the lower class saying *addio* to each other in the street—is a little incident, but pleases a foreigner. *Felicissima notte* is the prettiest version of *Good night* I ever heard. In Italy it is the practice, when a man hears his companion sneeze, to say *Evviva*, or *felicità*, or *alla sua salute*, or *prosit*. A similar practice obtains in Switzerland and Germany, but it is now considered *mauvais ton* : amongst the peasantry of Ireland the same custom prevails, and is not, indeed, unknown in England. This habit of saluting is interesting from its antiquity, having existed as long ago as the time of Aristotle !

At one of the shops in the Corso, at the door of which sentinels are stationed, I observe a lottery. Within is turned a large cylinder containing little rolled papers a certain number of which are thrown out at a time, unrolled, and examined. The door is generally crowded.

Almost every evening, on my return to my inn about nine o'clock, I hear an *Ave-Maria*, chanted by a man and boy alternately. It proceeds thus, "*Evviva Maria, Maria evviva,*" &c., and reminds me of—

"Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!

Ave Maria! may our spirits dare

Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!"

The drawling manner, however, in which it is chanted is very tiresome to the ear, and does not at all harmonize with the lines of our great bard.

June 19th. I went this morning to the Fort St. Angelo, that immense rotunda formerly the Mausoleum of Adrian. It was constructed by that emperor, solely for the accommodation of his own *exuviae*, but is sufficiently large to serve as a cemetery for the inhabitants of a large city. Its dark passages, &c. formerly decorated with mosaics, are pointed out; and between it and the Vatican, I was informed, there is a private passage that might be used by the Pope in case of necessity. It is now, as the modern name implies, a fort or castle, and resounds with the tread of armed men.



I ascended to the summit which commands a fine view of the city, the yellow Tiber below, and the bridge over which was passing, at the time, a military band. This was the first I had heard at Rome, although I had been here a week. How different from the animation of Naples! I was conducted round the ramparts by a soldier who was a native of Bologna, and who showed me the bombs, cannons, and other instruments of destruction, and fell into step as we paced round. The soldiers, as in many other parts of the continent, carry their *capotes* rolled up, and suspended across one shoulder like a Highlander's scarf. The military here have a mean and slovenly look, partly from the liability of their white uniforms (which are the prevailing ones) to show the dirt. The Swiss guards, stationed at the entrance of the Pope's Palace, wear a whimsical dress of bright yellow, red, and blue colours, and have more the appearance of merry-andrews than soldiers.

I next proceeded to the Fontana dell' Acqua Paola, a beautiful fountain which supplies a large quantity of water descending, in pretty cascades, beneath three large and two smaller arches. Like St. Peter's itself, it stands in that part of the city called by the Romans "*beyond the Tiber*,"—the inhabitants of which are styled "*Trasteverini*." These speak a different dialect from the Romans, and there is a feeling of animosity between the inhabitants of the two divisions. The fountain is

situated on the Monte Gianicolo, or Janiculine Mount, which commands a fine view of Rome. The beautiful and lively foliage of the trees, which clothe this hill, forms a striking contrast to the sombre appearance of the ancient city below—beyond which stretches the Campagna, and, still further, the range of the Apennines which bound the prospect. In descending, I entered a small church, and, crossing the Tiber by the Ponte Sisto, returned to the Post-office to put in a letter for my friends in Old England—nearly a thousand miles away.

About four, I walked again to St. Peter's, and revisited the Galleries of the Vatican where I spent two or three hours. The picture gallery contains thirty-two much esteemed and celebrated paintings amongst which are one or two very fine Madonnas, the famous Transfiguration by Raphael, and the St. Jerome of Domenichino. Of the two latter, it would be presumption in *me* to give any opinion, since they have the reputation of being the two finest pictures in the world. Among the statues, my attention was arrested by those two manly figures, the Boxers of Canova, and a savage *Marte* carrying a human head in his hand.

The Pope at present resides on the *secondo piano* of the palace, but will soon leave the Vatican for the palace of Mount Quirinal, as more healthful during the intense heat of the summer months. The Vatican is composed of several edifices con-

nected together, amongst which you look out into numerous courts and gardens decorated with fountains and statues. With regard to the number of the rooms report varies it from eleven hundred to thirteen thousand ! The immense length of one gallery, furnished at each side with sculptures, antique sepulchral inscriptions, &c., particularly struck me : a man standing at one extremity looks diminutive when seen from the other. The library of the Vatican, although despoiled by the French of many valuable works, is still one of the largest in Europe, containing, it is said, about 350,000 printed volumes, and more than 30,000 manuscripts.

I returned to another extremity of the city, to the magnificent Piazza del Popolo, and ascended the road, cut by the French, on the Monte, the promenades in the neighbourhood of which are truly delightful. Wearied with perambulating, exposed to so ardent a sun as that of Italy, I repaired to the grand caffè to sip coffee, and amuse myself by contemplating the motley assemblage of foreigners who resort thither in the evening. It is entertaining to hear the waiters enumerating to their customers a long list of fruit-ices amongst which “ *albicocche, fravole, framboises* ” continually occur.

On returning to my inn, I found at the door an English gentleman disposed, like myself, to visit the Colosseum by the moonlight which was now

beautiful. We accordingly hired a coach, and proceeded thither. At night soldiers are stationed at the entrance for the protection of visitors. The effect of this vast ruin, by the bland light of an unclouded moon, is truly magnificent and inspiring. It was, then,

“ upon such a night  
I stood within the Colosseum’s wall,  
’Midst the chief relics of Almighty Rome.”

My compatriot became an orator, and spouted forth—“ Romans, countrymen, and lovers ”—from an elevated part of the Amphitheatre to a supposed audience in the arena. His eloquence was not lost, his vociferations being answered by a party below—*countrymen* I believe, but not Romans. Having visited, and contemplated the different parts of the time-worn edifice, we returned to our hotel about half-past ten. Whether we both left—poets, as the “ travelling lawyer ” intimates in his guide-book we should do, time perhaps will show.

June 20th. This morning I wandered from the fallen and degenerate city of the nineteenth century to Rome, “ the Mistress of the World ! ”—in short, I again went to ruminate among the ruins of by-gone magnificence—to stalk, like a ghost, amid impressive solitudes. I strolled to the Palace of the Cæsars of which nothing is now seen but crumbling walls and a few half-obliterated fres-



coes, and over whose dilapidations the antiquary mourns : for,

“ the gladiator’s bloody Circus stands,  
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !  
While Cæsar’s chambers and the Augustan halls  
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.”

Leaving behind me the objects of the Forum, and visiting on my way the church of St. Gregory, I walked under a broiling sun to the Baths of Caracalla (or Antoninus) of which there is much remaining of ancient walls, &c. This was an edifice of most princely dimensions, for vastness, splendour, and luxury immeasurably surpassing any establishment of the sort in the present day. Here some of the finest of the ancient sculptures were discovered. Theatrical amusements, amongst others, were provided for the recreation of the bathers.

On returning to the Arch of Titus, I found my countryman of yesterday engaged in examining this monument of Jerusalem’s downfall. We devoted some time, together, to the inspection of various ruins, and went again to the Colosseum. A few steps now brought us to the Baths of Titus, or rather the Palace of Nero on which they were constructed. In passing through the chambers and corridors we saw on their ceilings, by the light of torches, frescoes still in a state of considerable preservation. The group of Laocoon now in

the Vatican was said to have been found in the time of Raphael, in the baths (which have entirely disappeared), and the guide pointed out a niche in the Palace of Nero underneath, which that famous sculpture was supposed to have originally occupied. From further research, however, it appears that it was found on the old Esquiline hill, *behind* and not *in* the baths. These ruins are very interesting, and the guide who shows them, intelligent. By mounting some steps in front of them, we obtained a fine view of the Colosseum on its perfect side. The *lacerti virides*, which thrive in this warm climate, look pretty, and perhaps rather classical, as they dart about over the dry and mouldering walls of the ruins. We afterwards made a tour of several objects including San Giovanni Laterano, the Sacred Staircase, Santa Croce, and the Anfiteatro Castrense, and, returning by a villa or two, visited Santa Maria Maggiore, and passed the Quattro Fontane (or kind of small square with a fountain at each corner), Monte Cavallo, and the Fontana di Trevi. We now directed our steps to a trattoria where, for the first time, I discovered my companion was one of the Society of Friends. After dinner we repaired to the Museum of the Palazzo de' Conservatori, one of the edifices of the Capitol. Here are several apartments containing paintings by the great masters, frescoes, tapestries, statues, &c., but after the Vatican this collection seems *niente*. In the Museo Capitolino, at the

opposite side of the square, is the celebrated *Dying Gladiator* which I am sorry I did not see. I have, however, seen several good copies of it. At the side of the Conservators' Museum, we ascended some steps to the Monte Tarpeio, and entered a poor garden to see the Rocca or Rupe Tarpeia—the classic Tarpeian Rock, no longer the dread of criminals and traitors. Once stained with blood, it is now polluted by a dirty and wretched neighbourhood, and the rock, instead of being an imposing cliff, as I had pictured it to myself, is now so insignificant that you might almost jump from it without injury. The Tiber, which once rolled at its foot, now winds at a considerable distance, beyond mean edifices inhabited by the poor. The old woman, who acted as our guide, pointed out many interesting objects, and as many of the Seven Hills as were in sight. We also visited, near the Capitol, the old Carcer Mamertinus, built by Ancus Martius, the fourth king of Rome! In this miserable cellar-like place St. Peter and St. Paul are said to have been confined, and here, as on the Sacred Staircase, people were in adoration before pictures and images! With my new friend, I afterwards paid a farewell visit to the Arch of Janus, and the Temples of Romulus, and of Vesta; and, walking to the banks of the Tiber, again surveyed the Ponte Rotto, and that immense and dark-looking rotunda, the Theatre of Marcellus. After caffè we ascended to the

promenade of the Monte Pincio which the moonlight rendered truly delightful. I had now to take leave of my *friend*, and it was not without regret that I did so: his classical knowledge and agreeable manners rendered him an excellent companion.

At twelve o'clock, after I had retired to bed, the delightful sounds of a guitar, the serenade, perhaps,

“Of sleepless lover to a wakeful mistress,”

reached me from the street, and—thus terminated *my last day at Rome*.

On June the 21st, about six in the morning, I left Rome after a stay of nine days. Double the number of weeks would have been much too little for anything like a thorough examination of it. A complete description of a very few of its most interesting objects would occupy many more pages than I have devoted to all I saw, and to give it, would require a far more able pen, far more extensive information, and much deeper research than I shall ever have at my command. I regret the shortness of my stay, and not having had an opportunity of witnessing any of the *imposing* ceremonies of the Papal Church. I much regret too not having visited “that most classical, most lovely spot—Tivoli!”

My travelling companion was an Irish gentleman, an officer of infantry, who, like myself, had



engaged a seat in a *vettura* from Rome to Venice, viâ Florence, for twenty-five scudi Romani, each of which is 4s. 4½*d.* English. The journey was to be accomplished in twelve days; and breakfast, dinner, and bed included in the above price. Each of us received a written agreement\* to this effect, signed by the *Sensale* or *Finder* (who I am inclined to think pocketed half the fare); and in short all was arranged on the regular *vetturini* system except that I think we ought to have had the signature of our driver himself!

Having quitted Rome by the Porta del Popolo we soon passed Ponte Molle, a fine bridge over the Tiber, adorned at each end with statues. It was anciently the Pons Emilius, and is celebrated as the scene of Constantine's vision, and his victory over Maxentius who was drowned by the breaking down of the bridge, as he attempted to cross the river. We reached, to breakfast, Baccano which is scarcely more than a post-house. Here our *vetturino* was unable to fulfil the "*pacts*

\* I insert an exact copy of this document, although it is not remarkable for the elegance of its composition, or the correctness of its orthography!—

"Io, qui sottoscritto vetturino, mi obbligo di condurre da Roma a Venezia il Signor \* \* \* \* \* e dandogli un posto di carrozza, coi sequenti patti e condizione: di dandogli digiunè—caffè, latte, butirro, e pane; e la sera, il pranzo e allogio, di una camera solo, e letto. Il Signor sarà franco di passi ponti e barriere, e rinforsi delle montagne, tutto a carico del vetturino, per il prezzo convenuto, di Scudi Venti-cinque Romani—da pagarsi metà prima, e metà in Venezia. La partenza resta fissata per Sabato prossimo, giorno 21 Giugno, 1834.

Io, Michele Ciolli."

*and conditions ;*” and, as no *caff’ e latte* was to be had, we were obliged to be content with a bad omelet, and sour wine resembling bad cider. We had not proceeded far beyond Baccano when a horse, in a *vettura* which was in company with us, fell in consequence of travelling immediately after having drunk a large quantity of water. His driver, with complete indifference, pulled the harness from under him, and said “*è morto.*” His assertion was true, for ere we left the spot, which we did in a few minutes, his dying struggles had ceased. After passing Ponte Molle near Rome, the country is uninteresting and miserably neglected until you approach Nepi where there is a fine aqueduct, and the remains of a Roman castle. The monopoly of the land by large proprietors (few of whom live on their estates) is a main cause of the neglected appearance of this and some other parts of Italy, and of the wretched condition of the peasantry whose wages do not afford them the means of subsistence.

From Nepi to Civita Castellana, the country improves in appearance, and the route lies through verdant and woody scenery. We slept at the latter town, and in the evening walked into the cathedral which is a large and rather a fine edifice.

On leaving this town in the morning, we crossed a good bridge over a beautifully romantic valley. As we approached Narni, the country became mountainous, and we passed through grand Italian

scenery enriched by wood ; while the tumultuous Nera (the Nar of Virgil) was seen pursuing its course deep in the picturesque vale below. Narni is a small, ancient, and irregularly built town occupying a romantic and commanding situation on a hill : the headdress of the women here is pretty, forming a kind of square tilt for the head, with curtains round. Amongst the mountains, before reaching the town, I remember meeting a bandit-looking fellow with a rusty gun and sword : he looked as if he would “ rather rob a church (*or even a traveller*) than starve,” but his figure was perfectly in keeping with a bold Italian landscape. The country over which we proceeded to Terni was marked by fertility and plenty, and corn and vines grew in rank luxuriance. From Terni, which is a town of somewhat rural aspect, my companion and I set off to visit the famous *Cascata di Terni*, one of the finest waterfalls in Europe. We walked about a mile and half to procure donkeys on which we proceeded the remaining three miles and a half. Our route lay through a delightful vale enclosed by lofty mountains, enlivened by houses and cottages, luxuriant with corn and vines, and fragrant with aromatic herbs. The fall is formed by the Velino precipitating itself into the Nera which runs over a rocky bed through this valley.

The height of the cascade is very great, the first fall being, it is said, 300 feet—after which it forms

two more cascades describing a zigzag. Its accompaniments are very pleasing,—on the height stands a little rural edifice, whilst the rocks are decked with foliage and vegetation. Here then was the cataract which Byron thus describes—

“The roar of waters!—from the headlong height  
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice :  
The fall of waters!—rapid as the light  
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss ;  
The hell of waters!—where they howl and hiss  
And boil in endless torture ; while the sweat  
Of their great agony, wrung out from this  
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet  
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set”—

We remounted our asses to return, and, as we wended our way along the shady paths and sylvan scenes of the vale, looked, I thought, remarkably picturesque !

On leaving the town of Terni, we passed for some distance through a comparatively level country abounding with olives : we then entered fine mountain scenery, and after some time commenced our ascent of Monte Somma. As we toiled up the steep, the view of the mountains smiling with verdure, and of the winding road below, with its mules and rustic figures, was very interesting. We were drawn slowly up, with the assistance of two *bellissimi bovi* which might have served for *grandes victimæ*, and were in company with another *vettura* similarly assisted. A number



of little girls came around us, offering their mountain strawberries ; and, displaying their pretty faces, and speaking in plaintive imploring tones, addressed us “ *Caro signore* ”—“ *Signore mio.* ” We afterwards had a long and steep descent to Spoleto which we reached about ten o’clock. Without this town, we passed an aqueduct which conveys water to it from the neighbouring hills, and also affords a footway for passengers. We then skirted the town for some distance, by a road enclosed with walls—a route we adopted to avoid a hill. This brought us to our inn, one of the last houses on the Foligno side. At Spoleto are several antiquities worth seeing, but, as we renewed our journey about three in the morning, in accordance with the general rule of “ *Lucet, eamus,* ” we of course had no time to visit them.

On leaving this town, we passed through a level country rich in corn, and vines festooned on trees ; and in the vicinity of mountains on the heights of which towns are perched in picturesque and commanding situations. About half-past eight we reached (to breakfast) Foligno, the ancient Fulginium, rather a pleasant but deserted-looking town finely situated in the rich vale fertilized by the ancient Clitumnus. It is surrounded by ruined walls, of no great antiquity, which are two miles in circuit, and around which we walked despite the burning rays of a noonday sun. Foligno (like several villages in its neighbourhood, one of which

we passed before we reached it) still exhibits the effects of an earthquake (*terremuoto*) which took place about two years ago, destroying a number of houses, and killing two or three hundred persons. Some of the houses in the main street are still propped by timbers extending from side to side. The cathedral is an edifice of considerable size ; but, not displaying much marble, looks poor after the splendid churches of Rome.

At two o'clock, we again set forward through a beautiful country. A very agreeable French gentleman now joined our party : he was an artist, and spoke Italian fluently, in which he conversed with my friend who did not speak French. After a few miles' travelling, we passed, on our left, the ruins of an ancient amphitheatre, and some other remains ; and on our right, soon after, saw the town of Assisi, finely situated on the brow of a hill, and inhabited chiefly by poor monks. The churches here deserve notice ; one particularly so, being, I was told, in fact three—one above another. We now soon came to the large church of Madonna degli Angeli, the roof of which fell in, in consequence of the earthquake before mentioned. We entered, and found it undergoing the necessary repairs. Connected with this church is a convent of one hundred and forty monks who are supported by mendicity ; and who, if *my* will were consulted, should *work* for their bread. We now passed a long bridge extending over two rivers,

and, afterwards, one over the Tiber, where, and indeed all around, the scenery is most beautiful. As we slowly ascended the hill leading to Perugia, again assisted by two fine white oxen, we had a most extensive view of the delightful country in its neighbourhood. This city occupies a magnificent situation on the top of a mountain, and is defended by a strong citadel. Its churches are rich in pictures : in the Cathedral, in the chapel *del Cambio*, &c. we saw many fine (but stiff) old paintings by Perugino, the master of Raphael, and many by Raphael himself, and other great masters. The country around and below the town is finely enriched with wood, and sprinkled with villas, convents, and other objects.

On the morrow, at an early hour, we bid adieu to Perugia and its frowning bulwark, and descended into a beautiful and varied country. This route from Rome to Florence is so superior to that by Siena that a late traveller has observed, "it is almost worth while to pass once by the Siena route to enjoy the luxury of returning by that of Perugia." The cicadas, which resemble large grasshoppers, and hop like them, made a loud chirping noise as we proceeded, or, to speak poetically,

"The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,  
(were) Making their summer lives one ceaseless song."

We now passed over a vast plain abounding

with Indian corn, hemp (*canape*), and other productions ; and afterwards ascended a steep hill with the aid of oxen. These animals are often taken from their rural labours to assist the traveller, their drivers being generally willing to earn an additional sum by lending them. In this ascent, we passed a small town where, it being a *festa*, the villagers had assumed festive costumes, and smiling faces. On the hills, a pretty cistus of a pink colour grew in abundance. After descending a short time on the other side, we had a beautiful peep at the Lago Trasimene, or Lake of Thrasimenus, conspicuous on the page of Roman history, from its vicinity to the scene of Hannibal's victory over the Consul Flaminius. We soon reached its shores which display fields of corn, backed by mountains partially covered with olive trees. It was in a narrow passage between the lake and the mountains that fifteen thousand Romans were slain, and six thousand more were compelled to yield themselves prisoners of war. We took our siesta at Passignano, a village situated at the water's edge, and should have enjoyed it but for the attempt at imposition made by the innkeepers—on which occasion, however, they were unsuccessful. Opposite us, across the tranquil bosom of the lake, was seen a hamlet which our little attendant said was Torricella, although in the map this place occupied a different situation. The map may be wrong, and, on the other hand,



the people are so ignorant that it is often difficult to get information on the most trifling subjects.

Quitting the inn, we proceeded at a little distance from the shore of the lake ; and, from the custom-house of the Papal States, as we approached its extremity, enjoyed an admirable view of its blue expanse, and the picturesque scenery around. Leaving the lake, we soon arrived at Orsaja where the battle between Hannibal and Flaminius is said to have commenced, and (what is less important) where we were delayed some time at the Tuscan Dogana. On entering the Tuscan States you are immediately struck with the difference they present to those of the Pope—their well cultivated soil exhibiting a striking contrast to the neglected appearance of the country you have just quitted ; whilst a corresponding improvement is observed in the aspect of the peasantry. You immediately perceive, too, that the small paving of the streets of the Papal territories is exchanged for one formed of large flat stones. Proceeding through a delightful country, we arrived, at ten o'clock, at Castiglione, a town situated at the summit of a hill which we had not occasion to ascend, as we halted at an inn at the bottom.

Scarcely had Phœbus begun to display his joyous countenance “ through the balconies of the east ” when we left Castiglione, again to pass through a beautiful and cultivated country enlivened with towns and villages. You are still

struck with the difference between this, and the ill-governed, ill-regulated Roman territory. Instead of comparatively deserted roads, you continually meet vehicles, and persons on foot,—dikes are cut for irrigating the land, and industry is rewarded by abundant produce. The Apennines are almost continually seen at a short distance from the road. About mid-day, we reached Levane on approaching which the country became rather mountainous, with patches of cultivation, and light crops of corn. The inn at which we stopped had a noble *sala da mangiare*, but we were obliged to substitute eggs, in our coffee, for milk as none of the latter was to be procured: this, however, was nothing new to us. The circumstance of the people at the inns being never satisfied, and their continual attempts at imposition are a great drawback from the traveller's pleasure. The remainder of our day's journey lay chiefly over a luxuriant plain, and through two or three industrious towns where the inhabitants were seen working, at various occupations, before their doors. This plain is styled the Valley of the Upper Arno; and it is here Hannibal's army is supposed to have encamped previous to giving battle to that of the Romans near the lake of Trasimene. Canes (*canne*), resembling Indian corn in appearance, are seen growing in waste places, and are used for supporting vines, and for tobacco pipes, &c. A small piece of this cane, which is

hollow, and a little earthenware bowl, worth about a halfpenny, constitute the usual pipe in use here. The oxen you see in this neighbourhood, and indeed from Leghorn to Naples, are large, white, and beautiful animals. We stopped for the night at L' Incisa, a little town pleasantly situated on the banks of the Arno,—where we fared rather better than sometimes.

Leaving L' Incisa in the morning, we ascended a very long hill over a mountainous and varied country in a luxuriant state of cultivation. On commencing our fine mountain ascent, the Arno had a beautiful appearance, winding through the vale below on our right. As we descended on the other side, among villas, cottages, and gardens smiling amidst a more than fertile soil, we enjoyed most delightful views of Florence below. Between nine and ten o'clock A. M., I once more entered “la bellissima Firenze” where, in company with my new friend, I again visited the objects of interest, with the addition of three or four churches which had escaped observation on my former visit. Of these Santo Spirito, del Carmine, and San Lorenzo, which are all well worthy of attention, were visited with the French gentleman who joined us at Foligno, and who was a very intelligent companion. The church of San Lorenzo was erected in 1425, on the site of a former structure, by the old Republican merchant, Giovanni dei Medici; and is remarkable as containing the

tombs of several of the Medici family, and, amongst numerous objects, two magnificent statues of “ Day and Night ” by Michael Angelo.

Whilst we were at Florence, a lottery took place in the square adjoining the Royal Gallery—the profits of which were to be distributed amongst the poor. This lottery, the object of which is so laudable, takes place, I believe, at stated intervals. It is patronized by the Grand Duke who sent a military band, each day, for the purpose of attracting the public. The musicians regaled us with one or two of their finest marches, and said they would have played an air we were very fond of (“ God save the King ”) had not the music-book which contained it been left behind. Dame Fortune was less obliging, and did not even vouchsafe us one prize at the lottery.

I, of course, again devoted some time to the Tribune, to pay my respects to the marble goddess, and to enjoy the contemplation of the many interesting objects by which she is surrounded.

Another day was spent in Florence in visiting the Palazzo Pitti, Anatomical Museum, and other objects.

The language of Florence, although superior as regards elegance and purity of diction, is guttural and unpleasing in pronunciation ; and the sound of *h* is often given to the *c*—as, *hasa* for *casa*, &c. At Rome the pronunciation is good, but the language less pure than at Florence—hence the adage



“*Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana.*” The best Italian is spoken at Sienna where, it is said, people of even the lower classes speak it in its purity. Well educated persons, however, in every part of Italy, of course speak it much alike. Still there are many, especially in the north, who use a patois, and even French, in preference to that beautiful and mellifluous language, the genuine Italian.

The *acqua di ribes, di mandole, &c.* found in the caffès at Florence, and other places, are grateful beverages, and are particularly agreeable in this burning climate where I literally found the “blazing sun”

“fiercely shed intolerable day.”

On the morrow we again proceeded, having left our French friend behind, and taken up two Irish gentlemen returning from the south. As we ascended the hill on leaving Florence, we had a splendid view of that city, and the surrounding country. Madame Catalani’s residence was seen on the left, not long after leaving the city. Our entire ride to-day was over or among mountains exhibiting every diversity of grand and beautiful scenery, and producing in abundance both the luxuries and necessities of life. Before we reached our breakfasting place, the *Albergo delle Maschere*, and as we were wending our way up the Apennines, we encountered a tremendous storm: the

thunder bellowed and was reverberated from the hills—the forked lightnings flashed—the rain descended in impetuous streams—and the swollen torrents tumbled headlong from the steep. One of my new companions having been struck to the ground by lightning, with eight or nine others, not long before in one of the islands of the Mediterranean, felt, as might be expected, not a little nervous. On approaching, within a few miles, the end of our day's journey, we commenced the ascent of a mountain which commanded a fine view of the grand scenery below. On looking down, the zigzag road with its rural objects had a most picturesque effect, whilst, in some parts of the vale, were suspended large masses of white cloud which had sunk far below the summits of the mountains. At the top of this ascent, a firm wall has been built to protect travellers from the wind which, some years ago, hurled an English carriage, the travellers it contained, and the horses which drew it, over the precipitous side of the mountain. Just beyond this, and about three miles and a half before reaching Covigliajo, a small volcano was seen below us on the right, sending up a volume of smoke amongst the trees.

We halted for the night at the small village of Covigliajo. Its inn (once the scene of a succession of assassinations of travellers) was this evening the scene of a *row* between the people of the inn and the vetturino on one side, and two of my

Irish friends on the other. We had all dined somewhat satisfactorily, and my original companion and I had retired to bed when the two others discovered that the vetturino (Master Beppo, a Tyrolese youth about twenty, who spoke Italian) had gone to bed himself, and failed to provide them with a bed each, according to agreement. This of course roused their indignation, and a tremendous altercation ensued between them, and the people of the house who, as I have hinted, sided with the vetturino. A number of loose knives lay on the table, and, from the warlike demonstrations of the Italians, the Irishmen thought they might soon be employed on them. On this, they rushed down stairs for the sword of our military friend, but, meeting first with a brace of pistols, came up armed with them. At the sight of the "*bulldogs*," all the opponents fled, nor did they make their appearance again, even the next morning. The *wild Irishmen* had frightened all ideas of fees out of their heads ! Our two friends, after a few more spicy words, determined to sit up all night, complain to the police in the morning, and deduct the vetturino's *buona mano*, at the end of the journey. The only things to be urged in extenuation of the latter's offence were that the inn was very full, and that the beds were *large enough* for two persons each. On the other hand, the vetturino might have taken our whole party to

another, and a good, inn which was only three or four miles *in avanti*.

The vapours of night and early morn still rested in the hollow below our inn, when we arose to resume our eventful journey. We still proceeded over the Apennines amid the grand and beautiful scenes which they successively and variedly display. After travelling a few miles, we stopped at a police-station where our passports were demanded, and a complaint was made against the vetturino for his conduct on the preceding evening. The only satisfaction given by the police, was a promise that he should not be permitted to pass that road again—one, probably, never meant to be fulfilled. At one point of the Apennines, which we passed, both the Mediterranean and the Adriatic seas may be seen. We afterwards descended towards the rich plains of Lombardy, and reached to a noonday breakfast, a pleasant village where we walked out, and tried, without success, to catch some of the cicadas whose continual chirpings recalled the line of Virgil—

“Sole sub ardenti resonant arbusta cicadis.”

Still slightly descending through a fertile country, we soon entered on that rich plain from which Bologna derives its epithet of “la Grassa,” and, passing many good residences, arrived at that city early in the evening.



Some parts of Bologna have a sombre appearance in consequence of the arcades on each side of the streets, which, however, afford a grateful retreat from

“The fervours of the mid-day sun.”

We entered several large churches amongst which were the Cathedral, and the Church of San Petronio, a vast and ancient fabric facing the Piazza del Gigante, a square remarkable for the antiquity and historic interest of its edifices. Among the curiosities of the city are two square towers slightly inclining towards each other, but neither of them possessing any pretensions to beauty: that of the Asinelli is probably the highest of the kind in Italy, being 327 feet high; the other named Garisenda is scarcely more than half this height. The galleries of sculpture and painting are very fine, and the Anatomical Museum is said to be the first in Italy. On an eminence, a league from the city, is the fine convent and church of Madonna del Monte, connected with the town by a covered arcade of from six to seven hundred arches. The streets of Bologna, as well as those of Ferrara, are paved with small irregular stones, these places forming part of the Papal States. The Bolognese, who are more enlightened and more energetic than their southern countrymen, are not at all easy under the despot-

ism of their government, and, in 1831, made an attempt at revolution. The garrison of Austrians stationed here to keep them in subjection, and the loaded and pointed cannons, which stand in the principal square, are objects by no means pleasing to the inhabitants. It was to counterbalance this Austrian force that a body of French troops took possession of Ancona. Some of the most effective troops engaged in Napoleon's Spanish and Russian campaigns came from Bologna and other parts of the north of Italy, and were, in short, of that "Army of Italy" so often eulogized by its Imperial leader.

The waggons in this neighbourhood are somewhat peculiar, and are low four-wheeled vehicles of a strong and heavy construction, drawn by oxen. These animals begin here to vary from white, and to be rather less in size than those I had lately seen. At Bologna we met an English gentleman, with whom we travelled to Venice, and afterwards to Milan, and who was a most amusing companion.

Our party being now increased to five, we left Bologna at five in the morning, and took our way over a part of the vast and fertile plain of Lombardy, the scenery of which resembled, in many respects, that of England. Indian corn, festoons of vines, and long lines of poplars at the road-side let us know, however, that we had not yet reached

England. We occasionally passed farm-houses and cottages, and wells the water of which is raised by the assistance of a long horizontal lever.

The plain over which we passed, is nearly a dead flat, the ascents and descents which occur, being scarcely perceptible. We arrived, in good time, at Ferrara which has well been named "*una bella e vasta solitudine*." This city three centuries ago renowned for arts science and literature, as well as for her general prosperity, is now indeed "a vast solitude." In her streets reigns comparative silence—melancholy broods in her deserted palaces. The tomb of Ariosto stands a memorial of departed genius, and the dungeon of Tasso, whilst it is a reproach, recalls also the glory of Ferrara. We strolled through the streets, and amongst three or four churches entered the Cathedral which is a large and imposing edifice.

The *andate via* of my military friend, addressed to the waiter on his bringing an indifferent dinner, I shall long remember, as it was a phrase of very frequent repetition.

The next day we again proceeded over the plain, and soon passed the broad and rapid stream of the Po by a flying or rather floating bridge placed on two barges. This bridge is attached to a cable supported on a line of boats extending some distance up the river, the last of which is moored in the middle of the stream. The cable being attached to the bridge in an oblique direction, the

current, of itself, is sufficient to carry the bridge across—a distance, *I was informed*, of nearly half a mile. Here we entered the Austrian territories, and our luggage was examined. For some distance we passed along low ground near the river, the current of which drives a number of mills. The straw hats of the country women, seen to-day and yesterday, have a picturesque, and somewhat Chinese, appearance. Throughout Italy, indeed, you are interested with the variety of head-dress and costume of the female peasantry. The little gigs for one person, used in this part of the country, are rather curious ; the seat is placed between the axle, and the point of support of the horse's back, on a long and elastic pair of shafts—an arrangement for affording spring to the vehicle, but which would perhaps only answer for one person on account of the weight to be supported by the animal. The shafts are placed high on the horse's back, and supported on a raised saddle ; and this elevation of them relieves the horse of a part of his burthen.

In the Austrian territories we were less annoyed with the passports than we had been before, from not being importuned for money by the soldiers who returned them to us ; but we found still less annoyance on entering Switzerland afterwards.

As we advanced towards Rovigo, we passed through avenues bordered by poplars, and of so great a length that they seem to terminate in a



point. Rovigo appears to contain little that is worthy of notice : it is said to occupy the site of the ancient Adria which, in the time of Augustus, was situated on the shore of the Adriatic, but, in consequence of the filling up of the sea by the Po and the Adige, is now more than twenty miles inland. Rovigo was the scene of a victory gained by the French over the Austrians—one of the many conflicts which caused these smiling plains to reek with the blood of human victims.

At the inn in which we breakfasted, we found a saltspoon (*i. e.* a spoon used only for the salt)—the first we had seen for a long time, and an indication, we thought, of increasing civilization ! Soon after leaving the town, we crossed the Adige by a floating bridge on precisely the same principle as that over the Po. Passing still over the luxuriant plains of Lombardy, we concluded our day's journey at Monselice. Having arrived early, we walked to the chapel on the hill, and, in ascending, enjoyed enchanting views of the country below, which has the appearance of a vast and fruitful garden. In the chapel are preserved the shrunk bodies of saints or martyrs, fantastically dressed and kept in glass cases, before which the people were kneeling in adoration ! When weary of these, the eye may

“ turn from grizzly saints, and martyrs hairy  
To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary ! ! ”

Here we saw the Duke of Modena and his family (personages old-fashioned in appearance as in politics) who had come this evening to visit the chapel. Amongst the crowd they attracted we observed several specimens of female beauty.

In crossing the Adige, one of our party had formed an acquaintance with an Italian who brought a friend of his, who spoke English, during the evening, to our hotel ; also a bottle of a peculiar kind of wine with which we had the pleasure of drinking his health. He expressed his surprise at finding Englishmen so communicative ; three, however, of the five were Irish.

On the morrow we continued our route over the plain which was generally rich, but varied by scarcely a hillock. We breakfasted at Padua, in its new, immense, and splendid caffè—the finest in Italy, and perhaps not surpassed by any establishment of the sort on the continent. A sum of money was, I believe, left by some gentleman purposely for its erection. Padua has some large and very fine churches containing excellent paintings : amongst them we visited those of St. Anthony (the patron saint of the town) and St. Justina, both remarkable for their pictures and decorations. We walked to the celebrated University, and loitered under the colonnades which surround its court, to examine the armorial bearings of those who have studied here : these are placed against the walls, and among them we observed the arms

of "Thomas Cromwell." A young professor, aged nineteen, had died, and we saw his funeral procession pass beneath the colonnades, accompanied by two military bands playing a funereal march.

At Padua many of the streets have arcades at each side: at Venice they are only seen round the Square of St. Mark, and at Milan there are almost none.

Between Padua and Mestre, our route lay, for a considerable distance, along the banks of the Brenta, and we continually passed large palaces, neat villas, and other residences having a look of English comfort and security. At Mestre we quitted our carriage, and, stepping into a gondola, took the watery way that leads to Venice—distant five miles over the Laguna. For a considerable part of the way, we rowed through a canal bordered by very low swampy ground here and there commanded by fortifications. We afterwards got into more open water, and reached, while it was yet light, "Venezia la Magnifica"—that city which, owing its origin to fugitives from Attila and his hordes of barbarians, afterwards

"Rose, like an exhalation, from the deep,  
A vast Metropolis, with glittering spires,  
With theatres, basilicas adorned;  
A scene of light and glory, a dominion  
That has endured the longest among men"—

and whose faded splendours still command the

admiration and excite the astonishment of the beholder. The Venetians boast of having enjoyed a longer continuance of power than any other people—a duration of fourteen centuries !

In the morning we engaged a *valet-de-place* for the day, and sallied forth to view “floating Venice.” The first object we visited was the Cathedral of St. Mark, that eccentric structure in which the architecture of a Mahometan mosque is so fantastically blended with that of a Christian church. I might devote a page or two to the description of its costly façade, its crowded columns of various marbles, its round arches, its pinnacles, and its numerous mosaics, and I might relate the vicissitudes of the four bronze horses of Lysippus which, having visited successively four European capitals, are at length *re-installed* over the entrance:—but all these objects have frequently been described by abler pens than mine. In front of the cathedral is the magnificent piazza enclosed by palaces, and chequered with a motley assemblage of men of all nations, attired in the various costumes of their respective countries. On leaving St. Mark’s we entered the edifice which stands at its side—the Palazzo Ducale, or Palace of the Doge. We walked through its halls and chambers, and saw their splendid and interesting paintings: around the Grand Council Chamber, which now contains numerous antique sculptures, are hung the portraits of the doges, but the funereal



pall of Marino Faliero (or perhaps rather a black veil) occupies the place of his portrait, forming a gloomy and impressive picture. At the top of the "Giants' Staircase," by which we ascended from the court and entered the palace, the stone was pointed out in the pavement, on which the unfortunate doge was crowned and afterwards beheaded. To speak more poetically, we entered

" the Palace by the marble stairs  
Down which the grizzly head of old Faliero  
Rolled from the block."

Close by, are seen the holes over which were once the Lions' Mouths for receiving letters of information respecting political offences. Amongst others, we were shown the chamber in which the famous, or rather infamous, "Council of Ten" held their deliberations, and which was converted by Napoleon into a *Cour de Cassation*. We descended into the dungeons of the state inquisition under the palace, and read the inscriptions of the prisoners on their walls. Some of these dens are beneath the level of the water in the canal at the side, and the misery of their inmates was aggravated by hearing the unimpeded passage of every "skimming gondola." Cowper's apostrophe to the Bastille is scarcely less applicable to these abodes of misery—

" Ye horrid tow'rs, the abode of broken hearts ;  
Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair,

That monarchs have supplied from age to age  
With music, such as suits their sov'reign ears,  
The sighs and groans of miserable men ! ”

In one of the dungeons a man had been immured eighteen years, and had traced, on the rock of his cell, several inscriptions which, our guide said, were renewed by Lord Byron who spent much time here. When the prisoners were liberated, this man, whose beard had grown to a great length, was brought into the broad sunshine of the square to be displayed to the people—

“ To view the light of heav'n, and breathe the  
vital air ; ”

but so long had he been in darkness that the light deprived him of his sight. I copied one inscription from a condemned cell. It is not *now* correct, although I have altered the terminations of some of the words, *diffidit* being used for *fidit*, thus, “ *Maledictus homo qui diffidit in homine, Soli Deo honor et gloria* ”—by which the captive, no doubt, meant, “ Cursed is the man who trusts in man, honour and glory to God alone.” Adjoining this cell may be seen the place once occupied by the guillotine, and, in the floor, are shown the holes where the blood ran off. In one place of torture, the wall is yet stained with blood. In some of the dungeons are the rude beds used by the captives ; but the wood-work of the interior of the cells was burnt by the people themselves, when the French

became masters of Venice, and when they carried into execution Napoleon's threat to the deputies—  
“*I will have no more inquisitions ; I will no longer suffer that barbarous institution of ancient times.*”  
Close by, is the justly named Ponte de' Sospiri, or Bridge of Sighs, which connects the palace with the opposite prison. It contains two passages, one for conducting the untried offenders to the prison on the other side, and another for bringing them back to the hopeless dungeons in the lower part of the palace, after their fate had been sealed by the Council of Ten. I cannot say, with Byron,

“ I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs—  
A palace and a prison on each hand ; ”

but I many times glided beneath it in a gondola, that most luxurious of all conveyances.

In a higher part of the palace, we were shown an apartment containing a beam and pulley by which offenders were suspended by the hands, these having been first tied behind them : their shoulders were thus dreadfully dislocated. Near this, we entered some apartments containing very fine paintings. The whole of the edifice is most interesting, but a gloom seems to hang over it, and melancholy to reign in its spacious halls ;—it stands a monument of that suspicious, and Argus-eyed tyranny, one word against which was destruction to the utterer—for,

“ let him in the midnight air indulge  
A word, a thought against the laws of Venice,  
And in that hour he vanished from the earth ! ”

We afterwards went to the Palazzo Manfrini, sauntered through its many chambers, and admired the splendid pictures that adorn their walls. We also visited several vast and handsome churches some of which are profusely decorated with costly marbles, and contain numerous paintings, many of them the productions of “ the Great Titian.” The Church of San Giovanni e Paolo exhibits the fine monuments of seventeen doges, many excellent paintings, and some beautiful alto and basso relievos of the history of Christ. In the course of the day, we took a gondola, and rowed to an island on which is a large manufactory of glass—an article for which Venice is celebrated. Here we saw some beads manufactured, and some liquid glass drawn out into a tubular thread of great length.

Venice is a delightful and interesting place ; its inhabitants are, generally speaking, very handsome, with most penetrating black eyes. I occasionally observed the black veil worn by the ladies, but to my taste it has not so good an effect as the white one of Genoa.

The next morning we hired a gondola for the day, to row about instead of driving or walking, the former being impossible, the latter nearly so. The gondolas are let very cheap,—if I remember



right, one zwanziger (or  $8\frac{1}{2}d.$ ) for the first hour, and a half one each, for subsequent hours. Above the prow of these boats rises a beak of polished iron, resembling that seen in pictures of the ancient galleys ; without this beak they are not gondolas but barcas. The gondolas are all black, as well as the cloth awning of their cabins,—a circumstance which gives them a sombre and almost funebral appearance. The rage for display in gilding and decorating these boats had at one time become so great that a sumptuary law was enacted to restrain it ; and this law prescribed the black uniformity which to the present time displeases the eye. The gondoliers row standing, and their movement is peculiarly elegant.

Our course was first stayed at the Palazzo Grimani which did not interest us so much as some others, but displayed fine statues of Marcus Agrippa (brought from the Pantheon at Rome), of Julius Cæsar, and Demosthenes. After this, we visited several other palaces, and the Accademia delle belle Arti where, amongst its fine collection of paintings, are the “ Assumption of the Virgin ” by Titian, and the “ Miracle of St. Mark ” by Tintoretto. There are many others which well deserve dwelling on, but my companions hurried on : they had *seen* the pictures, and that was sufficient ! Gliding over the canals, amidst fine palaces, some however looking desolate and neglected, and amongst others Lord Byron’s, and that

of Foscari, we moored our gondola beneath the Palazzo Barbarigo, which has been styled the School of Titian. It was here, that great artist died ; and here, amongst many of his productions (which sadly want arrangement), we saw a weeping “Magdalen” of great merit (although not attractive), and a very fine but singular painting, of a nymph and satyr.

We afterwards visited Bonaparte’s Palace which forms one of the sides of the Piazza di San Marco. The apartments here are neat and elegant, but not remarkably spacious, and do not contain many paintings. Rowing past the Royal Gardens, which are small and pretty, and the trees of which are somewhat a rarity in this “land of waters !” we came to the Arsenal, once the finest and most important in the world—worthy of the *once* “Mistress of the Sea.” The armoury is very interesting, and contains a great variety of standards and arms taken from the Turks : here you see the Turkish standard, with its horse tail and crescent—trophies of Venetian conquest. In the model-room was a model of the Bucentaur, the vessel used by the Doge, when he married the Adriatic ! This singular ceremony which was performed annually on Ascension Day, for several successive centuries, was discontinued in 1797,—when the ancient and haughty Republic which

“ had held the gorgeous East in fec,”

ceased to exist ! The rope-walk is a thousand feet long, and in it a number of men and boys were at work. This arsenal, however, where several thousands of persons were once employed, now only affords occupation to a few hundreds. Gratified, as one must be, at the downfall of tyranny under any form, it is difficult to look, without feeling a something like pity and regret, on Venice, once so opulent and powerful—now so poor and debased—now ruled by a despotic *foreign* potentate, and garrisoned by Austrian soldiery hated by the people. We afterwards landed near the Bridge of Sighs, and, passing through the truly picturesque *cortile* of the Doge's palace, ascended the Campanile, from the top of which Galileo frequently made astronomical observations. The ascent is easy, being performed by an inclined plane gradually ascending, from one corner to another, within the tower which is square. The view seen hence is most splendid : Venice and its suburbs, seated on their seventy-two isles, lie like a map beneath you. Even in the principal part of the city, however, scarcely a street or canal can be distinguished, the former, particularly, being very narrow and winding. There are reasons for the narrowness of the streets—from being so, they exclude the burning rays of the sun, and, as there are neither horses nor carriages, wider ones are not required. Venice may be truly called, “ *una città unica al mondo per la sua situazione* : ” it rises

amidst the waves of the Adriatic (for, of that sea the Laguna is a part), and its houses, built on piles driven into the shallows, often rise immediately from, or rather stand in, the water.

On the morrow, about seven in the morning, we took a large boat or barca (a gondola not being large enough for the voyage), and, passing beneath the Bridge of Sighs, commenced our row of about twenty miles for the Murazzi. These are massive walls forming a breakwater fourteen miles in length, an immense work constructed by one of the doges, to prevent the inundation of Venice which, even now, in winter, is sometimes so much flooded that boats may be floated in the Piazza of St. Mark. The walls are built on a sandy shallow, and therefore cannot be considered so remarkable as some erections of a similar kind in England, which have been raised in deep water. After quitting this, we *came to anchor* before a small town on a neighbouring island. Here, in our boat, we consumed the repast with which our good landlord at Venice had provided us. We were now four in number, my original travelling companion having left us, this morning, for Milan (where we afterwards saw him) on his way to Vienna, Constantinople, and Asia Minor whence he purposed, *if he escaped the plague*, to return to his station in the Mediterranean. In our return we hoisted sails, proceeded rapidly, and went to sleep in the sun. About a mile and a half from



Venice we landed at the Isola di San Lazaro to pay a visit to the Armenian Monastery (a neat red edifice) which is situated on it. The society of monks established here, was founded by Peter Mechitar who fixed himself at Venice in 1717. On entering, we were most cordially and hospitably received by the librarian, Father Paschal Aucher (or, as he is here called, Padre Pasquale) who conducted us round the apartments. This most erudite man and accomplished linguist was a tutor of Lord Byron's of whom he gave us some interesting particulars ; his *moustache* and flowing beard, now becoming gray with age, give him a venerable look which is heightened by the black habit he wears in common with the rest of the fraternity. We saw the chapel, the library, the dining-room, the closet of philosophical apparatus, the printing-office, the cells of the monks, and some other apartments. The excellent presses (now at work) are chiefly employed in printing works in the Armenian language, which are sent to different parts of the East. In the library we were shown the spot frequently occupied by Byron during his studies. Amongst other things, the Padre showed us a book containing a page or two each—of a vast number of languages and dialects both European and Oriental. One of my Irish friends here recognised, as an old acquaintance, the Irish Gaelic or rather Erse. Attached to the monastery is a nice garden where I observed large

oleanders in full bloom, with double flowers of immense size. A number of boys are educated at the monastery, but do not, I understood, sleep there. The Armenian Church, I need scarcely say, does not acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope.

Soon after leaving the delightful and interesting island of San Lazaro, we reached another nearer Venice, scarcely less interesting. On it stands the hospital of San Servolo, an excellent establishment to which we were the more readily admitted from one of our party being a medical man, and another an *amateur* in surgery and anatomy. It has a clerical and a secular physician, and a clerical and a secular surgeon. We were shown round by the clerical surgeon, a very polite man attired in his black gown. Immediately within the entrance, was a very long room, with a range of clean and neat beds on each side, most of which were occupied by patients whose maladies were sapiently discussed by the doctor, and my two friends! We saw also several apartments occupied as an asylum for maniacs, one of whom presented me with a pretended lottery-ticket. This man was reading Verri's *Notti Romane* with a fine Stentorian voice, and "suited the action to the word—the word to the action." In one little chamber was a deranged Venetian count—melancholy and desponding. We afterwards saw the well-arranged dispensary, the chapel, library, &c. ;

and left, much gratified with our visit. To see monks and priests really doing good to their fellow creatures, as in these two islands, was indeed a refreshing sight, after having seen them, in other places, assuming the most sanctified air, whilst they were known to be in private stained by the blackest crimes. Such was the impression I had received of the general depravity of Italian priests that I seldom met one without feeling disgust.

Gliding over the watery expanse of the Laguna, we reached our hotel in the dusk. Our return, in the bland light of a summer evening, recalled those beautiful lines of Byron—

“ ’Tis sweet to hear  
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep  
The song and oar of Adria’s gondolier,  
By distance mellow’d, o’er the waters sweep ”—

At present, however, the gondolier generally rows in silence,

“ And music meets not always now the ear :  
Those days are gone.”

In the evenings, we generally went to one of the numerous caffès underneath the colonnades that surround the Piazza di San Marco, and which are very much frequented from dusk till long after midnight. Here is seen a heterogeneous concourse consisting of men of almost every nation, amongst whom Turks, Greeks, and Armenians,

arrayed in their ample vestments, lounge, and smoke their long pipes, or hookahs. One man, who had a fine flowing beard and a handsome turban, I particularly remarked as the very picture of a Turk. He sat unmoved, almost the "live-long day," at the door of a caffè, smoking his pipe, and maintaining the most imperturbable gravity. Amidst such oriental society, I could almost fancy myself in some bazaar at Constantinople. Under the colonnades are numerous splendid shops for jewellery, and fancy articles. In one of the caffès we found, much to our amusement, our names and professions published in the Gazette amongst the list of arrivals. You are generally surrounded here by a number of people with guitars and fiddles, unfortunately not remarkable for the euphony and mellowness of their strains.

The next day, we hired a gondola, and rowed to the celebrated Rialto, a splendid bridge of one arch eighty-nine feet in the span, built of marble, in 1591, by Antonio da Ponte. It crosses the Grand Canal, and supports two rows of shops. Like the other Venetian bridges it is ascended and descended by steps, of which, in this instance, there is a broad flight between the shops, and a narrower one on each side. From this bridge there is a very fine view of the neighbouring palaces, the variety and splendour of whose pillars and cornices, pediments and mouldings, impress you with the grandeur of the Republic in the



palmy days of its power, ere it became, according to Faliero's prediction,

“ A province for an empire, petty town  
In lieu of capital ”—

Hence we rowed to the Public Garden, an agreeable promenade amidst the shade of trees, occupying one of the islands, and formed by Bonaparte. I afterwards revisited alone, that singular edifice, the Cathedral of St. Mark ; and not being now pressed for time, I lingered in the interior to examine the sculptures, the antique marble columns, and the mosaics on the walls and ceiling, illustrative of scripture history. The ceiling displays a great deal of tarnished gilding, and abounds with stiff, and rather unpleasing, representations. In front of the cathedral, stand three flagstuffs which once bore the flags of the Morea, Crete, and Cyprus, the tributary states of the Republic. The noble piazza is well paved with flat, square stones.

In the evening, for the third time in the day, we stepped into our gondola, and were proceeding towards the Public Gardens, when the threatening of clouds made us retreat to the Square. The gardens are much frequented on Sundays, but, to-day, the weather prevented the usual display, nor were the public regaled as usual with martial music in the Square of St. Mark. Here then, we drank coffee, and had the choice of perusing English, French, Italian, or German newspapers.

The soldiers at Venice are all Austrians, the emperor not liking to trust his Italian troops in this part of his dominions. These Austrians are bitterly hated by the inhabitants who characterize them as *la brutta gente*: *bestia* too is a frequent word of reproach. Their light hair and complexion, and frequently plain features, form a great contrast to the dark complexion, and brilliant, piercing eyes of the Italians. Their uniform is white, and their caps are disfigured by having a shade behind as well as in front.

The water girls of Venice are very picturesque. They are not, however, Venetians, but come from Friuli of which Udine is the capital, and which is in the direction of Trieste. They wear a black hat, turned up all round, and a dress of bright colours, such as scarlet, or bright blue, and have, generally, neither shoes nor stockings. They carry water in copper buckets, one being suspended at each end of a pole, or beam, which rests on the shoulder. Their movements being frequently most graceful, and their persons often very handsome, they scarcely fail to attract the stranger's attention: some have fine dark eyes, and others, bright blue ones. Our cicerone informed me that a young *milordo Inglese* once had one of these girls brought to the hotel, for the purpose of sketching her and her costume, so much was he pleased with her appearance. The water for drinking is procured from wells in the

city, supplied by the rain, and it is not necessary (as I had supposed) to fetch it from the mainland.

The following day, in the forenoon, we took a gondola and proceeded to the bank, police-office, and post-office on the steps of each of which we landed from our luxurious vehicle—a mode of going *shopping* which seems, at first, rather singular. In the square, we afterwards agreed with a vetturino to convey us to Milan. In the afternoon, one of our company wishing to bathe, we rowed to within a short distance of the shores of La Grazia, an island on which are located thirty-two priests who have disgraced themselves. The gondolier told us a story of one of these rascals, I had almost said diabolical villains,—not meet to be repeated here. After dinner, we walked along the sea-side, and reached our favourite promenade, the Public Garden. We always took our second and last meal for the day, either at five or half-past seven, at our inn, *La Gran Bretagna*, where we were very well served at reasonable prices. This hotel occupies a fine edifice, no other than the renowned palace of Bianca Cappello, and is situated near the Square of St. Mark, on the same canal as the Bridge of Sighs. The floors, here, and those of Venice generally, are composed of a red cement in which small pieces of various-coloured marbles are embedded: they admit of an excellent polish and are delightfully cool for the climate.

At Venice, and for some distance on the road to Milan, I remarked that the *ce*, *ci*, *ch*, &c. are pronounced as with us, and, of course, not in the same manner as they are in other parts of Italy—thus, *cento* would be *sento* instead of *chento*, and *chiesa*, instead of being hard, would be soft.

Here, and in the neighbourhood, I frequently observed chimneys of a circular form, rather elegantly finished.

The next morning, after breakfast, having visited, near the Rialto, a manufactory of gold chain (for which commodity Venice is famous), we bid adieu, with regret, to

“The ocean-born and earth-commanding city,”

and, embarking in a gondola, glided over the Laguna to Mestre, where we arrived after a *wordy war* with the gondolier for trying to cheat us out of a few *soldi* at the custom-house on the canal bank. Having consumed a *coteletta* or two, we set forward for Padua in the vettura which we had engaged for Milano. The distance from Venice to Milan is 180 miles.

Our first day's journey was over the same fertile plain, and by the same route we had already passed. Before the farm-houses, some of which are very large, people were busily employed in winnowing corn, and were seen shoveling it on the bare ground of the court-yard. We reached Padua about nine o'clock, having crossed two



branches of the Brenta, one immediately before entering the town, and another a short distance back on the road. Whilst here, I should not omit to mention that about twelve miles from the city is Arqua, the beautiful mountain village in which one of the fathers of Italian poetry spent the last four years of his life. There is Petrarch's tomb—there

“ Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose  
The bones of Laura's lover.”

Leaving Padua about five in the morning, we proceeded over a rich plain, and passed numerous houses situated at the road-side, amongst which were seen some very large farm-houses, or rather country-seats, perhaps the residences of counts. About half-past ten in the forenoon we reached Vicenza where we visited the Olympic Theatre. This was built by the great architect Palladio (who was a native of the city) as a model of ancient theatres ; and you immediately observe that the stage is much better adapted for the limited number of actors who appeared on it at an early period of theatrical representation than for the imposing assemblages which often crowd the modern boards. Opposite the stage or proscenium is a semicircle for the spectators, with seats rising as steps one above another. The apartments, or rather scenes, behind the proscenium are stationary, being formed of wood. These and a passage between

them are contrived so as to look of immense depth, although remarkably shallow. In the bottom, between the stage and spectators, is the orchestra, somewhat as in modern theatres ; and around the whole place are arranged a number of statues *à la classique*. Only two performances ever took place in this theatre which, at present, has a very neglected appearance, both within and without. We were shown round by a lady with whom my companion conversed, in Italian, with an enviable fluency. In wandering through the city, I also saw its Gothic Cathedral, but, finding the doors closed, did not enter it.

Proceeding hence, through a fertile country a little more varied by hills, and with mulberry trees festooned with vines sometimes bordering our road, we passed, about six, the village of Montebello noted as the scene of an obstinate battle between the French and Austrians—which took place in June, 1800, a few days before the battle of Marengo, and ended in the defeat of the Austrians. As we advanced towards Verona, the scene of their movements was pointed out to us. The victorious general, Lannes, was afterwards created Duke of Montebello in memory of his achievement. At Montebello we were overtaken by a tremendous thunder-storm, accompanied with torrents of rain, and hail the size of bullets : the lightning sometimes forked, sometimes presenting the appearance of a ball of fire, had a most impo-

sing and terrific effect. About nine, amidst "the beating of the tempest and the howling of the storm," we reached the almost isolated inn of Villa Nova, the aspect of which did not much please us, but served to call up a few stories of murders and robberies at lonesome inns, from one or two of my friends who were well stocked with anecdotes of that sort. Some of our party being desirous, probably with little cause, that we should keep together, we intrenched ourselves in one large apartment. In the corner of this, a swallow had built itself a nest, and flew about, over our heads, in the morning.

We continued our route over a fine country, with cultivated, and rather low, mountains on our right, and arrived, between eight and nine, at Verona, on approaching which a line of old fortifications was seen extending along the hill. This large, ancient, and well fortified city is pleasantly situated on that fine river, the Adige, which divides it into two parts styled Verona and Veronetta. After breakfasting at *La Torre di Londra*, we sallied forth to view the city some parts of which are agreeable; and passed through one or two good squares. In this part of Italy, the houses of the towns are numbered throughout, and not by separate streets. We did not omit to visit the ancient Roman Amphitheatre which, of existing edifices of its kind, is second only to the Colosseum. The

great external cincture of the building has disappeared with the exception of a very small portion ; but the benches, once capable of accommodating nearly 25,000 persons, are remarkably perfect. In the arena is a modern theatre, built of wood, for the use of which the old seats are railed off. The exterior archways of the ancient edifice are now used as shops and storehouses. It stands on one side of a large square styled the Piazza d' Arme, and an antique but renovated building called the Guardia, once, perhaps, the station of the Prætorian Guard, occupies another side.

We now pursued our way over pleasant, but rather stony, country ; and, in two or three hours, came in sight of the Lago di Garda—the Lacus Benacus characterized by Virgil, in the second book of the Georgics, as “*fluctibus et fremitu assurgens.*” On approaching this lake, and where the Mincio leaves it, we passed the Citadel of Peschiera, one of the strongest fortresses in Italy, and one whose name occurs in the history of Napoleon's campaigns. Passing through its adjoining village, our route soon led us along the southern shores of the lake of which we had delightful views, bounded, as it was, by lofty mountains rendered grand by the blue haze of evening. I was afterwards informed, by a gentleman who had visited it, that the northern part of this lake, where its waters lave the bases of the Tyrolean



Alps, exhibits a combination of sublime and beautiful scenery surpassing even that of Como and Maggiore.

It was dark when we reached Desenzano, a small town pleasantly situated on the shores of the lake, and where the walls of our inn were washed by its waters. One of my friends, on going out, after supper, in search of snuff, was addressed "*Chi è ?*" by a sentinel who presented his bayonet ; he answered "*Amico,*" &c., but returned snuffless, the shops being shut. The poor *Tedeschi* are sometimes badly treated by the people, and are, as may be supposed, rather suspicious.

We quitted our inn at an early hour, and, soon leaving the lake on our right, proceeded over a varied country. About half-past ten we reached, to breakfast, Brescia which is rather a pleasant place. We visited the Cathedral here, a noble modern structure adorned, in the interior, with splendid Corinthian columns ; also the ancient Temple of Hercules which has been rescued from oblivion within a few years, and a part of which is now enclosed as a museum of antiquities. Of these a bronze statue of Victory, dug up amongst the ruins, is the chief object which attracts notice. Brescia is a large and ancient city probably containing between forty and fifty thousand inhabitants.

In this neighbourhood, and as we proceeded to

Milan, we observed the people had the *gozzo* or *goitre*, more particularly the women.

We again advanced through a luxuriant country intersected with rivers, and irrigated by numerous streams, turned to good account by the inhabitants, and amidst pleasant villages and country houses. We noticed a great number of people employed in the preparation of the produce of the silkworm. The plains of Lombardy afford large quantities of silk which forms a chief manufacture of Milan, the capital; and the country abounds with mulberry trees on whose leaves the worms are fed. A tree which I took to be the *catalpa syringifolia*, is very plentiful in this part of Italy, and *althea frutex* (in flower) formed hedges for some of the fields. I should not omit to mention rice as an important product of some parts of these fruitful plains.

In the course of the afternoon, we stopped to water our horses at the small town of Chiara, and reached another, named Calcio, to sleep. The rooms of the inn here were small and close, and that in which I slept was previously occupied by some mice. To catch these, a cat was procured, an animal which, by the bye, is here called by chirping as to a dog, and whose tail is generally cut off.

We left Calcio about five in the morning, and renewed our journey over a fertile plain abounding, as yesterday, with rivers and streamlets, vil-

lages and country residences, and bounded by mountains seen at a distance on our right. About ten o'clock we passed through the small town of Treviglio where was a *mercato*, which afforded us an opportunity of seeing the costumes of the country people. The women wear a curious kind of bodkin in their hair, placed horizontally behind the head, and having an ornamental metal ball at each end. At eleven, we crossed the Adda, the scene of the defeat of the French under Serrurier, by the Austrians under Melas,—a success, on the part of the Austrians, instrumental, if I recollect right, to their discomfiture on a subsequent occasion. On these extensive plains, we had been continually passing over or near the scenes of battles between the two rival armies—in which the French were almost always victorious. Immediately after crossing the Adda, we passed through the neat town of Cassano. Afterwards proceeding, in a straight line, along the banks of the Naviglio, a branch of the Adda, we arrived, to breakfast, about one o'clock, at Gorgonzola, a pleasant country village. We left this place about four, and, pursuing our journey over a rich and populous plain, reached, at seven o'clock, the capital of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom—the second city of the Austrian empire. We entered Milan by its magnificent Porta Orientale on each side of which stands a noble edifice. Near the gate, is a splendid drive and promenade which we visited on the

morrow evening when it was crowded to excess, and which is, I think, the finest in Italy, and the most abundant in magnificent equipages.

It seems a scheme of the Austrian government to embellish the city, and gratify the eye, for the purpose of making the people satisfied with its leaden sway. The Italians have evidently more of admiration, or less of dislike, for French than for Austrian rulers, but it is probable that if the French were to become masters of Milan tomorrow, they would still desire a change.

Proceeding up the fine line of the Corso, we soon arrived at the Hotel "*della Gran Bretagna*" which, although not much to be found fault with, does not afford accommodations equal to some others.

The next day was Sunday, and we went to the Cathedral, a splendid edifice entirely built of white marble. It is a Gothic structure with an imposing front having, however, a mixture of Grecian windows which are out of character with the rest. The interior, particularly on first entering, appears wonderfully lofty, and is divided into five naves supported by one hundred and sixty columns of white marble, each seventy-seven English feet high. On Monday, we ascended the tower which is immensely high, and commands a most noble view of the rich plains of Lombardy extending to the horizon, and forming a grand circle interrupted only by the Alps towering, on one side, in



the distance. Napoleon's grand, but still unfinished, arch, at the termination of the Simplon road, built to commemorate that great work, is one of the many objects seen below. The almost innumerable pinnacles of the cathedral are well seen, but perhaps have too toy-like and trifling an appearance, although you cannot help being struck with the consideration of the immense labour which must have been expended on them. On another occasion, we visited, within the cathedral, the rich subterranean chapel of San Carlo Borromeo, containing his remains which are still to be seen in a shrivelled and mummy-like state. The walls of this chapel are decorated with basso-relievos in silver, representing the chief events of his life. This celebrated personage, once the Archbishop of Milan, is now one of its most esteemed saints !

In the square in front of the cathedral, those most degraded and most disgusting agents, the *ruffiani*, are ever offering their services, and certainly give the passing traveller no very exalted opinion of the state of public morals.

At three, the ensuing morning, leaving my friends at Milan, I set out for Como in the diligence which goes and returns every day. My route lay over a delightful country affording immense quantities of Indian corn, &c. At seven o'clock, after a ride of about twenty-six miles, I

found myself on the pretty quay of Como. The descent to the little city is between lofty hills richly clothed with trees, and vegetation. We passed its ancient cathedral *en voiture*. Having taken some delicious *caffè alla crema* at a caffè on the quay, I embarked in the steamer which was about to leave for Domaso, and proceeded up the lake, the principal object of my excursion.

The scene as you leave Como is one of the loveliest that the most lively imagination can picture. The town (unattractive in itself) is very prettily situated, and the verdant hills which rise behind it—some of a conical shape—one crowned by a church and its tower—form a most picturesque and interesting background. The voyage up the lake is very beautiful: its shores are varied with stately palaces and voluptuous villas, rural hamlets and smiling cottages—behind which immediately rise mountains enriched with luxuriant woods. Some parts of these eminences are arranged in terraces of corn, others abound with vines, oranges, lemons, olives, myrtles, and other products of this kindly clime. Through an opening of the mountains, soon after leaving Como, I observed the Alps rearing their snow-clad summits.

Arrived before Cadenabbia, I left the steamer, and proceeded in a bark to Bellagio, a pretty village on the bank of the lake, with a beautiful

knoll rising above it, affording a fine *punto di vista*, and commanding the three arms of the lake—the northern one (which is the grandest in the character of its scenery) extending beyond Domaso—the south-eastern beyond Lecco which is lost behind the promontory—and the south-western terminating at Como. Both in the steampacket, and in the boat, I had the company of a lady and her son who landed at their palace near Bellagio. From the village, I had a guide to conduct me up the eminence which, forming a part of the grounds of a palace, is diversified with grottoes and galleries cut in the rock, and with winding and pleasant walks. The summit of the knoll is decked with firs, and overlooks a scene of passing loveliness: beneath undulate the dark blue waters of the lake; around rise woody mountains with elegant residences and picturesque villages seated at their bases, amidst luxuriant groves. Opposite, on one side, is seen descending through a chasm, a cascade named *Fiume di Latte* from its milky appearance. It is produced by the melting of the snows, and flows only from March to September: near it are a pretty palace and village. Below, in another direction, the village of Cadenobbia, and a number of scattered residences are seen, whilst two of the houses of Domaso may be perceived in the distance.

I descended the knoll, quenched my thirst with

some excellent wine at the inn, and took boat for Cadenobbia. The distance across is considerable, and there was a good deal of undulation. The barks, both here and on the Lago Maggiore, are furnished with lug sails, and the boatmen row standing, in the manner of Venice. These circumstances, in connexion with the surrounding scenery, produce a very picturesque effect. At Cadenobbia are two inns at the water-side : at one of them English is spoken by the landlord who has a rosy-faced daughter, of perhaps twenty-one, who has never been as far as Como. After dinner, the steamer made its appearance on its return from Domaso. A boat took me on board, and I returned to Como amidst the enchanting scenery of its lake. This lake is the *Lacus Larius* of the Romans. It is from *its* environs that most of the venders of barometers, microscopes, looking-glasses, &c. who travel through every country of Europe, wander forth, and to *its* shores that they return to spend the evening of their day, and, if they have been successful in trade, to enjoy their little fortunes.

At Como the diligence awaited our arrival, a little before seven we resumed our seats, and four hours after, we were again at Milan. We were guarded by a *gendarme* both in going and returning, or rather by four in succession. Our company in the diligence (which was of the omnibus



construction) was not over-select: we had a German and his *innamorata*, and a man whose appearance \* \* \* \* \*

On Wednesday, I hastily visited some of the objects of Milan. I had intended to remain here longer, but, not liking to leave my companions, or miss the opportunity of going with a good vetturino, I determined to make a sacrifice for the sake of proceeding. I directed my steps then, about mid-day, to the Ambrosian Library, a valuable collection of antique books and manuscripts, amongst which I saw a Virgil written (it is said by Petrarch himself) in a kind of black letter or old text hand. There is also one apartment devoted to sculpture, and another, to painting. In the latter, I observed the original sketch, in black chalk, of the School of Athens by Raphael, &c.

I walked to the Gymnasium or Palazzo Brera, but was too late to see its splendid gallery of painting and sculpture; and then took a glance at the interior of the grand Theatre of La Scala second only, in size, to San Carlo at Naples, and rivalling it in its superb decorations, and gilded boxes. My next object was the Church of San Lorenzo, a building of singular architecture, and somewhat of an octagonal form: before it is a row of ancient columns—a part of the Temple of Hercules, erected by Maximian in 286, and the only Roman ruin now left at Milan. Not far hence, I

reached the Porta Ticinese, one of the gates of the city, which is decorated with elegant columns between which the road passes : this, like the Oriental Gate, is quite a modern structure. Proceeding along a canal the banks of which were crowded to excess with Austrian soldiery, I arrived at the Church of St. Ambrogio, remarkable chiefly, it appeared to me, for its general air of antiquity.

Many of the soldiers have the appearance of men just brought from the plough : a sort of blue cotton trowsers, tight to the leg, which they wear, is horribly ugly, nor is less so an uniform of drab cloth, with a half cocked hat, which I frequently observed at Venice, Padua, along the road, and at Milan. Many of the wearers of this costume have very plain persons, so that the general effect is by no means fascinating !

I now proceeded to the singular, antique Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, in a building adjoining which (once a rich Dominican Convent, now a barrack) is the celebrated fresco of the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci, unfortunately very much damaged by time, want of care, and other causes. I arrived just in time to be too late to see it, for in spite of my walking at a pace ill in character with the climate, it had become nearly dark.

On Sunday morning, the day after our arrival at Milan, one of my friends enquired of the waiter

at the caffè if there was a Protestant Church at Milan?—he was answered “Yes,” but also told that it was frequented only by Protestants—“no *Christians* ever went there!”

In the evenings, at Milan, companies of musicians go round, and play before the caffès. One, consisting of five or six persons with guitars, violins, and clarionets, came every evening to the large caffè in the square of the cathedral. They were generally well paid, their solicitor for money being a pretty little woman with a most modest and pleasing countenance! Not far hence, towards the Corso, is a fine arcade which looks brilliant at night.

Milan is a wonderful place for staring: one of my companions, whose travelling attire partook a little of the eccentric, was a grand object of attention; and it afforded some of the others much amusement to walk behind, and see him stared and smiled at, amongst others, by the pretty Milanese girls.

On the morrow, at an early hour, we left the noble city of Milan for Geneva, and, passing near the Simplon Arch, proceeded through a rich country. At Milan we bid adieu to our English companion, and took up two more sons of Erin, young clergymen just returning from a catholic college at Rome, where they had been for six or seven years. These gentlemen, shortly before we met

them, had encountered a terrific storm, had had much of their luggage carried away by the flood, and narrowly escaped a similar fate themselves. From the torrents of rain, their road had become like the bed of a river, and they knew not whether to proceed or retire. This was, probably, the same storm that we had been exposed to at Montebello. We were also joined by a Frenchman, so that our party was increased from four to six : this little Monsieur was strongly impressed with the excellence of British manufactures, and the benefit derived from railroads and canals : indeed he was ever harping on the subject. He was much impressed, too, with the excellence and fidelity of Englishwomen, one of whom he said he should much like for a wife ! Another Frenchman, with whom I steamed on the Mediterranean, seemed equally struck with the beauties of our literature, and was quite out of conceit with that of his own country.

We passed, on the way, the splendid Church of Notre Dame des Miracles near the market-town of Rho, and breakfasted at Cascina where, at the inn, our attendants were two pretty girls with rosy English-looking faces. Proceeding to the small town of Somma, we there observed the ancient cedar (*cupressus horizontalis*) mentioned by writers, perhaps five hundred years ago, as being then old, and represented by tradition as anterior



to Christianity ! At Sesto Calende, we crossed the Ticino (the ancient Ticinus) on a floating bridge supported on two barges, and thus passed from Lombardy into Piedmont.

It was on the banks of the Ticinus, lower down the stream, that Scipio was defeated by Hannibal. The engagement took place almost immediately after the Carthaginian general's famous passage of the Alps, in which he had lost about half his army, and in which, says the historian, he opened a way, by the combined agency of fire and vinegar, through a precipitous rock more than three hundred yards in height.

The banks of the river are very fertile and woody ; and you proceed through a rich country, and near the banks of the Lago Maggiore, to Arona, a little town finely situated near its southern extremity. Here we halted for the night, and I enjoyed a walk and a cigar by moonlight on the shore of the lago.

We left Arona early the next morning, and soon passed underneath the colossal statue of San Carlo Borromeo who was born at Arona. The statue is chiefly of copper, and is seventy feet high exclusive of the pedestal, including which it is a hundred and twelve : the nose only, I was informed, is capable of containing seven persons ! but this is, probably, an exaggeration. Proceeding near the lake, we soon reached the village of

Baveno, where we hired a boat to go to the Borromean Islands to which we had a delightful row. Our *vettura* proceeded along the road at the side of the lake, and met us again at Farioli. We landed at the Isola Bella, part of which forms a dirty village! The garden, however, which comprises the principal part of the island, although stiffly arranged, and therefore rather unpleasing to the eye when seen from the water, deserves the epithet of *bellissimo*, and is kept in good order by an intelligent gardener, who showed us round. Here flourish the productions of southern climes—noble orange trees, lemons, the *cedro* or citron, and the *pomme d' Adam* (or forbidden fruit) which somewhat resembles an orange: here were seen the camellia, the *Maclura aurantiaca*, the *mimosa arborea* with its pink and white blossoms, the *laurus sassafras*, the *laurus camphora* of which there is a very large tree, the *aristolochia Sipho*, the *bignonia radicans* of which there is a magnificent plant climbing over two or three archways, the *bignonia grandiflora*, the *magnolia*, and an abundant variety of other plants and flowers exhaling the most balmy odours. These flourished in the utmost profusion, and created a fragrant atmosphere. All these names, with many others, were mentioned to me by the gardener with an Italian pronunciation: he spoke both French and Italian well, and pointed out the tree on which

Napoleon is said to have inscribed "Victoria" two days before the battle of Marengo. This inscription is now effaced, I have been since told, by Englishmen—if so, their petty effort of malice is a disgrace to them. My informant was an Italian.

The garden has ten terraces, one rising above the other, with an amphitheatre at the top, surmounted by a Pegasus, and decorated with statues. There are also grottoes and archways in different parts. The view from the summit of the terraces is beautiful beyond description: the lake is seen enclosed by lofty and woody mountains, and varied by projecting headlands and retired and sylvan recesses; its sunny margin is animated with villages and detached buildings of elegant construction. These are less numerous than on the shores of Como, but the scenery here is perhaps more grand in its character. The little vessels with their lug sails, had a pretty appearance, and a steamer, though less picturesque, varied the scene. From the garden we entered the palace which appears in a half-finished and neglected state, but is adorned with sculptures, and contains several good paintings. A part of it overhangs the lake, and is supported on arches which are laved by the rippling waters. The apartments feel delightfully cool on quitting the brilliancy of sunshine, and the eye is relieved as it

reposes on the marble statues. The palace is only occupied a very short portion of the year by its noble proprietors.

Having viewed Isola Madre at a little distance, and passed close by the Isola dei Pescatori, the residence, as the name implies, of fishermen, we glided over the blue waters of the lake, passed a woody promontory, and landed at Farioli, having passed nearly three hours on the island, or on the water.

At the northern extremity of the lake, amid some of its boldest scenery, stands the small and seldom visited town of Locarno, interesting to the protestant traveller as having been the residence of some of the early reformers, and one of the scenes of their persecutions. We, however, did not see it, as it was not in our line of route.

“The Borromean family,” says my guide-book, “were formerly lords of the Lago Maggiore, its islands, and the adjacent shores.” The islands they still possess, and a considerable portion of the mainland.

After breakfasting at the little town of Farioli, we continued our journey between lofty and finely wooded mountains, through a vale rendered cheerful by villages and hamlets. We stopped, in the afternoon, at the small village of Vogogna, where we drank some *vino d’Asti*, like, but inferior to, cider. Proceeding, we reached, about seven,



Domo d' Ossola, a small town amidst the mountains. The vines in this neighbourhood, supported on rows of granite pillars, form pretty avenues.

We left Domo d' Ossola between three and four in the morning, and renewed our journey between noble mountains beautifully wooded, passing several pretty villages the bells of whose churches were tolling at this early hour, according to the custom which prevails here, of tolling at sun-rise. As the traveller ascends the Simplon, he is struck with the contrast afforded by the mountain air, and mountain scenery, to the genial clime, and more than luxuriant soil of Italy. Here we bid *addio* to "la bella Italia" of the inhabitants of which we might say, with Goldsmith,

"My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey  
Where rougher climes a nobler race display."

As we proceeded, the mountains and scenery assumed a grander scale and appearance, and we passed one or two remarkably fine bridges. Indeed we were now approaching one of the most imposing parts of the Strada Sempione or Simplon route. I was, however, so irresistibly sleepy from a loss of rest in the night from bugs that I missed some of the scenery, and consequently lost the means of inflicting on my readers a detailed account of each successive wonder. One of my

Hibernian friends had not been in bed five minutes when he found two of the before-named insects on him,—he immediately rose, made a grand stir, took his pistols, and declared he would sleep *en voiture* in the court-yard. We at length, however, induced him to alter his resolution; and he *bivouacked* on the table of the *sala da mangiare*!

But to return.—Ascending through a noble passage, we reached the custom-house and village of Isella, where our passports were examined. Here we alighted, and walked, for a considerable distance, along the banks of the tumultuous Dovedro, amidst the wild grandeur of enclosing mountains, and the most savage demonstrations of Nature. As we proceeded, the scenery increased in interest; and impending precipices, yawning abysses, and thundering cataracts combined to form a scene of rude sublimity which baffles all description. After a long ascent, and winding up some zigzags, we entered the grand gallery, having crossed a bridge under which the impetuous cataract of the Frassinone descends from a lofty mountain on one side down a fearful precipice on the other. As you pass the bridge, you are covered with spray, and the scene is one of terrific grandeur. The gallery we now entered is a prodigious work displaying a triumph of human enterprise and exertion. It is cut through a granite rock for a distance of 596 feet. You

soon thread your way through other galleries to which light is admitted by apertures bored at the side, and pass one of the "refuges" for the protection of travellers in case of storms. In this part of the route, although the traveller is on immensely high ground, the mountains, on either side, rise to such an elevation as nearly to exclude the rays of the sun. Indeed one scarcely knows which most to admire—the stupendous magnificence of Nature, or the amazing perseverance of man in cutting a way through so formidable a barrier of rocks and mountains.

About half-past ten we reached Simplon which is a complete mountain village situated 4840 feet above the level of the sea. Having breakfasted here, we still wended our way up a long ascent amidst grand scenery, with some immense glaciers and snow-capped mountains of majestic appearance, on the left. At, or near, the summit of the ascent, stands the new Hospice where we paid a visit to the monks by whom we were very politely received. The apartments of this large edifice are paved with stone, and feel very cold. Here we saw two fine St. Bernard dogs of a tawny colour—the true sort. Now descending, a little below this we drove through the Glacier Grotto or Gallery after passing which, and one or two more like it, we arrived at a part of our route where the heavy rain of the previous night had caused the

fall of a glacier. This had hurried two of the bridges on the road into the abyss beneath. We dashed through one of the torrents which had lost its bridge, and which, descending from the mountain above, rushed across the road, and foamed down the precipice on the other side.

The great force of the stream made the horses totter, but the nerve of our voiturier Claudio, displayed in the management of them, probably saved us from being hurled over the precipice. The other torrent we crossed by a temporary bridge formed of planks, and now continually proceeded at the edge of terrific declivities with generally only small stone pillars at the brink to protect the traveller, and sometimes not even these.

The deep vale or gorge, at our left, was clothed, at the sides, with forests of firs—larch and spruce ; as were the stupendous mountains which towered above on either side. Over our heads were sometimes seen loose rocks and glaciers which seemed threatening to overwhelm us. Another part of the glacier of last night was on the point of falling, and probably did so before we had proceeded far. One of my companions thought he heard it, but this might have been imagination.

A short time after our passage of the mountain, the route was rendered quite impassable, for several weeks, by further catastrophes, and I after-



wards met, at Vevay, some English travellers who had been obliged to return, and for whom it would be necessary to make a considerable *detour* for the purpose of reaching Italy by some other pass. At this time, *several* of the Alpine routes were impassable from the effects of partial storms.

Proceeding, we descended some fine zigzags, crossed a handsome bridge, and then passed along the side of a fearful precipice, where accidents not unfrequently occur, in the winter, from the falling of stones from above. The abysses still assume a more horrific appearance; but description avails not,—it is impossible to form an idea of them without personal observation.

The mountains, as you approach the Valais, are very grand and lofty, and clothed, to an immense height, perhaps two thirds of the way, with the dense foliage of firs: indeed, nearly all the mountains among which our route lay are diversified with firs and other trees, but mostly the former. On descending into the Valais, you go down an imposing zigzag road: at the commencement of this descent, was seen, at the road-side, a notice (lighted up at night) with the representation of a wheel and drag, and the caution “*enrayez*” (drag). The shoes in use here for locking the wheels, are often very clumsily formed of wood. The view of the valley, as you descend, deep as it is between the mountains, is very agreeable, and there is, at

this first glance, an appearance of happiness, tranquillity, and plenty. You now see the true Swiss cottage, formed of wood, supported frequently on posts like an English granary, and roofed with rude slates or stones, with others of larger size placed on them to prevent their being blown away.

We reached Brieg, a pleasant little town at the commencement of the Valais, at an early hour in the evening, and had some chamois for supper. Seated amidst meadows and groves, it has a pretty appearance, whilst its church towers, surmounted with immense globes of tin, attract the eye of the wonder-seeking traveller as something novel. The distance from Domo d' Ossola to Brieg is about forty-two miles. On entering the Valais, the traveller is struck with the change in the appearance of the people from those of Italy. Instead of the sparkling eyes, and beautiful physiognomy of the Italian, he sees a people with the clumsy look, and hard features of some of the German peasantry, and often afflicted with goitre. There is, however, a pleasing simplicity about them ;—the men usually touch their hats as you pass, and the girls smile, and sometimes kiss their hands. The female dress is simple, and the small straw hat is surrounded by a ribbon. Many of the people, here, have a look of poverty, the usual accompaniment of the catholic religion in Switzerland ; whilst those of the protestant Oberland of

Berne, which is divided from this canton by only a ridge of mountains, present an appearance of prosperity and comfort. German is the language of the Valais.

We left Brieg early on the morrow. The journey through the vale is very pleasing: the available parts are well cultivated, and on either side ascend lofty mountains shrouded with eternal forests of pine trees, or, where they cease to vegetate, capped with snow. In some parts, the mountains are cultivated and inhabited to an amazing height, and have a most rich appearance; whilst, above and around, frown more stupendous eminences rearing their giant forms and rugged peaks in stern and awful contrast. A considerable part of the vale was now deluged from the swollen state of the mountain torrents, in consequence of the melting of the snows. This valley, which is styled that of the Upper Rhone, and which forms the Canton of the Valais, is one hundred miles in length, and, from the prodigious height of its enclosing mountains which rise from ten to fourteen thousand feet above the Rhone, may be considered one of the deepest in the known world. We breakfasted at the pleasant village of Tourtemagne. The peasantry in this neighbourhood had lately suffered from the ravages of bears, and were preparing for a hunt. One man had lost his life in a rencounter with one of these animals whose

embraces are often too *enthusiastic* to be agreeable. In the neighbourhood of Tourtemagne we were annoyed with swarms of large flies, resembling bees (and perhaps a sort of bee), which flew into the carriage. The heat was intense, and as we proceeded down the valley, we encountered musquitoes and other insects in great numbers. Barberries are seen, in abundance, in the hedges. About ten minutes' walk from Tourtemagne is a very fine cascade : it consists of a large stream of water descending into a picturesque recess, whence it rushes down its rocky channel. The rocks, which are very lofty, are, here and there, enlivened with trees, whilst, to an immense elevation above, rises a mountain covered with a dense forest of dark pines. Such is the force with which the water falls against the rocks that a continual rain sprinkles the opposite bank, forming

“ an eternal April to the ground.”

Leaving Tourtemagne, we proceeded through a more diversified part of the vale, now encroached on by lofty mountains, now expanding in fertile fields and meads : in some parts, the river and the road nearly occupied the whole of the vale, and, in the former, were sometimes seen verdant islets. In the course of our day's journey, we passed near the little town of Leuk which is situated on an eminence on the bank of the Rhone, and, with its



two old castles, presents a picturesque appearance. As we approached Sion, hills defended by forts were occasionally seen. About seven, we reached this town which is an antiquated, and pleasantly situated place—the capital of the Valais. In the evening, we struck up “ God save the King ” to the *edification* of the people of the inn, and the revival of old recollections.

We renewed our journey about five in the morning : on leaving Sion, you observe the mountains in its vicinity to be well cultivated a long way up their sides. After travelling some miles, we crossed the Rhone which now appears a rapid and immense river. It is passed by one of those bridges common in Switzerland—built of wood and furnished with roofs to preserve them. We still found parts of the Valais inundated, and the scenery on each side very imposing, while its effect was not decreased by masses of cloud floating far below the mountain tops. We reached Martigny (or Martinach, as it is called in German) to breakfast. The mountains which frown around this place are very fine, and hence is seen the passage of the Col de Balme, the shortest route from Martigny to the Vale of Chamouni, the most convenient for a pedestrian, and preferable to the passage of the Tête Noire on account of its view of Mont Blanc. A large portion of the town was destroyed, in 1818, by the breaking of a dam of

ice, the production of a glacier which had, some time before, fallen from the mountain. A lake of considerable size had been formed behind the masses of ice which, in giving way, afforded a passage for the accumulation of waters whose terrific force spread death and destruction far and wide.

On leaving Martigny, we crossed the Drance over which frowns an old tower built on a rock which, I have since been informed, is well worth visiting for its view. In a few miles, we reached the Cascade of Pissevache, more politely styled the "Chute de la Salanche," which is close to the road. It is a very fine fall descending over an almost flat face of rock from a perpendicular height of three hundred feet, but wants accompaniments. Above it, on each side, frowns a rock—one, bare and pointed—the other, decked with trees. I walked to the side of the cataract, but was a considerable distance from the bottom when, finding myself wet through in a moment from the unceasing shower which it produces, I quickly retreated. The vale, in this neighbourhood, is not interesting, and, on the whole, I rather prefer the fall of Tourtemagne to this. As, however, we approached St. Maurice, the mountain scenery resumed a strikingly grand appearance. Here a glacier had, shortly before, descended, and caused a great inundation, scattering

stone walls, trees, and cabbages!—strewing the road, for a considerable distance, with the wreck of vegetable productions, and filling it with the soil of fields and gardens.

St. Maurice occupies a romantic situation amidst overhanging rocks: the mountain of Dent de Morcles frowns on one side, and the Dent de Midi on the other, between which you cross the Rhone by a fine bridge of a single arch, and thus pass from the Valais into the Canton de Vaud. Here our passports were examined.

After passing St. Maurice, the country becomes very fine, and opens into a rich and verdant lawn adorned with trees. The Rhone forms a noble object, and the neighbouring mountains are finely wooded. We passed through the pretty little towns of Bex and Aigle, and amidst Swiss cottages some of which, of the better sort, were remarkably pretty. Proceeding over a pleasant, and now somewhat open, country, we reached, in the evening, Villeneuve, a little town occupying a low situation on the borders of the lake of Geneva, and one whose appearance is not in accordance with its name.

At an early hour in the morning, we set out on our way to Geneva, by the northern shore of the lake. Passing through fine woody scenery, we soon reached the Castle of Chillon, an edifice of not a very warlike aspect, roofed with red tiles,

and occupied by a few soldiers. It stands on a rock, and is only divided from the mainland by a fosse. In the lower part of it, scarcely above the level of the water, we were shown the dungeon in which Bonnivard was immured from 1530 to 1536, and the ring on the pillar to which he was chained. Indeed the three pillars, to which the three brothers (of whom Bonnivard was one) are represented as having been chained, are pointed out, as is the small opening where, after the death of two of them, when

“ *He* only lived—*he* only drew  
The accursed breath of dungeon dew,”

Bonnivard used to hail a little bird—his only remaining friend. This last, however, like the *traces* of the captive's feet on the floor of his dungeon, never existed except in Lord Byron's imagination, at least, so the woman who acts as guide, informed me on my enquiry. The name of “Byron” is engraved on a pillar in the dungeon, and is said to have been done by himself. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Bonnivard was a firm supporter of the Reformation and of Genevese independence, and was imprisoned, like many of his countrymen, by his Catholic oppressors, the Savoyards.

Leaving the castle, we soon passed the Clarens of Rousseau, in the neighbourhood of which are



many pretty residences seated amidst vineyards. The vines, however, instead of being festooned on trees as in Italy, are all low, and tied to sticks, and therefore adorn the scenery scarcely more than a field of potatoes. The mountains on this side of the lake (the Jura chain) look rather low, and distant, but those on the opposite side are, for some distance, very lofty, and rise immediately from the margin of the lake. We now soon passed through the pleasant town of Vevey, and afterwards reached Lausanne where we breakfasted. As you proceed between these towns, you have a fine view of the rocks of Meillerie opposite.

The streets of Lausanne are steep and tiresome, but there are many good houses. The exteriors of the churches have rather a fine appearance at first sight, but I did not now enter them. The situation of the town, at a short distance from the shore of the lake, is delightful, and the neighbouring promenades are very fine. We ascended two or three stories high, in a house here, to see the library of Gibbon which occupies a small apartment, and is now on sale. Near the post-office is the house (with its garden-terrace before it) in which he wrote his *History of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire*.

We now proceeded through a fertile and woody country, in many parts resembling Devon, and by no means mountainous. We continually enjoyed

very pleasing views of the blue lake beneath, and, passing through one or two pretty little towns, reached Rolle early, where we slept. This is a small and pleasant town consisting of one straight street. Hence to the opposite town of Thonon, the lake (which is fifty-four miles long) is of its greatest breadth, or about ten miles. In the evening we took a delightful walk along its shores. As you proceed through this country, you are pleased with the primitive appearance of the people who seem what the English were when I was young ! Groups of women and children are seen sitting before their doors, employed in knitting or sewing.

On the morrow we left the prettily situated town of Rolle, and continued our journey amidst fertile fields divided by hedges, and decked with trees ; indeed, through scenery completely English with this exception—that there were occasional plantations of short vines. Passing through Copet and Versoix, we reached Geneva (or, as it is called in Italian, *Genevra*), about mid-day, and crossing the two branches of the Rhone which proceed from the lake—"the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone," as Byron has it—arrived at the Hotel des Balances, a very good inn.

The next day we left Geneva on an excursion to Chamouni in the same vehicle which had brought us from Milan. The scenery as you leave Geneva

is delightful, the country being in a high state of cultivation. Proceeding a few miles, we passed through a large village named Chêne, and, in a short time, had a fine view of Mont Blanc in all its snowy grandeur. The frontier is soon passed, and you enter Savoy, and the dominions of the King of Sardinia. Proceeding, you soon find yourself in a rich vale enclosed by mountains which become higher as you advance, whilst the vale itself becomes contracted, with occasional exceptions. On entering Savoy, you at once perceive a difference in the state of the inhabitants, and observe wretchedness exchanged for comparative comfort. The ride continually unfolds new beauties of scenery, and new displays of mountain magnificence, while the wooden dwellings of the peasantry, with their overhanging roofs and external staircases and corridors, and the rustic dresses of the peasants, add to the picturesque effect. Scenes of Arcadian simplicity continually present themselves amidst the rude magnificence of Nature whose votary meets at every step objects for his adoration. We reached Bonneville, to breakfast, where (at the inn) our passports were demanded by our attendant who was a pretty Gascon girl. Amused at the idea of having these asked for a second or third time during a morning's excursion, we enquired, in joke, whether a passport would be required for a St. Bernard dog

in case we brought one from Chamouni. But we were now under a more suspicious government, as might be seen by the number of soldiers which even this small town contained.

We left it by a long and good bridge over the Arve, the river which runs through the vale. Beside the bridge, stands a column erected in commemoration of an undertaking, by Charles Felix, by which the inundations of the river were restrained. On one side of the base of the column, the river is represented as a goddess confined with fetters ! Is this in good taste ? Proceeding up this romantic valley, and through one or two villages whose rude dwellings were completely in keeping with it, we passed a grotto sometimes visited by tourists, and, afterwards, the Cascade of Arpenas, formed by a torrent which tumbles from so vast a height that it is nearly lost in foam before it reaches the bottom. Just beyond this, we passed, about half-past three, the village of St. Martin's, and its fine one-arched bridge which commands a most grand and imposing prospect of Mont Blanc, the rich valley, and the lofty mountains on each side, cultivated to an immense height, and clothed with luxuriant trees. On the opposite side of the Arve from St. Martin's, and at a short distance, is Sallenche, a small town of completely Swiss character, and, in some parts, of singularly rude architecture. From the balconies



of its principal inn, especially the upper one, Mont Blanc is seen towering in inexpressible magnificence, and is I think viewed hence to even greater advantage than from the neighbouring bridge.

Having dined, we left here our original carriage, and, hiring two *chars-à-banc* (for we were still five in number), left, about seven o'clock, for Chamouni which is eighteen miles from Sallenche. The distance from Geneva to Chamouni is about forty-five miles.

For a considerable time, we proceeded at a rapid rate, over a level road varied with a few jolting stones, in our most truly picturesque vehicles. These were each drawn by two horses on one of which sat a postilion, and were capable of containing, as is usually the case, three persons each. These vehicles have a sidelong or crab-like motion, and consist of a covered seat placed sideways on two poles affording little or no spring. Thus, a person but little accustomed to travelling would find himself almost shaken to a mummy in passing over the rugged and stony route on which we afterwards travelled. Even I, who had scarcely ceased travelling for nearly three months, was perfectly sensible of the movement. After proceeding about two leagues, the Cascade of Chède, one of the most beautiful in Switzerland or Savoy, is seen, on the left, amidst the trees.

You now commence a steep and winding ascent, whence you hear the Arve roaring along at the bottom, and pass through the hamlet of Chède, and close to the very small but pretty lake of the same name.

Night had now almost drawn her sable curtain, but Mont Blanc reflected sufficient light, I had almost said, to render the "darkness visible," but this would be misapplying the happy idea of our great bard. We passed sometimes through tangled forests inhabited by wolves, bears, and chamois, and sometimes dashed through torrents which, descending from one precipice, traversed our road, and then rushed down another at our side, and close to the brink of which our route lay. Under these circumstances, our mountain journey, over a route unknown to us, had an impressive and half terrific character. About mid-way, we stopped for a short time to refresh the horses at a rustic village, where some of my companions, contrary to my advice, took some *eau-de-vie*, to fortify themselves against the mountain air. Beyond this, we passed along the side of the Arve, on the opposite and woody bank of which was seen a ruined castle built in the time of the Romans. We now crossed a bridge in a most romantic situation, and commenced a long and very steep ascent at the edge of a terrific precipice which, however, looks much more terrific in the descent.

This forms one side of a deep and densely wooded glen beyond which rises a stupendous mountain clothed, to the summit, with eternal forests of firs. The ascent completed, we proceeded between mountains, amid varied scenery, and occasionally passed villages and cottages pitched in the cultivated parts of the vale. On our right, as we approached Chamouni, was the beautiful Glacier des Bossons with its icy pinnacles, and blue interstices. It was near midnight when we reached our place of destination which is 3174 French feet above the level of the sea, and the climate of which feels, as may be supposed, very cold after that of Italy. (A French foot is an inch longer than an English one.)

About two days after, a French gentleman and his two daughters were attacked by a robber on the Col de Balme. He fired a pistol at them, but missed; when, a second guide coming up, he made off, and effected his escape. This circumstance was related by an English gentleman who had passed the same road about two hours before. Such a circumstance had not occurred for a very long time, and the Savoyards set down the robber as a Piedmontese.

About seven o'clock in the morning, after a good night's rest in excellent beds, and having armed ourselves with *batons ferrés*, we set out for the Mer de Glace which we reached after about

three hours ascent on foot up the romantic side of Montanvert. We ascended a path commanding grand views, and winding amidst a forest of larch and spruce at the edge of tremendous steeps. Cows, with bells suspended to their necks, are allowed to wander about the mountains, and it is pretty to hear, as you wind up the devious paths of these solitudes,

“ the sweet bells of the sauntering herd.”

In the vale beneath, are seen the small villages of Prés and Bois ; and the little patches of cultivation, left far below, resemble the squares of a chess-board. We were encountered, mid-way, by a number of little girls who offered mountain strawberries, *eau-de-vie*, and water for the refreshment of the weary pedestrian. At the top of Montanvert, which is 5732 French feet above the sea, is a little temple with this inscription over its entrance, *A la Nature*. Here we again refreshed ourselves with wine, &c., and registered our names in the album. Hence we soon proceeded to the Mer de Glace, down a short but steep descent abounding with rhododendron (or the “ Rose des Alpes,” as our guide called it) bearing a small red flower, and other Alpine productions. We walked, for some distance, on the icy surface of the Mer de Glace which reminded me at once of the Frozen Regions of the North.



It consists of an immense body of ice filling up a kind of valley or gorge between the mountains, and is said to be half a league across in some parts, and, in some places, four hundred feet in depth. Its surface is composed of *aiguilles*, or needle-like points of ice, everywhere intersected with narrow chinks or chasms of a beautiful sky-blue colour and most fearful depth, produced by the melting of the ice, and consequent trickling of the water. In one place, *horresco referens*, we passed a ridge about four feet wide, with sunless chasms perhaps three hundred and fifty feet in depth on each side, and where one slip of the foot must have been inevitable destruction. What an infliction would the reading public have been spared had the writer of this journal now slipped his foot, and, like Gray's Bard,

“plunged to endless night !”

Over the *Sea of Ice*, frowns, amidst “many a rocky pyramid,” the lofty and vast Aiguille of Dru, while the towering eminences of the Dôme de Goûté, the Dent de Midi, and the Col de Balme, are also seen. Having again reached the little edifice above, which affords a fine view of the Mer de Glace, and the surrounding scenery, we thence descended, for some distance, by the same path as before, but soon took a smaller track, leading to the Source of the Arveiron, down

a more precipitous descent. On the way we met a train of tourists ascending on mules, who, toiling up the winding path amidst mountain scenery of the most grand description, had a very picturesque appearance. We now proceeded down a very steep descent of so great a depth that the Source of the Arveiron, below, looked as distant when we had reached half way as when at the beginning. We at length gained the bottom, and, scrambling over large blocks of granite, reached the source of the river which is seen flowing from under a noble arch of beautiful blue ice, at the foot of the Glacier de Bois, an arm or prolongation of the Mer de Glace. This glacier receives its name from the small village of Bois in the vale below. Many of the immense blocks of granite seen at the mouth of the arch, and which have been gradually brought down, amongst the ice, from Mont Blanc, may have been centuries in reaching their destination, as a foot per day is the fastest pace at which the glacier is ever known to proceed, even in the hottest summer. Vast masses of ice just fallen from the glacier, also lie scattered about. Whilst in this neighbourhood, we witnessed the fall of an avalanche which had the appearance of a tumultuous and foaming cataract, and produced a sound not unlike the rumbling of distant thunder. A boy, who gains a livelihood by firing a cannon, now discharged it for the sake

of the echo, and to cause if possible the fall of another avalanche. It failed, however, in producing the latter, and almost, the former effect, although on some of the surrounding hills, the echo might perhaps have been heard more distinctly. In the neighbourhood of the Source are seen several waterfalls descending from the glacier, one of which is very high and has an extremely imposing effect.

On quitting the icy cavern, we had to proceed some distance over rough stones ; and afterwards followed a path down the valley, shaded by lofty spruce firs, and between stupendous mountains plentifully clothed with them and with larch. The guide informed me that the larch are generally found towards the tops of the mountains, whilst the spruce grow at or near their bases. Some distance down the vale, on the left, a noble cascade of vast height was seen descending amidst the trees. But a far more magnificent object was Mont Blanc itself which rears its summit to the wondrous altitude of 15,680 English feet above the level of the sea. Having again reached Chamouni, we went to see two *chamois vivans* which are shown to the public for ten sous each person, and are kept in a kind of stable erected with wood : round the interior, at an elevation, is fixed a shelf on which the little mountaineers scamper round with the greatest agility. Before quitting

the village, one of my companions purchased, for five Napoleons, a St. Bernard puppy, about ten weeks old, which proved rather a troublesome travelling companion : he was of a dark brindled hue, and I should doubt whether the true sort which I believe to be of a tawny colour. Chamouni has two or three neat and excellent inns, and abounds with guides and mules for the accommodation of travellers.

Having dined, we seated ourselves, about six o'clock, in our *chars-à-banc*. Passing again very near the beautiful Glacier des Bossons, beneath that king of mountains, Mont Blanc, and amidst "les belles horreurs" of the romantic and diversified vale of Chamouni, we reached Sallenche about half-past ten. At an immense elevation on the sides of the mountains, are occasionally seen the wooden dwellings of the peasant, exposed to the "torrent and the whirlwind's roar," but, though thus situated,

"Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms"—

O, Goldsmith ! how admirably, and with what fidelity, hast thou pourtrayed those scenes amongst which I now wander as thou didst once !

The next morning, about seven o'clock, we resumed our seats in the vehicle which had brought us from Geneva, and left our inn. As we ap-



proached Bonneville, we observed some hops growing on poles at the road-side—which reminded us of Kent. We breakfasted a second time at this little town where we were well served with coffee, bread, eggs, and honey by the pretty Gasconne who now saw we had brought a St. Bernard dog without a passport! We reached Geneva about five in the afternoon, very well pleased with our excursion.

The following day was Sunday, and was spent in tranquillity at Geneva which is a most agreeable place to make a halt, and is a very improving city abounding with pleasant walks. It is not, however, what I expected to see it, a mountain town; its immediate neighbourhood, although very beautiful, is not more varied in surface than many a scene in Devon. It is encompassed by strong fortifications, and I may add—it was the birth-place of Rousseau. The number of inhabitants is thirty thousand, and the people appear to me to resemble in person a plain class of English.

Monday.—This morning I took leave of my four fellow travellers who left Geneva with the intention of returning to England by the Rhine, and with two of whom I had been in company a month.

“And now I’m in the world alone,”—

experiencing that kind of vacuity consequent on the loss of agreeable and animated companions.

This evening, as I strolled along the banks of the lake, the summer lightning, unaccompanied by thunder, had a pretty appearance as it played along the Jura.

The Rhone leaves the lake in two branches of beautiful blue which form an island occupied by a part of the town. These branches are each crossed by two bridges, and unite again just below. A little nearer the lake, where the mouth of the river is one wide expanse, a wooden bridge has been lately constructed, supported on stone piers, assisted by suspension chains, and forms a beautiful promenade. The Rhone is *said* to run through the lake without being mingled with its waters !

I am occasionally reminded of my own country by meeting, here and there, men *half-seas-over*, and by the roistering noise sometimes heard in passing the public-houses. Men singing in parties, as they return home, through the streets, at night, remind one more of England than of Italy where you have the Ave-Maria or the guitar, and where temperance with regard to drink prevails. At the cafés here, instead of bringing a glass of iced water, with the café or other beverage, as in Italy, they bring you a small glass of brandy, *à la Française*. The *limonade gazeuze* is an agreeable summer beverage resembling in flavour acidulated drops.

A grand triennial festival has just occurred at Geneva during our absence in the Vale of Chamouni. On the 23rd of July, the day before we set off on our excursion, the Deputies, and their accompanying party, made an excursion on the lake in two decorated barges towed by steamers. They were accompanied by a band of music ; and a large concourse of people collected on the banks of the river and lake, to witness the pageant. We, of course, saw nothing of the festivities which followed.

July 29th. Occupied in fetching up my journal which has been nearly suspended since I quitted the gates of Rome. At evening it is delightful to stroll up and down the long wooden bridge which crosses the Rhone where it leaves the lake—

“ Here men of every clime appear to make resort.”

30th. Still journalizing in the tranquillity of my chamber, with nothing to annoy me but the scantiness of my notes. I occupy an aerial apartment, “ very near heaven ! ” as a waggish friend of mine would say, whence I have a peep at the rushing Rhone, and the distant line of the Jura. Journalizing, even imperfectly as I do, is a great labour if you are making a hasty tour, but if you travel slowly, it serves as an amusing occupation. At the table d’ hôte I meet my own countrymen as well as Americans, French, Germans, and

Italians. At one of the best cafés I find Galigani's Messenger, and sometimes hear my favourite language, the Italian, spoken. At Geneva, men are frequently seen playing cards in the cafés—a process which seems too great an exertion in Italy, and is, as far as my own observation went, but little in vogue there in similar places. In Switzerland, as in Italy and France, the tables of the cafés are formed of handsome marble slabs which are cool for the summer. The lightning this evening is very vivid, and the thunder roars: a house has just been set on fire by the former.

31st. A repetition of tremendous thunder and lightning.

August 3rd. Sunday. I went, at two o'clock, to the Church of La Madelaine, the plain seats and interior of which give it almost the look of a Quakers' Meeting-house in England. Here, as in other parts of the continent that I have seen, the religion seems to be on the side of the female part of the community, and the broad straw hats predominate. There has lately been a considerable sensation amongst the religious portion of the inhabitants of Geneva in consequence of a secession of a Socinian character which has taken place from its church.

4th. Marshal Bourmont is at present at Geneva. One of his Carlist friends has sworn not to cut his mustachios till Charles the Tenth is re-



seated on his throne. The mustachios already cover his mouth, and will probably be unique of their kind !

7th. The lake of Geneva loses, I think, in some degree, on comparison with those of Como and Maggiore. Its shores are comparatively straight, and much of its neighbouring scenery is not unlike that of many favoured spots in England with the addition of a back-ground of distant mountains. Of the others the shores are indented by bays and creeks, and enlivened by palaces and villages seated amidst groves and gardens behind which rise *immediately* noble mountains shrouded with forests. The lake of Geneva is not, like the Maggiore, varied by islands except one or two very small ones near the end, which scarcely deserve the name.

8th. One o'clock. I have just returned from a walk to an eminence commanding a fine view of the lake which indeed boasts no mean order of beauty. Like its Italian neighbours, it, too, has its rural seats and pretty cottages, surrounded by luxuriant groves, but *still* does not possess their richly picturesque character ; in short (I know not what else to say) it is not Italian. The sails used on the lake of Geneva are lateen sails ; they have a picturesque effect, and look, at a distance, like a pair of large horns on the water.

The immense and lofty arcades, if they may be

so termed, supported by wooden posts, in front of some of the houses of Geneva, have a singular appearance : they are as high as the houses themselves, and sometimes even higher, forming a kind of shade for a part of the house-top. The upper part of some is occupied by a chamber or balcony, whilst others are vacant.

In the evening, I walked to a camp about three miles and a half distant, where the soldiers of the canton have been exercising for some time past. On the way, I passed through Carouge, a town of considerable size, forming a kind of *faubourg* of Geneva, and chiefly remarkable for its manufacture of clocks. Its inhabitants seem mostly of the poorer classes—*canaille* as the old garçon of my inn called them. From his remark, I supposed there might be a little feeling of animosity between the Genevese and them, such as sometimes exists in England between a town and a suburban parish. The soldiers exercise on a kind of plain, and their white tents are pitched amidst the trees : they have rather a martial look, but many appear to be small men,—their dress is a good dark blue turned out with red.

One day, whilst dining at the table d' hôte, a fantastic fellow, apparently set on wires, and who might have been taken for one of Paganini's tribe, made his appearance with his fiddle under his arm, accompanied by a woman with a harp : he played

his instrument in various ways—once introducing the violin between the stick and its strings—then placing the stick between his knees, and working the violin against it—afterwards playing it with the back of a knife. In either way, he seemed equally capable of producing a tune.

10th. Sunday. I attended the English church, a neat little chapel occupying a part of the hospital, with a very full and fashionable congregation.

11th. I walked about a mile down the Rhone, to the point where it commingles its blue and transparent waters with the turbid flood of the Arve. As I followed my path shaded by willows, along the margin of the Rhone, I observed two wheels revolving in the midst of its broad, clear stream, and driven by its rapid current. These are for the purpose of raising water to irrigate the neighbouring gardens, and appear to resemble the Persian wheel. Round the circumference, on one side, is placed a number of buckets which are filled by the revolution of the wheel, and empty themselves into a trough, perhaps ten or twelve feet high, whence the water is conveyed along a small wooden duct to the garden.

12th. At eight o'clock, I set off in the omnibus, through a pleasant and well-cultivated country, for Ferney which is two leagues from Geneva. The boundary of Geneva and France is passed a

short distance before you reach this village—where a stone marks the division. At Ferney, the chief object is the Château of Voltaire, an old edifice which is approached by an avenue of poplars. I was shown his bed-room, the bed he used to occupy, and the pictures which surround the walls—everything, indeed, as it was left by him when he went, a short time before his death, to Paris where he died, and was buried. Amongst the pictures was that of his *blanchisseuse* whose beauty, my old cicerone assured me, was scarcely of earth—she was “tout-à-fait sainte ;” and was, I think he said, a daughter of Voltaire’s. I was shown round the grounds where the places of his resort were pointed out, and, amongst others, the spot where he was surprised by Gibbon. Here the old guide related a well-known anecdote, respecting these two remarkable characters, the outline of which is, as I understood it, as follows. They had been satirizing each other, and Voltaire was rather displeased with Gibbon. The latter came to the house of the former who refused to see him. Gibbon haunted the place three days, and at length met Voltaire, by stratagem, at the avenue in the garden. They continued afterwards good friends, &c. Before the château is the little ruined church built by the infidel and eccentric proprietor, over the door of which is the inscription, “*Deo erexit Voltaire.*” On the outside is a tomb



which he built for his own. Near the church is the little cottage occupied by the guide, a man between sixty and seventy, who was the son of the old gardener, and was employed, when young, in carrying letters, and going errands. He said he used to see Voltaire every day, and was, at the time of his death, about fourteen years of age : he showed me his wig, staff, portfolio, various autographs of illustrious persons, and a number of seals of letters received by Voltaire who had stuck them, himself, into a book, and written the names underneath. Amongst these I saw the seals of Gibbon, the poet Gray, &c. A number of antique prints, brought from the château, are hung round the walls of the cottage. Some of these are very humorous, and one, at the back of another, represents a coarse joke of the singular *écrivain* himself. The old man gave me a printed copy of his last verse which he composed the 29th of May, 1778, the day before his death. It was as follows,

“ Tandis que j’ai vécu on m’a vu hautement,  
Aux badauds effarés dire mon sentiment ;  
Je veux le dire encore dans le royaume sombre,  
S’ils ont des préjugés j’en guérirai les ombres.”

Voltaire lived to the age of eighty-four, and his death-bed scene was, I need not add, a most wretched and most awful one.

Leaving Ferney, I proceeded on foot, about two leagues through fertile country, to Gex, a little town pleasantly situated under the Jura. In the word Gex, the *x* is pronounced, but in Bex, not; thus, one is pronounced *Jaix*, and the other *Bay*. Having refreshed myself at the former place, I commenced an ascent of the Jura on which I proceeded nearly two leagues more, for the purpose of seeing the celebrated view it commands of Mont Blanc. I ascended in the afternoon, exposed to a broiling sun, and scarcely know whether I was repaid for my trouble. The white summit of the monarch mountain was easily distinguished, apparently rising about as high again as a dark mountain of very considerable height before it. Along the horizon lay a number of white clouds nearly on a line with the snowy point of the mountain, which detracted from its effect by their similarity of appearance. Below me, the country appeared to extend in a rich plain, the lake of Geneva formed a beautiful line of azure, and beyond it there was another fertile extent of country, above which arose a line of majestic mountains with Mont Blanc pre-eminent. The Jura is, in some parts, clothed with firs, in others, arrayed with frequent patches of vegetation; and somewhat resembles our Scotch mountains. The view seen hence, must be very imposing to those who are approaching Switzerland for the first time, but I

confess *my* admiration was not so rapturous as it ought to have been—a fact partly referable to the enervating effect of the heat, and partly to the eye having become habituated to—wonders! I descended, refreshed myself at Gex, and returned on foot, through Ferney, to Geneva which I reached at nine o'clock, having walked about twenty-eight miles.

13th. I rested at Geneva after the fatigues of yesterday. There is a point at the highest part of the ramparts to which I like to stroll in the evening. It commands Mont Blanc, and the Alpine range, the Jura opposite, the city, the lake, the confluence of the Rhone and Arve, Carouge, and other objects. You approach this *point de vue* by a spacious and agreeable public promenade. A drum beats the *retreat* from this, every evening at eight o'clock, at which hour it appears to me nearly as dark as at nine in England at the same season.

On August the 15th I left Geneva, not without regret, for it is a delightful place, and I had been well served at *Les Balances*. This and all the old inns now suffer from the opposition of a new hotel of vast dimensions and excellent situation, named the *Hotel des Bergues*. At nine o'clock, I went on board the “Guillaume Tell” steamer, and presently commenced my voyage to Lausanne—distant about eleven leagues. Soon after leaving

Geneva, we enjoyed a fine view of the “Giant of the Alps”

“soaring snow-clad through his native sky,  
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!”

and afterwards passed in succession, near the northern bank, the towns of Copet, Nyon, Rolle, Morges, &c. Our vessel was the first established on the lake, and its pace was extremely slow. The other two in use here, the *Leman* and the *Winkelried*, proceed with great rapidity: the engines of all of them are English. Notwithstanding the tardiness of our progress, we proceeded very agreeably till four o'clock, when we were little more than half a mile from Lausanne. Our tranquillity was now disturbed on discovering that the reserve of wood (which is here used instead of coal) was on fire: this being in a very dry state burned rapidly, and soon set fire to the contiguous parts of the vessel. In a moment all was confusion, the ladies bewailing their condition, and the men not cool enough to do any thing properly. The alarm bell was rung,—the deck was cut open with a hatchet to form a place for the admission of water,—and the partition of the cabin, burst open with crow-bars, its mirror and vain decorations soon disappearing! At length a line of passengers was formed to hand the vessels of water from one to the other, and, by thus perse-



vering for a short time, the fire was extinguished, and—order restored. There was, however, at first, much difficulty in finding buckets, pitchers, &c. ; the fire for some time gained ground, and many of the passengers began to think that, between fire and water, they were in rather an awkward predicament. Amid the tumult, none of the ladies displayed more fortitude than a young and handsome French lady whom I had seen at the table d' hôte at Geneva, and who

“ walked in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Met in her aspect and her eyes ! ”

On board were six English besides myself—four gentlemen, and two ladies. About five, we arrived before Ouchi which forms a kind of port to Lausanne, and is about a mile from it. After an uphill walk of twenty minutes I reached the latter place, “ safe and sound ” after the dangers of the lake.

16th. I explored Lausanne which occupies a fine situation on hills, but whose streets are nearly all annoyingly steep and wretchedly paved. The vicinity of the town and the views from its promenades are delightful. The market-people resemble the English peasantry, and are, it appears to me, equally boorish, if not more so. On the whole I

prefer Geneva as affording more variety of scene, and superior accommodations for travellers. There are only two or three cafés here fit to enter, and in those an Englishman sometimes finds people he scarcely likes to sit down with—but this, *to a certain extent*, is a land of “*liberté et égalité*.” The familiarity with which a clownish-looking man shakes hands and addresses a gentlemanly-looking one is at first rather remarkable. At the Falcon, a countryman of mine was hastening the *garçon*, somewhat in the English style probably, to bring the dinner, when the man replied—“Is that the way to speak to a *waiter*?” After a few more words, the Englishman quitted the hotel, in the midst of dinner, having to pay, for a small quantity of soup and fish for himself and his lady, no less than ten francs. Switzerland cannot be considered a remarkably cheap country, but in Germany, I am informed, things are *à meilleur marché*. Notwithstanding the incident of the waiter, the servants in Switzerland generally have a respectful way of speaking in the third person, somewhat as in Italy, thus, “*Monsieur ne va pas aujourd’ hui ?*” for “You do not go to-day, Sir?” and so on.

17th. Sunday. I walked to a cemetery on the hill to muse amongst the tombs which are decorated with flowers and funereal shrubs. A little further, the road (which leads to Moudon and Payerne) passes along the brink of a deep, woody,

and picturesque valley. At two o'clock I went to the cathedral, a fine Gothic structure occupying an imposing situation, and containing some interesting monuments. The protestant service (to say nothing of the Calvinistic principles professed here) was pleasing after the Popish mummeries of Italy. I now walked to the delightful but almost unfrequented promenades : that they should be so I was surprised. There were two or three English people walking out with their children whose prattlings sounded familiar.

18th. I took a ramble along the high road which runs near the shore of the lake, and, after proceeding about three leagues, found myself at St. Saphorin, a small village from which it is scarcely a league further to Vevey, and where I procured a dinner. The country through which you pass is covered with vineyards disposed on the steep hills in terraces supported by stone walls. These have a very stiff, and, in spite of association, anything but a picturesque appearance. The vines are about three feet high ; and supported on sticks ; and by leaning over a low wall, the passenger could gather as many bunches of grapes as he liked—but they are held sacred, and, I am inclined to think, are more secure than they would be in England. The road passes through three or four villages amongst which is Lutri, and near several others of very small size.

In walking along, you enjoy magnificent views of the broad, blue lake, and the opposite high mountains which, at this (the eastern) end, rise from the water's edge; while, beyond the extremity of the lake, lofty eminences with patches of snow in their hollows bound the prospect. At the top of the hills in the neighbourhood of Lausanne, on the high-ways, the following notice is seen, accompanied by a sketch of a wheel and drag,—“ *La loi défend d'enrayer sans garderoue, et de mener des bois en traine.*” The roads are kept in excellent order, and resemble those of England—an observation which will apply to most of the Swiss roads, and to many of those of Italy. I reached Lausanne in the dark, at eight o'clock.

The Swiss, unlike the French and Italians, do not appear to study dress much—a want of vanity which may perhaps show wisdom. At Lausanne, many of the men of a respectable class resemble English—while the women are prettier than those of Geneva. Here, but *more so* at Geneva, decorum is certainly observed in the streets to a remarkable extent considering the constant influx of foreigners. The public-houses and cafés are obliged by law to be shut at ten o'clock, but the hotels to which strangers resort are allowed a short grace. At both towns the streets have a deserted look by nine o'clock. The *garçon* at my hotel, in speaking of the restrictions as to time,



says there is a great deal of aristocratic influence here. This I confess struck me for a moment as a little singular,—for, in spite of all that history relates of aristocratic republics, democracy and not aristocracy, has in my mind been almost always associated with a republican form of government. Democracy, in the true sense of the word, does indeed exist in some of the smaller and poorer cantons.

19th. I took a long walk in the direction of Morges amidst vineyards, and rural scenes shaded with wood. In returning, I sat a long time at the promenade, contemplating the “clear, placid Leman,” and watching the approach of the “Winkelried” steamer the passengers of which I afterwards saw disembark. Amongst them there was a company of Genevese soldiers on their way to the rendezvous at Thoune, which I shall mention hereafter. In the evening, at the Café du Casino, I met an Englishman whom I had first seen in the steam-boat, and who was one of those eccentric characters often met with in travelling. This man had been nearly all over the world, and related to me some of his adventures which he said would have afforded Sir Walter Scott admirable materials for a novel.

20th. The Café du Casino is an elegant edifice adorned in front with four massive columns, and opening on a delightful promenade or terrace

which overlooks the lake. This evening, after the air had been cooled by a thunder-storm, I strolled forth to enjoy the serenity of the moonlight, and indulge in the contemplation of the impressive scene below. The sparkling surface of the lake, as it reflected the moonbeams, and was contrasted with the sombre hue of the enclosing mountains, produced a beautiful effect.

21st. A day of unsettled weather which has interfered with walking. At the table d' hôte were three of the Piedmontese refugees who were concerned last spring, with a number of other Italians as well as Poles (in all four hundred men), in an attempt at revolutionizing the King of Sardinia's dominions. With General Romarino at their head, they penetrated a short distance towards Chamouni, and killed two or three gens d' armes at the stations, but, not finding the peasantry rise as they expected, and seeing no hope of success, fell back on Geneva where they were disarmed. These gentlemen, I am informed, can only stay a day or two in the same place ; so that they must *enjoy* a continual variety !

23rd. Weary of comparative inaction, I determined to make a pedestrian excursion, and selected Geneva as my object. After proceeding two leagues, I reached Morges, a little town of considerable commerce not only in wine but other commodities. Having dined, I renewed my journey,

and, three leagues from Morges, arrived at Rolle where I slept, for the second time, at the Tête Noire.

The morning of the 24th was gloomy, and, as I approached Nyon, the rain descended rapidly. From Rolle to Nyon is two leagues : here I remarked some fine specimens of female beauty, enhanced by neatness of attire. After dinner, I proceeded in " ceaseless, pitiless rain " to Copet which is a good league further, and where I stopped at the Angel (l' Ange), an antique inn of the date of 1559. I spent the evening in drying myself before a fine wood fire which recalled the snug chimney corner of an English farm-house. The hostess is a motherly old lady, and provided me with a comfortable bed with a very soft downy covering. I enquired what this last was called, and was informed *tapis* which, however, must have been rather the *generic* than the *specific* name. A few steps from the inn is the château of Madame de Stael, also that of Necker.

25th. Pursuing my route, and passing Versoix, I reached Geneva about mid-day. In the evening, I revisited its most interesting localities, and walked into the Botanical Garden which is a pleasant resort cooled by a fountain. The distance by land from Lausanne to Geneva is about eleven leagues and a half.

On the 26th, at eleven o'clock, I set off on my

return to Lausanne, and proceeded in the daily omnibus as far as Versoix, a village on the confines of the Canton of Geneva, where my passport had been examined yesterday. Hence I walked to Copet where it was examined on entering the Canton de Vaud. I reached Nyon early in the evening *tres mouillé* from heavy rain ; indeed I was remarkably unfortunate in weather. The waiter here, like the majority of waiters in this part of Switzerland, is a German. These youths come hither for the purpose of learning the French language previous to taking similar situations in their own country. Amongst the peculiarities of Switzerland, you find, in the bed-rooms, a pie-dish for washing your face and hands in. Almost wherever I go in this country and in Italy, I see knives and forks, and earthenware of English manufacture. At nearly all the little towns on the banks of the lake I find, on turning the cups or plates, the name of " Wedgwood," and, on the knives, " shear steel." The scenery in this neighbourhood is almost that of a rich English landscape. The boys watching their little flocks of cows, sheep, and goats, seen as you pass along, look Arcadian and picturesque. The straw hats of the women of the Canton de Vaud are curious, and quite of a Chinese shape, with a little ball at the top.

27th. On the subsiding of the rain, about half-



past twelve, I set out for Roille where I dined ; and then proceeded to Morges. Here, at the Couronne, I spent the night, and, in the morning, walked about a league to the Château de Vufflens, a picturesque edifice with towers and overhanging battlements, situated on an eminence, and said to have been built in the time of the Romans. In the afternoon I again reached Lausanne.

29th. This morning I walked to the Signal—an eminence commanding a magnificent view of the lake with its surrounding mountains, Lausanne and its beautiful neighbourhood. The word *signal* (which may almost be translated *beacon*) is applied in Switzerland to small buildings where large fires might be lighted to give an alarm in case of foreign invasion. These being situated on lofty heights seldom fail to afford extensive prospects.

30th. I strolled down to Ouchi to witness the arrival of the “Leman” steamer—the best on the lake. The view from the projecting pier, or rather breakwater, is remarkably fine, the mountains towards the Villeneuve extremity of the lake, rising from its margin in imposing majesty, and with grand effect. I never get tired of these scenes, but, as the reader is no doubt tired of *dwelling* on the trifling occurrences of the last twenty pages, let him suppose it is now September the 1st, and that I, having recovered from the

fatigues and excitements of my Italian tour, am about to resume my wanderings.

On the above day, then, I set off for Vevey (which is at a distance of four leagues) on foot, but was soon overtaken by a man with a light waggon, in which he offered me a seat. Being fond of variety, I availed myself of it, and we proceeded at a good pace. It was a return vehicle belonging to the *Poste*, with a seat suspended on leather straps, and accompanied by a superfluous horse which trotted tractably behind. I may here mention that in Switzerland the posting and diligences form a concern of the government, and that the traveller, on paying his fare, generally receives a receipt stamped with the arms of the little republic in which he may happen to be. I reached Vevey about four o'clock, and, at five, dined at the table d' hôte of the Trois Couronnes with quite a select party consisting of nineteen English and two Russians. The landlord spoke English fluently, and, amongst so many of my countrymen and fair countrywomen, I could almost fancy myself in England.

Sept. 2nd. I left Vevey about nine o'clock. It is a delightful place for summer resort, with an excellent hotel, and a pleasant walk under the shade of trees at the side of the lake. Directing my steps towards the little town of Bulle, I ascended, for about two leagues, at the side of a

deep and woody valley enclosed by mountains also beautifully wooded, and studded, to an immense height, with the picturesque dwellings of the peasantry. The ascent was a very warm one although the road was occasionally shaded by trees, but the view you enjoy, on turning round, of the lake and opposite lofty mountains, is splendid beyond description. On attaining a considerable height, you observe a snowy peak rising behind them, probably the summit of the Dent de Midi or Dent de Morcles. On my way I passed through three or four villages, and over a varied country abounding with wooden houses of the true Swiss construction, having overhanging roofs formed, to use a solecism, with tiles of wood. A few steps before reaching the village of Châtel Saint Denis, or about two leagues from Vevey, I entered the Canton of Fribourg which is soon recognised to be catholic from the emblems worn by the people, and the occasional wooden crosses, at the roadside, some of which have inscribed on them I. N. R. I. (*Jesus Nazareæ, Rex Judæorum*). As I proceeded, the peasants were haymaking, but the crops appeared to be very light.

In the mountainous districts of Switzerland, during the summer months, the cattle are driven to the Alpine pasturages where they remain under the care of the cow-keeper until the snows compel them to descend: in the mean time their

winter fodder is raised and garnered in the valleys below.

The women of the Canton of Fribourg have a singular manner of arranging their hair, wearing it behind in large masses increased in size by artificial means. Six leagues from Vevey I reached Bulle, early in the evening. The honey and preserve which were brought with my tea, recalled the lakes and mountains of the North of England, and the cream, which resembled "scalded cream," sent my thoughts, across the intervening space, to that garden of England—my own dear Devon.

Sept. 3rd. I left my inn to visit the Château de Gruyères, about a league distant, and, passing through a pleasant country, soon entered a delightful and romantic vale flanked by woody mountains rising in picturesque points and summits. I ascended to and entered the château, an ancient structure which, perched on the summit of an eminence, forms a striking object from below. It contains a few time-worn antiquities which belonged to the Counts of Gruyères, such as worm-eaten chests and beds of rude construction. A fire-place is shown capable of roasting an entire ox, and other objects equally remarkable! It now forms a kind of hôtel de ville, and is the residence of the *préfet*: amongst its apartments some of the least attractive are the prisons for offenders the last of whom had taken his departure



this morning. But it is the view the castle affords which constitutes its chief attraction ; and around, is seen the smiling district of Gruyères so famous for its cheese. The neighbouring mountains abound with fine cows, each *châlet* having about forty. In a field below the castle, I counted sixty whose bells made a continual jingle. The little town of Gruyères is situated close to the castle, and the surrounding scenery is delightful. In this neighbourhood, I observed a number of saw-mills having perpendicular saws propelled by water, and worked by a crank. Women are seen bruising hemp with a hand machine. In the vicinity of Bulle are two convents at one of which the monks wear a white habit, and shave their heads. About four hours from this town, is a mountain named Molesson often visited for its noble and extensive prospect. An hour is reckoned by some at three English miles, but is, I think, less.

Sept. 4th. I quitted Bulle at eight o'clock, and continued my walk towards Fribourg—a distance of about eighteen miles. The route occasionally unfolds splendid views ; and passes through a delightful country varied by mountains, swelling hills, and forests of firs amid which are cultivated lands enlivened by the wooden abodes of the peasants. About mid-day I halted at a small inn, and devoted an hour or two to repose in a little apartment whose walls were adorned with repre-

sentations of the chief events of the life of William Tell. I reached Fribourg about half-past five, and, in the evening, visited the noble suspension-bridge now building here over the river Sarine to form a junction with the new Berne road. This truly wonderful structure, which reminded me of the projected bridge at Clifton, was opened a short time after my visit. It is supported by iron wires bound together, and said to be remarkably strong and effective. The distance between the points of suspension is nearly nine hundred feet, and the height of the roadway above the water, one hundred and sixty-seven. The iron wires look very diminutive for the size of the bridge, particularly so as compared with the massive iron-work of the Menai which, however, is both much shorter and lower. The engineer engaged in this stupendous undertaking is M. Chaley of Lyons. The old bridge in the depth below is of wood, and roofed with the same material: it is high time it should be superseded, as the descent to it is extremely awkward.

Fribourg is a singular and rather desolate-looking old town remarkably situated on the edge of a precipice. A part of it is surrounded by the river Saane or Sarine the banks of which, on either side, are perpendicular in many parts. The town contains nine thousand inhabitants, and is shut in by gates, at one of which my passport was

demanded on entering. It forms a frontier town between the French and German Swiss ; the inhabitants of the higher part speaking French, those of the lower German, and those of the middle, it is said, a mélange of the two.

September the 5th I spent at Fribourg in exploring its rugged and hilly streets many of which are quite precipitous. Its fountains, twenty-eight in number, are antiquated and curious, having generally a pillar in the middle, surmounted by an antique figure. The cathedral is a fine Gothic edifice, dedicated to Saint Nicholas, and devoted to the catholic worship. At its principal entrance is a representation of miserable beings cast by demons into the flames of hell—a picture somewhat characteristic of the rigid devotional habits of the inhabitants. In the afternoon I entered one of the other churches where I was more pleased with the music than with the mode of celebrating religion. At whatever hour of the day you enter the churches, you find them thronged with kneeling devotees of both sexes, and of every condition and age. At Fribourg there is a *Pensionnat* of Jesuits, a very large edifice ; and a large establishment for the board and lodging of persons of the catholic religion exclusively.

After this town you are not so often saluted *en passant*, but when you are, it is now “ *Guten tag* ” instead of “ *Bon jour*.”

6th. It was at an early hour, on a delightful morning, that I descended Fribourg's precipitous and ill-paved street, crossed its old wooden bridge, and took the road to Berne. In the *salle à manger*, on the previous evening, I had formed an acquaintance with a commercial gentleman originally from the Pays Bas, and with him I now joined company. After walking two or three leagues we were overtaken by a *voiturier* in whose carriage we completed our journey which was altogether six long leagues. The market people (of the Canton of Fribourg), whom we met on the road, had a remarkably original look; the women were very plain in person, but wore picturesque hats. We breakfasted at a rustic inn situated at the side of a bridge noted as the scene of a battle between the French and Bernese towards the end of the last century. The passage of thirty thousand French was unsuccessfully opposed by two thousand Bernese, but the struggle was desperate, the bridge having been covered with corpses, and six thousand men left dead on the scene of action. The circumstances of the battle were related to my companion, as we walked along, by a peasant who spoke the broad German dialect of his district.

The country through which we passed, was fine, and varied in its character. About eleven o'clock, we arrived at Berne, a large and good town with the fronts of its houses built on arcades



or arches, and containing twenty thousand inhabitants.

On the 7th I set off early, with my companion, for the Camp at Thoune, where we had understood a grand review was to take place. The distance is  $5\frac{1}{4}$  leagues or *stunden* which we performed *en voiture* through a most delightful country. On a spacious plain in the neighbourhood of the town, almost the entire army of Switzerland is assembled, the troops (to the number of seven thousand) consisting of a contingent from each of the twenty-two Cantons. They are here for an exercise of two months which are now nearly expired. On our arrival at Thoune, we found, to our disappointment, there was to be no grand review: we, however, saw a little manœuvring at the camp, and whilst perambulating its numerous tents, witnessed an inspection of artillery, and riflemen. The troops, generally, look active and able-bodied, but some of them have almost the appearance of raw militia-men. We dined in a large booth (served by an innkeeper at Berne) with a number of officers who were a remarkably fine, jovial set of fellows, and on very good terms with the pretty girls who waited table. With such a number of soldiers, and the concourse of people they attract, it may well be supposed there was no want of animation: it was a scene of joviality and excitement, and the repast in the booth reminded me,

although the occasion was very different, of our agricultural dinners in merry England. Some Swiss national airs sung by a number of manly voices were an additional source of entertainment. The *jolies Bernoises*, some with their little hats adorned with flowers, and others with their winged cap or head-dress, gave a very pleasing variety to the scene. Amongst them you see many who are fine in person and tall in stature, and their almost universal embonpoint speaks well as to the thriving condition of their canton. Their costume exhibits a happy contrast of black and white, and, although it has some degree of affinity with that of the German broom-girls we see in England, has to my eye a pretty effect. One decorative part of it is a little collar of black velvet from which depend, before and behind, silver or other chains passing beneath the arms. The men, like the other Swiss, are most inveterate smokers. The situation of Thoune is very fine, and the mountains in the neighbourhood display truly Alpine grandeur. We again reached Berne about half-past ten.

The number and variety of the carriages returning from the camp, with which the road was thronged, and the rate at which they were driven, reminded me of English races.

The 8th, 9th, and 10th I spent at Berne. The overhanging roofs of the houses, and the arcades, or covered walks, beneath their front apartments,

call to mind the North of Italy. These arcades, a Swiss gentleman tells me, bear a considerable resemblance to those of the city of Chester, which I have never seen. Berne is delightfully situated on a lofty eminence round the base of which the blue Aar pursues its winding course, making it a peninsula. The banks of the river are precipitous : on the side of the town they are pleasantly diversified with houses, promenades, and gardens ; and, on the opposite side, varied with woods, fields, farm-houses, cottages, and rural objects.

The Cathedral is a fine edifice of Gothic architecture, and its adjoining terrace is one of the many pleasant walks. This church is used by the protestants who, as may be supposed, form the majority of the population. In one of the churches at Berne both the protestant and catholic service is performed on the same day—a fact which indicates a tolerant and liberal spirit, and from which the inhabitants of the “ Sister Isle ” would do well to take a hint.

On the 9th I was confined, in consequence of the rain, to the arcades which form an excellent place of shelter in wet weather, and an agreeable retreat *al fresco* in the summer, although they must be gloomy in winter.

Near my inn is a large and singular clock, attached to which is an artificial chanticleer that crows and moves his head and wings, before and

after the striking of the hours ; a figure of old Father Time moves his lips and a wand at every stroke of the clock, by way of counting the hour ; whilst a bear (the emblem on the Bernese arms) moves nearly in a similar manner at his side. There are one or two other figures which probably ought to move. At mid-day a group of strangers may sometimes be seen assembled to watch the movements of these little votaries of time

“ Who deal the daily pittance of our span  
And point and mock with iron laugh at man.”

The Bear being the armorial bearing of Berne, you continually encounter him in some shape or other. Two frown on you in granite on each side of the gate as you enter the city from Fribourg, and two or three more in flesh and blood, located in a pit without another gate, amuse you with their awkward gambols, and implore you with significant gestures for something to gratify their bearish palates.

The Hotel des Gentilshommes, to which I was recommended, being full, I am at the Abbaye des Boulangers which is not so first-rate, but where I am waited on by a remarkably pretty little *Bernoise*, with a charming figure and foot, attired in the costume of her country. She speaks French very prettily, and, moreover, has a truly *naïve* and pleasing manner. At the hotels in Switzerland,



the names of travellers are entered in an album, and the different particulars respecting them, arranged under the heads of date, name, origin, profession, whence you come, and whither you are going. At Berne, a handbill containing the names, professions, and origin of all the strangers at the different hotels, is published daily; and thus I continually recognise my own under the head of my hotel. These bills are found at the different inns and cafés. For some time past there have been at Berne several Italian refugees: they have I believe assumed feigned names, &c., but the length of their stay is a sufficient indication of the liberal principles of the government.

11th to 14th. At Berne. For the first few days I spent here, I was continually discovering fresh promenades which are most delightful resorts laid out on every side of the town, and provided with seats on which you may sit and revel in luxuriant scenery. From the terrace of the cathedral, and from the delightful promenade on the ramparts; there is a most magnificent view of the line of snow-clad Alps. Below you flow the blue waters of the Aar—beyond it rise hills smiling with verdure, and apparently with happiness—whilst the Alps, frowning in the back-ground, appear to present an insurmountable barrier, and to rear themselves

“ Like the pillars of the skies,  
Like the ramparts of the world ! ”

One object I visited at Berne was the Museum of Natural History connected with the City Library. It contains a number of stuffed animals and birds, particularly those of Switzerland, as well as minerals, and other objects. Here is a stuffed St. Bernard dog which, when living, saved the lives of many *malheureux*. Adjoining the edifice is a small Botanical Garden.

On Sunday, the 14th of September, the city was animated by the arrival of about two thousand soldiers from the camp at Thoune which is now breaking up. Most of them came down the Aar in boats, and had a gay appearance as their polished arms gleamed to the bright morning sun. They were quartered at the different houses, and about fifty occupied the inn where I lodge: a number of these were distributed on mattresses in the *salon*. The familiarity of the officers with the men appears singular; they frequently mess and converse together on terms of complete equality. I have derived much amusement from these gentlemen, but am annoyed at not understanding their language, at least that of the German part of them. There are, however, many words which sound rather familiar. *Ja* (ya) sounds somewhat like yes—*nein* (neyn), like nay—*was* ? like what ?

—and the *hier* of the soldiers, answering to their names, like here. *So !* is used as an interjection, and employed as by antiquated people in England for *Ah !*—thus, on any particular statement or assertion being made, *So !* is the word in reply. The troops quitted Berne about four o'clock, the morning after their arrival, to the alternate sound of drums and horns—their only music. The uniforms are nearly all blue, with a slight variation in the facing for the different cantons. In Switzerland, every male inhabitant is a soldier after he has attained a certain age.

September the 20th. Still at the delightful city of Berne. During my stay, I, one day, walked to a mountain, or rather a lofty hill, named Gourten, an hour or two's walk from the town. It is seen from the window of my inn, and its surface is varied with verdant fields and shady woods. Near the summit stands a farm-house where I procured some wine to quench my thirst after the toil of the ascent. My few words of German were here brought into requisition to order my refreshment, as the old woman of the house could not speak French. A little above the farm-house, is an observatory erected on high posts, and commanding a magnificent view. From it, on one side, are seen the grand mountains of the Bernese Oberland clad with eternal snows—on another, Berne, and the winding Aar rolling rapidly along the

fertile vale. The surrounding country is delightfully diversified with cultivated lands and forests, country-houses, villages and their spires : several lakes are also to be seen when the atmosphere is clear.

Hofwyl, the establishment of Mons. de Fellenberg, so far-famed as a school of industry, is only two leagues from Berne, and is too well known to require a description here.

Whilst in this city, I visited the Arsenal where I saw the crossbow of the illustrious patriot William Tell. It is now placed in the hands of an effigy painted to represent the dress of the original, and, at a little distance from this, is an effigy of the son with the apple on his head. I saw also several specimens of ancient armour—amongst others, the coats of mail worn by Furst, Stauffacher, and Arnold de Melchthal—the Three Libérators of Switzerland, and that of an Englishman taken prisoner in battle at some remote period. Here are many ancient flags preserved as trophies, amongst which the Austrian are most conspicuous ; also a collection of fifteen thousand muskets, over and above those with which the troops are provided, a large quantity of artillery, and other warlike stores.

The 21st was Sunday, also the *Jour de Jeûne*, the greatest holy-day in the whole year. The public-houses and cafés were all closed to-day, as



well as from three o'clock the previous afternoon ; and it was forbidden to sell any liquor to persons not staying in the house. The cathedral was very well filled in the morning ; and, being rather late, I found no seat. In the afternoon, however, I was more successful. There was a grand attendance of pretty Bernese girls, in their full costume, who afterwards made a great display on the promenade—when it might easily be perceived that, although it was the *Jour de Jeûne*, earth shared with heaven the empire of their thoughts ! These ladies have very sociable and smiling faces, and as for a meagre person, it is quite a rarity amongst them.

It cannot be denied that the effect of the influx of strangers, as regards demoralization, is but too observable here.

At Berne, as well as in other Swiss towns, are several public fountains which, with their accompanying figures, would sometimes form pretty subjects for the pencil. The pails of water are carried on the head—a mode of transport which, I have frequently observed, gives a grace to the figure, and an elegance to the carriage.

Having already lingered here too long, I am now about to set off for the Oberland,—apprehensive that a change in the weather may deprive me of the opportunity of appreciating its grand scenes, and romantic beauties. On the 22nd, at four in the afternoon, I bade adieu to the little

*Bernoise*, and set off in the diligence for Thoune or Thun (pronounced Toon), where I arrived about a quarter past seven, after a pleasant ride through a rich country of which I have before spoken.

23rd. At ten in the forenoon, I embarked in a passage-boat for Interlaken, and, proceeding up the river Aar, soon entered on the lake of Thoune. This lake (which is four or five leagues in length) is most picturesque and delightful, and is enclosed by lofty mountains, in some parts clothed with woods, in others enriched with cultivation, and enlivened with rural dwellings. A remarkably imposing mountain of pointed form, named Mont Niesen, is seen on the right, or south, side, as you proceed up the lake. From the extremity of the lake, I pursued my way on foot to the old and irregular town, or rather village, of Unterseen, and thence to Interlaken which is almost connected with it by the houses which intervene. The distance to the latter village is about three quarters of a mile from the place of landing. Between the lake and Unterseen, I gained my first distinct view of the Jungfrau whose lofty and snow-clad summit, seen through an opening of the mountains, had a most magnificent appearance : a moment's glance at this avails more than a volume of description. *Jungfrau*, as the reader probably knows, signifies " young woman " or " virgin," and the mountain

owes its name to its spotless mantle of eternal snow.

Unterseen and Interlaken, which consist chiefly of wooden houses, are situated on a fertile plain, or level valley, enclosed by lofty and wooded mountains. Interlaken derives its name from its situation between the two lakes of Thoune and Brientz : it abounds with good boarding-houses, now occupied by numerous visitors many of whom are English.

24th. Having engaged a guide who also acted as the porter of my knapsack, I set off for Lauterbrunn which I reached after a walk of about two hours. We commenced our walk over the plain which is animated with rustic abodes ; following for some distance a pathway through green fields and verdant pasturages, and afterwards a road bordered with cherry trees. We then entered and continued to pass through the Vale of Lauterbrunn, a splendid valley enclosed by grand and woody heights beyond which you may occasionally enjoy views of the noble snow-clad mountains in the neighbourhood. On approaching the small village of Lauterbrunn, two little girls ran into the road to offer their pretty nosegays, and sing to the passing traveller. They have here a manner of warbling in the throat—a *false* mode of singing which harmonizes well with these romantic scenes, and which seems almost unknown in England.

At Lauterbrunn there is a delightful inn named the Capricorn which is, however, sufficiently dear.

On leaving this, I passed within a short distance of the Cascade of Staubbach which was now, unfortunately for me, rather deficient of water. It precipitates itself from a vast rock nine hundred feet high, and is rather remarkable for its height than for its accompaniments. The name of Staubbach (or powder-fall) is not inaptly applied to it, since the volume of white foam is dissipated as it descends, and becomes the sport of every breeze. Turning my back on the cascade I commenced my ascent of the Wengheralpe, or Wengern Alp which rises at the opposite side of the valley. The steep and laborious path which winds up the side of the mountain, overlooks the truly romantic Vale of Lauterbrunn, and unfolds to the astonished vision scenes of stirring grandeur that might inspire the poet, or afford admirable subjects for the painter. From the summit I had a most magnificent view of the line of stupendous mountains of Silverhorn, Jungfrau (13,600 feet above the sea), the Grand Eigher, the Petit Eigher, and, further on, of the Wetterhorn. As I passed in front of them, I continually heard the roar of avalanches which, as they tumbled from the "everlasting hills,"

"Bounding, bursting, burying all,"



sent forth a sound resembling that of peals of thunder. I also distinctly *saw* three or four, one of which was of considerable size : their appearance is almost precisely that of a cataract descending in a volume of foam. I took a slight repast at a *châlet* near the top, and afterwards lounged and enjoyed the luxury of a cigar in a neighbouring summerhouse, whilst a little fellow let off a cannon for the sake of the echo, and to gain a few batzen.

Hence I descended to Grindelwald by a steep and winding path commanding fine views of the grand mountains about this place. Near here are two fine glaciers which, however, do not quite equal the Mer de Glace in the Vale of Chamouni. I arrived at Grindelwald about half-past five, after a good day's walk called by my guide ten hours of distance. At the side of the path, in the descent, two pretty girls had stationed themselves, one of whom sung, whilst the other played an instrument with horizontal wires, struck by two small sticks. I paused, leaning on my staff—entranced by the double power of beauty and melody.

The scenery during this day's march was amazingly grand and imposing ; indeed the very names of Grindelwald and Lauterbrunn sound romantic. To scenes like these the tumid and extravagant descriptions I have read of some of our own mountain scenery might not be ill ap-

plied, and they would not then be exaggerated. Grand and beautiful as some of our mountains, woods, lakes, and cataracts are, none of them can, for awful sublimity and savage grandeur, bear a moment's comparison with those of Switzerland.

On the morrow I bid adieu to Grindelwald, and commenced the ascent of the Scheideck for the purpose of proceeding to Meyringen. I soon found myself in the company of a number of other tourists some of whom were French, and others German. Several of the party were ladies, and the whole number, including guides, besides myself, was sixteen persons. After about an hour's walking, we reached the great glacier of Grindelwald which we spent some time in examining. It is a very fine one, but has rather a blackened look in some parts. A beautiful cascade descends from its icy surface, and, through a deep, well-like hole near its base, a river is seen rolling along in the bottom. To the left, as you climb the mountain, is seen Faulhorn on the summit of which is an hotel, and which is said to command the finest view in Switzerland, except the Righi. An hour or two of walking, after we left the glacier, brought us to the top of the Scheideck, where it was quite cold : indeed the grass was covered with frozen dew long before we reached the summit, but the steepness and difficulty of the ascent served to keep the blood in circulation. Six of

our company were mounted on horses, and the train had a picturesque appearance as they wended their way up the mountain paths. At length we reached the nice *châlet*, at the top, where we found a plenty of warm milk and cream, and were shown into one or two little apartments which the old lady of the cottage recommended as being “*ein wenig warm*.”

Having soon restored my strength, I summoned my guide, and commenced my descent on the other side, leaving the others to prolong their refreshment, and brace their nerves with the mountain air. We pursued our way down a devious track amidst old and dark-looking spruce firs, through the Schwarzwald or black forest, as it is called—although of course no part of the great Black Forest. On the right is seen a glacier named that of Schwarzwald. Less than two hours descent brought me to an excellent inn built in the true Swiss style, in the immediate neighbourhood of two pretty waterfalls, and opposite one of the most beautiful glaciers in Switzerland. The masses of ice which compose this, are exceedingly clear; and its arches, hollows, and interstices are of a beautiful cærulean blue. In ascending to it, I passed a wooden bridge over a very deep chasm into which some youths cast two large stones to give an idea of the depth. Many persons of this description are met with—some display marmots

—some sing—others offer crystals, &c.—others open gates to you—for all of which services the tourist is expected to pay something.

Refreshed at the inn, I proceeded through most romantic scenery with the mountains of Wetterhorn and Wellhorn, capped with everlasting snows, frowning at the right of my path. Thus pursuing my way amidst the most magnificent scenes of Nature, where the bold and savage aspect of the mountain above, is relieved by the rich foliage of the wood beneath, I at length came in sight of the valley of Oberhasli the luxuriance of which presents a pleasing contrast to the wild appearance of the lofty mountains that enclose it. Following a devious path, I reached the noble Cascade of Reichenbach, two hundred feet in height, formed by a river descending a recess in the rock, and afterwards forming a succession of smaller falls. The upper part of this cascade is embowered in trees : and the whole scene may be advantageously contemplated from a pretty summerhouse erected on an elevation opposite, which is

“drizzled by the ceaseless spray.”

Hence, still descending, I at length gained the valley, crossed the Aar by a wooden bridge, and reached Meyringen about half-past four in the afternoon.



On the 26th, at half-past seven, I left Meyringen, and, quitting the beautiful vale of Oberhasli (of which it is the chief town), commenced an ascent of the Brunig by a path winding amidst a wood. The view of the vale in the ascent reminded me of the Canton du Valais, the Aar running through this, like the Rhone in the other: the mountains here, however, are not so high. The ascent of the Brunig is considered an hour and a half, and the latter part is very steep. As we toiled up the acclivity, a truly rural inn, such as I have seen nowhere but in Switzerland, discovered itself amidst the foliage:—on a rude bench before its window I sought a temporary refuge from the sunshine, and quenched my thirst with a draught of wine.

A little way down on the other side, we passed the frontier of the protestant Canton of Berne, and entered that of Underwalden which is catholic. It was with regret that I quitted Berne which is certainly a superior canton in many respects. Descending a winding and very rugged path, amidst woods and enclosures, for an hour and a half, we reached a pleasant village situated at the side of a pretty lake, an hour in length, along the bank of which our route lay. Still further,—we reached the Lake of Sarnen nearly two hours long, and also very beautiful. The mountains bordering these lakes are well wooded and cultivated,

and enlivened by villages, country houses, churches, and other objects. The scenery, from its resemblance, reminded me of some of the lakes and mountains in the North of England. We proceeded most of the distance on the Lake of Sarnen in a boat freighted with apples, and were rowed by two women in the Venetian manner—the common plan here. The rower stands, and pushes the oar forwards, as I have before mentioned. The younger of the *jolies batelières* being ashamed of her old straw hat, threw it into the bottom of the boat, and I found it difficult to remonstrate in German on the impropriety of exposing her smiling face and auburn locks to the ardent rays of the sun.

A short distance from the extremity of the lake, we arrived at Sarnen which, although the chief town of the southern district of Underwalden, is a complete Swiss village consisting of wooden houses. The fronts of many of the houses of this material, in Switzerland, are crowded with inscriptions, mostly taken from the Bible, and in German characters. From Sarnen we again advanced on foot through a fertile country—an hour of march—to Alpnach, a village situated on a bay of the Lake of Lucerne, also called the Vier Waldstadter See, or Lake of the Four Forest Cantons, from its situation amidst the cantons of Lucerne, Uri, Schwitz, and Underwalden. At

the left, on approaching Alpnach, is seen Mount Pilatus shrouded with sombre forests. A little before reaching the village, we entered a very pretty catholic church decorated with various marbles. The churches here are numerous, but the children beg; and a difference is presently observed after leaving the delightful canton of Berne. At the inn at Alpnach, only a little girl spokē French, but my guide acted as interpreter in case of need. About four o'clock, I took boat for Weggis, a small place situated at the opposite side of the lake across whose tranquil surface, overlooked by majestic mountains and umbrageous forests, I had a delightful passage. Evening had closed when I reached my destination, and entered the inn on the shore of the lake. I must in justice say that this inn (dedicated to the Lion) is a most excellent one, and that Signor Aliprandi (an Italian) who keeps it, is *tout-à-fait un bon garçon*. The bed-linen was *bianco come la neve*, and rivalled in whiteness the snows of the Jungfrau.

On the 27th I left Weggis, and commenced my ascent of the Righi. As you wind your way up the picturesque, varied, and precipitous paths of the mountain, the eye enjoys most enchanting views of the lake beneath. This lake is, I think, decidedly the most picturesque and (excepting that of Geneva) the most interesting I saw in Switzerland, displaying as it does all the pleasing diversity of

bay and promontory, and the grand effect produced by the dark shadow of lofty and richly wooded mountains contrasted with a bright and mirror-like surface.

At the side of the path, are occasionally seen rustic chapels and crosses which have a pretty effect. A little more than half an hour from the top, are some baths connected with an hotel—where I was glad to take *ein glas wein*, and shelter myself from the heat of a burning sun. The total ascent is considered three hours, and is steep and fatiguing. On the summit is an observatory which commands the noble view for which the Righi is so celebrated. Hence, on a clear day, twelve or thirteen lakes may be seen, but, there being now a slight haze in the distance, eight only were discernible—that of Lucerne immediately below, those of Sarnen, Sempach, Zug, Zurich, Constance, and two others whose names I do not recollect. The view includes a fine extent of varied country, woods, cultivation, &c., and, to the south, is bounded by a grand range of snowy mountains. In fact, this magnificent panorama nearly verifies the description of Goldsmith, where he says—

“ Ev’n now where Alpine solitudes ascend,  
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;  
And, plac’d on high above the storms career,  
Look downward where a hundred realms appear,



Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,  
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride."

Nor is it for its splendour and extent alone that this view is interesting: there are historic recollections associated with some of its localities; and the mention of the name of Sempach recalls its "iron field"—the scene of Arnold de Winkelried's heroism, and of the defeat of the Austrians by the Swiss Patriots in 1386. The scene of the battle is now a place of pilgrimage. I did not visit it, but will translate a passage from Richard for the benefit of the reader.—"A chapel has been erected on the field of battle—where thirteen hundred Swiss entirely defeated four thousand Austrians: the altar is placed on the spot where the Duke Leopold of Austria perished. In the chapel is seen a picture representing the devotion of Arnold de Winkelried, and on its walls are inscribed the names of the nobles of the Austrian army with their escutcheons, and those of the Swiss who perished in the combat: four stone crosses mark, around the chapel, the ground on which the blood of the Helvetians flowed for their country. The bones of the combatants have been deposited in a vault shaded by trees. Every year, on the 9th of July, the anniversary of the battle, divine service is celebrated in this ancient chapel." It may not be amiss to add that Winkelried's devotion consisted in his having broken the Austrian line by

rushing into the "serried grove of lances," burying as many as he could grasp in his body, and thus opening a passage for his countrymen.

But I am now on the Righi, and have descended to an inn a little below the summit, where, having taken some refreshment, I am amusing myself by looking over the travellers' album which contains amongst its witticisms the following motley verse—

"In questa casa troverete  
Toutes les choses que vous souhaitez  
Panem, vinum, pisces, carnes,  
Neat post-horses, chaise, and harness."

Leaving the inn, I commenced my descent of three hours to Kussnacht.

On the way down, the view of the two lakes of Zug and Lucerne was very beautiful, one appearing on each side of the ridge by which I descended. A short distance before reaching Kussnacht, I arrived at the Chapel of William Tell, erected near the spot where he killed Ghesler. It is a pretty little rural structure at a cross way, with a painting over its entrance, representing Tell in the act of shooting the tyrannical governor whom he pierced with as unerring an aim as that by which he struck the apple from his son's head—

"With matchless art  
From the tough bow he sent the feather'd dart."

Soon after leaving the chapel, I saw, above me at the left, the picturesque ruin of Ghesler's château which is seen peering amidst the trees. I soon reached Kussnacht, a pretty little town seated on the bank of the Lake of the Four Cantons, on the tranquil bosom of which I continued my course to Lucerne. This lovely lake recalled to my recollection the Lago Maggiore as well from its combination of the bold and sublime with the soft and beautiful as from the varied character of its shores which here extend in woody headlands, there recede in smiling bays decked with pretty villages. Few scenes, indeed, can be more picturesque and delightful than those which this lake affords. After a row of about two hours and a half, I reached Lucerne in the dusk, and fixed my quarters at the Hotel des Balances which, on one side, overlooks the river Reuss.

Thus, in four days, I had traversed four mountains, and accomplished rather a hard task. The mountains were the Wengern Alp, the Scheideck, the Brunig, and the Righi. The first day's work was ten hours; the second, seven; the third, ten (three on the lake); and the fourth, eight and a half (two and a half on the lake). The weary traveller has little inclination to sentimentalize, and still less power to describe scenes wherein Nature displays a grandeur and magnificence of which the most able pen could convey but an im-

perfect idea. Such, however, is the character of those I have passed through during my four days of mountain travel—such are the scenes I leave the reader to create in his own imagination.

I now dismissed my guide as I had no longer any need of him. I had first met with him in the boat on leaving Thoune, when he had, he said, immediately recognised me to be an Englishman. These men get six francs (five shillings) per day, and charge the same for each day of their return, so that the tourist has, in fact, to pay twelve francs. As, however, the season was advanced, I bargained to pay only one way.

The salutation of the people you meet in this catholic part of the country, is generally “*Jesus Christ*” which they pronounce “*Jeysoos Crisht*.” The Swiss catholics are much in the habit of making pilgrimages, particularly to that sacred spot, Notre Dame d’Einsiedeln, and you may see men and women trudging along *havresac au dos* with the greatest enthusiasm, and sometimes hear them chanting the *Ave Maria* as they proceed. It is to the waste of time in these pilgrimages, in fêtes, and half fêtes, and to the desultory habits which they encourage, that the poverty of the catholic population may in a great measure be attributed. Besides Swiss devotees, the miraculous image of the Virgin at Einsiedeln attracts annually great numbers from France and Ger-



many ; nor is this to be wondered at, since they here obtain “ *plenary indulgence and remission of sins ! !* ”

The 28th I spent at Lucerne. It was Sunday, and I went to church—where was a grand display of the costume of the canton. This has a considerable affinity with the costume of Berne, but there is more finery, tawdry colour, and nonsense about it—which reduces the effect. Nor are the women so comely, but coarser and more awkward. The men frequently wear a round jacket ornamented with buttons, like that of a postilion. Both have a very original appearance.

In the evening I visited, in company with a Scotch gentleman whom I met at the inn, a woody eminence commanding a noble view of Lucerne. This is a pretty town enclosed by hills, and situated on the river Reuss over which, and the opening where it issues from the lake, there are three covered wooden bridges of great length and singular appearance. These are adorned overhead, through their whole extent, with paintings to which are attached inscriptions in the German character. The bridge of the mills is decorated with pictures of the “ Dance of Death ” by Mogglinger ; another has representations of the valiant exploits of the Swiss ; whilst the third contains paintings the subjects of which are taken from Scripture History.

In ascending the hill, we observed several curious lizards, black—with orange spots, and about six inches in length. One authority informed us they were harmless, and it occurred to me they might be salamanders. On the river, and lake of Lucerne are seen large numbers of small black ducks originally wild, but which have become tame, and pick up the crumbs thrown from the windows.

The following was also a holy-day, and the churches were again much frequented. In the morning I visited the celebrated plan in relief, by General Pfyffer, of the part of Switzerland seen from the Righi. It gives an excellent idea of the face of the country, and is exceedingly interesting to those who have seen the original. It occupies the centre of a good-sized room, and is divisible into one hundred and thirty-six pieces. It is formed of a sort of composition, and occupied the general, in making it, twenty-five years of a life which was prolonged to the age of eighty-six. In the room is a full length portrait of the old gentleman ascending the mountains.

I afterwards took a delightful walk by the river, then went to hear the music in the cathedral, and, finally, visited the interesting monument erected to the Swiss who fell in the first French Revolution. This consists of a figure of a lion reclining in a niche cut in a perpendicular rock. The

animal pierced by a lance is represented as expiring, and resting his body on a shield which is no longer a defence to him. It is seen across a small sheet of still water, and the trees which crown the summit of the rock serve for unfading laurels. Above it is the inscription—" *Helvetiorum fidei ac virtuti,*" and below, the date, the list of the *duces*, and the number of soldiers who fell. It was executed by a young sculptor of Constance named Ahorn after a model of the Danish sculptor Thorwaldson.

In my walks I once or twice found amusement in watching the disembarkation of picturesque parties of pilgrims who had just returned across the lake from their peregrinations.

Sept. 30th. I walked to Winkel, a village situated at the extremity of a pretty bay of the lake of the Four Cantons,—in company with my countryman who embarked here for Alpnach with a motley but interesting assemblage of Switzers. In our walk we encountered a herd of black bulls, a circumstance which Don Quixote would, no doubt, have converted into an adventure.

I have been struck with the contrast the people of this canton generally present to those of Berne :—here is an aspect of ignorance and superstition—there of intelligence and enlightenment. Such is the difference usually observed between the catholic and protestant cantons. In the morning,

an aged Jew was chained by the neck to a pillar in the square before the inn, with a placard of his offence inscribed in large German characters, placed before him. The poor Israelite was the gazingstock of a large crowd of persons ; and his offence, I understood, was the forgery of a passport. Although the simplicity and morality of Switzerland have been so much talked of, there may be seen, in each canton, a number of chained offenders working under the guard of a *militaire* with his carabine.

One evening at the inn, I met a tourist from Hanover, a sociable youth who hailed me as a fellow subject. He spoke very little French, but between English, French, German, Italian, and Latin we managed to communicate our ideas—in a much more ludicrous way than if we had perfectly understood each other !

Mine host has four daughters three of whom, named Aloisia, Jennie, and Fanny are in the habit of waiting on visitors, and are very communicative. These young ladies in addition to being intelligent, and possessed of agreeable manners, are remarkable for their personal attractions, and so much resemble my own fair *compatriotes* that I can scarcely persuade myself they are not of English extraction ! The charm, however, of first impressions was well nigh destroyed on discovering that there were two scales of charges—one for



English people, and another for other foreigners. The *amor nummi* is, I am inclined to think, a prominent feature in the Swiss character.

The first of October was an extremely fine day. I quitted Lucerne about noon, and proceeded on foot towards Zug. My route for some distance lay near the shore of the beautiful lake of the Four Cantons of which I enjoyed most magnificent views. Passing Kussnacht, Ghesler's dilapidated château, and the chapel of William Tell, I reached, at three hours from Lucerne, the rustic village of Immensee on the shore of the lake of Zug. Here I stepped into a rude shallop,—and pursued my course to Zug on the glassy surface of its pretty mountain-enclosed lake. Two hours had glided imperceptibly away when I found myself at my place of destination. Zug is situated at the water-side, and is an ancient and desolate-looking town with some of the houses curiously painted on the exterior. Its streets are wretchedly paved—a fact which the way-worn pedestrian does not fail to remark. In strolling about, I entered a large church where an old official pointed out an altar-piece by Annibal Caracci. The number of churches in these catholic cantons is preposterous, and quite out of proportion to the number of inhabitants.

In the travellers' album I was shown, this evening, the names of eleven Swiss travellers (written

by themselves) seven of whom were killed at Goldau, when it was destroyed by the fall of a neighbouring mountain in 1806. They had been waiting some days at Zug for fine weather that they might ascend the Righi. At length they proceeded on their expedition, but only four of their number, who had not advanced further than the village of Art, survived to give an account of its unfortunate result.

Oct. 2nd. I set off on foot for Art, a little town situated at the opposite end of the lake which is three leagues and a half in length. My route lay along its shore, and I sometimes passed through cultivated lands, sometimes through verdant woods reaching to the water's edge. The banks of the lake are animated with occasional rural dwellings, and the view of the Righi, and the other mountains on the opposite side, is very fine. From Art, which is about three leagues from Zug, I proceeded, nearly a league further, to Goldau, to view the scene of the catastrophe just alluded to, which occurred in 1806 by the fall of the Rossberg mountain. By this terrific accident, the village of Goldau, and several others, with eight hundred persons, were overwhelmed. The valley is filled, for a considerable extent, with the *debris*, and with masses of rock some of which are of immense size. It is astonishing to what a vast distance some of these enormous and ponderous

masses have been hurled : many of them present almost the appearance of having been pitched by some giant-hand, just as a man would throw a bowl at nine-pins. This mountain was of a gravelly consistency—a circumstance which, with the treacherous and detaching power of tricklings of water, caused its fall. The immense blocks of fallen rock are observed to be formed of a number of small stones cemented together *apparently* by a composition. The scene is one of great interest, but at the same time one of a very melancholy character—when you consider that once thriving villages, with the remains of their industrious population, lie entombed beneath the chaos. I passed on nearly to the extremity of this *rudis indigestaque moles*, whence I had a good view of the pretty little lake of Lowertz with its two picturesque islets, formerly the residences of hermits. Goldau is now replaced by four or five houses one of which is an *auberge*, where a girl who spoke French gave me a little information respecting the ruins. I returned hence to Art, through the valley—with fine woody mountains towering at each side : the Righi was seen on the left frowning over the lake.

From Art I “retraced my former way,” in the evening, by the road on the shore of the lake, whose surrounding mountains are beautifully co-

vered with woods, now displaying the rich and varied tintings of autumn.

My inn at Zug was the Golden Stag, where I was most kindly entertained, and truly experienced (like the far-famed Syntax on a certain occasion)

“ the warm shelter of an inn.”

Being the only traveller in the house, my landlady, an accomplished woman, who spoke German, French, Italian, and English, brought in her knitting, and conversed fluently in the last of these languages during the two evenings I spent there. It was more like being at a friend's house than at an inn, and I really felt quite at home. The landlord was also acquainted with several languages, but did not speak English quite so correctly as his wife.

On the 3rd of October, at ten o'clock, I renewed my pilgrimage, and with a wallet at my back, and a staff in my hand, set out for Zurich which was six leagues distant. Having abandoned, during the first part of the walk, the beaten track of the highway for a devious path through green pasturages and flowery meadows, I had some difficulty in finding the way, and was not a little embarrassed, with my small stock of German words, in making enquiries. When all



other means failed, I was fain to resort to signs and gesticulations to make myself understood. I went by way of the Pont de Sil, the boundary of the two cantons of Zug and Zurich—the one Catholic, the other Reformed; and afterwards passed the village of Horgan,\* at my right, near the banks of the lake of Zurich. The journey was about half completed when I reached the lake, on the shores of which the remainder of my route lay.

I now took refuge from the heat of the sun in a humble inn at the way-side, partook of a frugal meal, and dreamed away an hour most agreeably. This may be unintelligible to some of my readers, but I can assure them that some of the most enjoyable hours I have spent, whether in journeying through Wales or through Switzerland, have been those devoted to the siesta on the window-bench of a neat village inn, after the fatigues of a morning walk. Let it not be supposed for a moment that I esteem mere physical gratification above the contemplation of the magnificent scenes of Nature; but that these last are *sometimes* more appreciated in the *retrospection* than in the *inspection* will, I believe, be granted by most experienced travellers.

\* Also spelt Horgen, and Horghen. I like to spell correctly, but it really appears to me that the orthography of many of these German-Swiss words is regulated by no law!

On the sides of the hills which border the lake of Zurich, are a great number of vineyards, where the people were now engaged in gathering the grapes. These were put into buckets, and, in some instances, I observed, bruised on the spot by means of a large stick thrust down the vessel.

“ Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes,  
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth  
Purple and gushing.”—

The lake has few of the accompaniments of Alpine grandeur, and its shores are mostly straight, and unvaried by creeks and promontories. The surrounding hills, however, are enlivened by dwellings, cultivated lands, and woods—and the numerous thriving villages situated at the water's edge gratify the eye of the traveller.

My entry into Zurich was anything but dignified, for, having sprained my foot, I hobbled wearily over the stones. This city, which is after Bâle the most commercial place in Switzerland, is prettily situated at the northern extremity of the lake, and extends for a considerable distance along the two banks of the Limmat which here issues from it. At present, the new wine is arriving from the country in large barrels, and is purchased, I am told, by the merchants at about the same price as that of our newly made cider in England.

Zurich has been called the “ Athens of Switzerland : ” it has given birth to many illustrious men amongst whom may be mentioned Gessner, “ The German Theocritus ”—Lavater, the physiognomist—and Pestalozzi, so well known as the inventor of the elementary method of instruction.

At the conclusion of the last century, Zurich was for a long time exposed to the evils of war, having been the centre of hostile armies, and the scene of sanguinary conflicts. During 1798, and 1799, the city was occupied successively by the French, the Austrians, and the Russians ; and, at the close of the latter year, again entered by the French who now defeated the Russians, and compelled them to evacuate the Swiss territory.

The 4th and 5th I spent at Zurich. I observed that Sunday only partly arrested the money-getting spirit of the citizens, the barrels of wine still continuing to arrive, although not in such large numbers. The politeness of the inhabitants (if I may judge *en passant*) is remarkable ; and respectable-looking men, who meet you in the streets, move their hats to you as you pass. This, too, is the case at Schaffhausen. You constantly receive the salutation of “ *Guten tag* ” as you walk in the environs of these towns. There are some very pleasant promenades at Zurich, which are, however, comparatively unfrequented. The neighbourhood presents an appearance which accords

well with the prosperous condition of the inhabitants, being delightfully diversified with smiling villas and well-kept gardens. The environs of the town are extremely populous : indeed the canton of which it is the capital, is one of the most thickly peopled spots of ground in Europe, whilst its soil is one of the best cultivated in Switzerland.

On the road near Zurich, I met many persons from the cantons of Argovie and Thurgovie. Their costume is most singular, particularly that of the men whose trowsers, or rather breeches, are somewhat in the Turkish style, being very large, and tied in just below the knee. The waistcoat, which is red, is remarkably long, as is the coat which terminates in curious flaps.

The dialects of German Switzerland are very numerous, and sometimes even neighbouring villages have a different one. The affirmative *Ja* varies from *Ya* to *Yo*, *Yaw*, &c. In the Grisons the language is, I am told, a mixture of Latin, Italian, German, and French. The ancient Rhætian population of the higher valleys of this canton has preserved its original language but little altered through the course of twenty-four centuries. This language, known at present by the name of *lingua romanscha*, or *Romanisch*, possesses two dialects. In the Canton of Tessin, or Ticino, Italian is spoken, and the inhabitants are of the Italian race.



On the 6th, at three in the afternoon, I left Zurich by the diligence, and proceeded to Schaffhausen. The route lies over a fertile country presenting, however, no objects of particular interest, with the exception of the Rhine which is passed at Eglisau, and the celebrated falls of that river, not far from the road, as you approach Schaffhausen. Eglisau is a picturesque town occupying a hilly situation, and here the Rhine is passed by a covered wooden bridge of considerable length. The chief incident on the road was—our having, to the risk of our necks, a drunken postilion who once fell down between his two horses as they were proceeding. So much for Swiss temperance, and the effects of new wine.

On the 7th I left Schaffhausen to visit, at about half an hour's distance, the Falls of the Rhine—which the guide-book describes as “the largest cataract in Europe, and one of the most astonishing scenes that Nature presents in Switzerland.” I can scarcely say whether I was disappointed, or not, at my first sight of it, for I had heard several descriptions for and against. Viewed from the opposite side, it is certainly very beautiful, but appears rather deficient in height. I crossed the river in a boat, and reached a summer-house built close to the fall. Here the effect is very imposing: the rocks in the middle of the stream are seen offering a vain opposition to its resistless

force, and the river triumphantly descends with a tremendous and almost deafening roar. The spray, brightened by the sun, had a beautiful icy appearance, and a fine rainbow sitting tranquil over the turbulent and foaming waters, bore

“ serene

Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn :  
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,  
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.”

Besides the summer-house I have alluded to, there are others above, from which the fall may be contemplated, but the grandeur of effect decreases as you ascend. On the height above, is an old château which forms a romantic object. In an apartment connected with this, the traveller is shown a small collection of paintings. Around the cataract are rocky and wooded hills, but the neighbouring scenery is but little imposing after the magnificence of the stupendous mountains amongst which I had lately wandered.

I returned to Schaffhausen on the opposite side of the river from that by which I had come, and reached it by a bridge across the Rhine. The town displays few attractions, but its houses have an air of antiquity ; and some are curiously painted on the outside. The inhabitants, too, have a somewhat original appearance, some of the men (perhaps rather those of the neighbouring

country) wearing old-fashioned cocked hats. During the evening, in the *salle à manger*, I met an agreeable English family who mistaking me for a foreigner, addressed me in French, and seemed quite delighted when they found that English was almost as intelligible to me as to themselves. I too derived pleasure from seeing them pleased. They were, as yet, young travellers, and had come down the Rhine on their way to Italy.

On the 8th, at ten in the forenoon, I left Schaffhausen per diligence for Brugg (pronounced Brook), a little town on the route to Basel—rather a circuitous route however. The road passes through a country not generally interesting, consisting, frequently, of plains (which now had a sun-dried appearance) bounded by hills covered with woods. We passed the Rhine, and the Aar in large boats in which the diligence was conveyed across without taking out the horses. We crossed the latter as I had before passed the Po, and the Adige. A chain is fastened to a post in the middle of the river,—supported for a considerable distance down the stream on a line of boats,—and then attached to the conveyance which is a *pont volant* resting on two barges. By the action of the rudder, the bows of these barges are presented obliquely to the stream, and the current is sufficient of itself to carry the whole machine from one side to the other—either way. Bridges of this

kind are much in use on the rapid rivers of the continent, and I afterwards saw many of them on my way down the Rhine. The scenery in the neighbourhood of the ferry is rather picturesque. I reached Brugg about five in the afternoon, having, during my day's journey, passed through a portion of the Canton of Schaffhausen, of the Grand Duchy of Baden, and entered, in crossing the Rhine, the Canton of Argovie.

The Swiss smoke everywhere, and men are often seen at work with a pipe depending from the mouth: in the carriage to-day, three of us smoked at a time, whilst the fourth, a steady old German Swiss, sat in the corner, and bore a striking resemblance to a ham in a smoking-house. Boxes containing sawdust, used as spittoons, are found in all the bed-rooms.

Brugg or Brouck is a little town containing about three hundred inhabitants, and is pleasantly situated on the Aar. In the neighbourhood is a hospital, once a convent, sometimes visited for its antiquities.

On the 9th, about one o'clock, I quitted Brugg by the diligence for Bâle, or Basel. Soon after leaving it, we had a good view of the Baths of Schintznach which are situated near the river Aar, and are much resorted to for their thermal waters—rich in sulphur and salts. Beyond them were seen the ruins of the Castle of Hapsburg,



whence originated the House of Austria, of which Rodolph was the founder : the ruins form a picturesque object, occupying the summit of an isolated hill named the Wülpelsberg, near which pass the river, and the road to Arau—the capital of the Canton of Argovie. The following historic sketch lies before me in French.—“ The Castle of Hapsburg was built in the year 1020 by Radbot, grandson of Gontram, an Alsacian gentleman of the family of the ancient Counts of Altenburg. This Gontram, after having been dispossessed by the Emperor Otho, of the fiefs which he possessed in Germany, retired in 940, to his little estate of Eighen near Koenigsfelden, and his son Lancelin, to Altenburg, near Windisch. This last died at the commencement of the eleventh century. His son Radbot espoused Ida of Lorraine, considerably enlarged his possessions, and took the name of Count of Hapsburg from that of his castle. In the year 1257, the three Forest Cantons—Uri, Schwitz, and Underwalden—placed themselves under the protection of the Count Rodolph of Hapsburg, engaging to pay him an annual rent (*redevance*) : in 1273, Rodolph was elected Emperor of Germany. Such was the origin of the House of Austria.”

The route to Bâle lies over a fertile country varied in surface and productions, and, in one or two instances, passes near the bank of the Rhine.

I reached that city about nine, and proceeded to the Trois Rois, a large hotel agreeably situated on the bank of the Rhine, which I quitted, on the morrow, for a more economical, and perhaps a more comfortable, establishment.

Bâle is divided into the large and small town (Grand et Petit Bâle), by the river over which there is a bridge, partly of wood, two hundred and eighty feet in length. Its situation is pleasant, but the streets are wretchedly paved; and it is altogether greatly inferior to Berne in point of attraction. It is mostly surrounded by fertile plains bounded by woody hills commanding fine views. I walked to one of these, during my stay at Bâle, with a Swedish captain, a strong old gentleman of sixty-nine, who spoke eleven languages, and English amongst the rest. He was staying at the same inn as myself, and had been there more than nine months, endeavouring to make up a cargo of emigrants for America. The eminence to which we walked was within the territory of the Grand Duchy of Baden, and well repaid the toil of the ascent to it, affording, as it did, a delightful view of the blue and winding Rhine below, of the rich plains enlivened by villages, and beyond them, of the encircling hills. The sublimity of the Alps, now left to the south, was, however, wanting.

There are but few promenades around Bâle laid

out for the purpose as at Berne. Commerce here seems the grand object, and the merchants are very rich, although many of the most wealthy make no display whatever. Indeed Bâle is said to be, for its size, the richest town in Europe.

In the Münsterkirche, or Cathedral, which is a red edifice of no very striking appearance, repose the ashes of Erasmus, and those of Anna, wife of the Emperor Rodolph of Hapsburg. I need scarcely say that it is appropriated to the protestant worship. Beside the church is a singular covered cemetery which has an air of sepulchral gloom ; and adjoining it is an elevated terrace overlooking the Rhine, and commanding a view of the Black Forest, and the plains of Alsace. This terrace is one of the promenades, but the long bridge over the Rhine is the chief resort in the evening. There is also a pleasant promenade on the ramparts which, however, is but little frequented.

At Bâle the authorities are very strict with regard to passports. One day, in taking a walk, I left the town by one gate, and returned by another. On entering, my passport was demanded, and a ticket given me that I might afterwards claim it at the Office of Police—and *all this*, although I had entered the same gate some days before in the diligence, and had my passport then examined. This is the first time I have been thus

annoyed in Switzerland, and it will be the last for some time to come probably. It serves to remind me of Italy, where the *maledetto passaporto* was a ceaseless annoyance. Here I have been almost universally taken for an Italian or a Pole, and, as such, for a refugee, and have been therefore looked on with a somewhat suspicious eye by the people of Bâle who, unlike those of Berne and Bâle Campagne, are very aristocratic, and who were, indeed, only in the summer of last year, engaged in open hostilities against their brethren of the Campagne. Roused by the occurrences of July, 1830, in France, the revolutionary party, it seems, endeavoured to overturn the federative constitution, with the object of including the whole twenty-two Cantons under a government *one and indivisible*.

To a dark complexion bronzed by a southern sun, the mistake respecting myself was attributable ; and one or two, following up the illusion, said my very walk was Italian. Suspicion was the more awakened from the circumstance of an Italian having eloped with a young lady of Bâle not very long before. . . . . " Is he not a Pole ? " said a young lady to the old Swede : " Yes," was his answer, " he comes from Warsaw ! ! "

Bâle, compared with some other places, has but little to amuse the stranger, but I delayed my departure in the vain expectation of receiving a



letter from England. Several of my evenings were spent at the Café du Marché where I drank my cup of *café noir*, *me livrais, à la Baloise, à la "triste jouissance" de fumer*, read the journals, or chatted. The few whom I found here in the evening were mostly foreigners—sometimes Englishmen: the citizens resort to the café about two in the afternoon, at which time the rich but unostentatious merchants come to quaff their coffee after dinner, read the news, &c. It was here that I first heard of the destruction by fire of the English Houses of Parliament.

The Theatre, which is open three times in the week, is a new and rather elegant little edifice, but its German performers are by no means first-rate: amongst the entertainments, concerts and operas not unfrequently take place. The austerity of the inhabitants must have been considerably softened down since the period of the Reformation, seeing that the theatre is permitted to be opened on Sunday evenings.

The city, although occupying a very large extent of ground, contains scarcely eighteen thousand inhabitants. Many of the houses are thinly inhabited, and a great deal of ground, within the town-walls, is occupied by gardens. One of the latter (the property of a wealthy merchant) to which I gained admission, was prettily laid out with ponds, grottoes, and winding walks, and

contained some large conservatories. As in many other towns of Switzerland, the shops are shut when it becomes dark,—so that in the evening the streets are very gloomy. Gas has not yet been introduced in this country, nor indeed in France except in a few instances. The peculiarity of the female costume at Bâle is a kind of skull-cap formed of broad black ribbon, and ornamented with bows of the same.

The English Penny Magazine is published in Switzerland both in French and German. I saw, at my inn, a volume of it in the latter language, printed in the German character, and styled “Das Pfennig Magazin.”

A few days after my arrival,—the weather changed, and became colder, and stormy and variable. The eminences of the Schwarzwald or Black Forest, seen from the Terrace of the Cathedral, were whitened with snows; and I had now to regret the termination of a long and beautiful summer.

I remained at Bâle until the 23rd of October, when I left it, at five in the afternoon, for Mulhausen (called in French Mulhouse, pronounced Melooze) on my way to Strasbourg. The diligence had been scarcely an hour on its way, when I passed, with regret, from Switzerland into France—a circumstance announced by the examination of baggage and passports. Passing

over the plains of Alsace, I reached Mulhouse about ten, and remained for the night at the Sauvage, an inn not very inappropriately named ! Already the difference was very observable, and, instead of the neat and clean apartment of Switzerland, I found myself in an old, gloomy, and dirty chamber, one in fact *tout-à-fait malpropre*.

In the morning, I walked out to inspect the town, which has a French look, and presents little to gratify the eye except the *nouveau quartier* which consists chiefly of a triangle of new, and rather elegant, houses with light colonnades in front. In the midst is a green, or promenade, laid out with shrubs and plants. Mulhouse derives importance from its manufactories of printed cottons, &c., which render it more interesting to the *commerçant* than to the lover of the picturesque.

I quitted it, at three in the afternoon, per diligence, for Strasbourg, and, again proceeding over the productive but rather uninteresting plains of Alsace, reached, at half-past seven, the town of Colmar, the supping-place of the diligence passengers. At nine, the ponderous vehicle was again set in motion, and, after a cold and stormy journey through the night, I found myself at Strasbourg at half-past six on the morning of the 25th.

The gloomy state of the weather, and inconve-

nient hour of arrival rendered my first impressions of this city not the most agreeable. It is, however, enlivened by two rivers, the Ill and Breusch, which, crossing the town, fall into the Rhine at a short distance from it. It is also decorated with several fine public buildings amongst which the Cathedral is the most conspicuous. The spire is the loftiest in Europe or the world, and is said to be six or eight feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome. Its altitude, according to the most accurate measurement, appears to be about four hundred and ninety-four feet, but some accounts make it less and others more : one has extended it to five hundred and seventy-four feet ! The interior of the church is very spacious, and its entire length from east to west is about three hundred and fifty-five feet. It has an imposing but somewhat sombre effect ; and the painted windows attract attention from the beauty and richness of their colours. It is appropriated to the use of the catholics who were at mass when I entered. Within one of the doors, stands the celebrated clock, that wonderfully complicated piece of machinery which once exhibited the movements of the heavenly bodies throughout the year, the days of the week, the hours, &c. &c., but which has ceased to perform its numerous movements. It was constructed by the man who formed that at Berne, of which I have before spoken. This in-



genious mechanic, I was informed the other day, had his eyes put out by his fellow citizens for refusing to explain how he had made his wonderful clock ! I am, however, rather inclined to doubt the correctness of this story.

On Sunday the 26th I went to the Protestant Church of St. Thomas, a spacious and rather fine edifice. It contains the large and splendid tomb of Marshal Saxe decorated with several statues, the monument of Oberlin—the benevolent pastor of Waldbach, and some others of interest, as well as some preserved bodies, or rather mummies, said to belong to the family of the Counts of Nassau.

The Château Royal occupied by the *Archevêque* is a fine edifice facing the river Ill. The Theatre is a splendid building ornamented with columns and statues, near the pleasant promenade of the Broglio. There are numerous other large buildings deserving attention, such as the University, Arsenal, Barracks, &c. There are, too, several squares of which the Broglio is the most pleasant ; but the houses of the town are mostly old, and the streets frequently narrow, dirty, and disagreeable. Some of the houses have a very antiquated look ; and the stone, tower-like staircase of my inn reminds me of Edinburgh.

Since the first French revolution, Strasbourg has belonged to France, of which it now forms a frontier town. Its population, including the gar-

rison of ten thousand men, is about sixty thousand. It has the appearance of an old German Imperial town frenchified, and the languages of both countries are spoken here, the German, however, predominating. The situation of the city is low, and the surrounding country marshy: the enclosing fortifications are extensive, and some parts of the ramparts afford pleasant walks. In speaking of walks I should mention the very extensive promenade without the Porte des Pêcheurs, called the "Ruprechtsau" which is laid out with walks, shrubberies, and gardens, and includes within its limits three or four hundred houses. When I visited it, it looked deserted, and the autumnal leaves were falling fast.

Nov. 2nd. Being in the cathedral, and finding the tower staircase open, I ascended as far as the roof. Hence I had a fine view of the surrounding plains which, however, are rather monotonous, there being scarcely any elevations except at a great distance, where the view is bounded by mountains. About three quarters of a league from the town, the Rhine is seen winding its course along the plain, and the various roads are observed branching off in different directions. In looking down I saw the bishop proceed from his palace to the cathedral, and return; he has merely to cross a square.

In the evening I went to the Café du Miroir

than which there are perhaps few larger in France, and which consists of three or four immense apartments opening one into the other. In the first are three billiard tables ; and here you may see men playing at billiards, cards, dominos, &c. on a Sunday evening, and in fact at every hour of the day ;—but such profanation of the sabbath is nothing extraordinary on the continent.

The unsettled state of the British Ministry, at this time, afforded ample matter for speculation to the French journalists. In the *Bon Sens* I read an article of a very gloomy complexion, and one which I confess I thought anything but *good sense* : it gave a melancholy picture of the state of England which it represented as being on the decline. What I yet remember of this composition, now that eighteen months have elapsed, was to the following effect.—It is great and victorious England which is passing away (*qui s'en va*) ; her commerce is paralysed ; her vessels are decaying in her docks ; and the conflagration which has just consumed *de fond en comble* her two Houses of Parliament, completes the sombre depression of her people.

Nov. 3rd. Having agreed with a cocher, or *kutscher* as we have it in German, to take me to Carlsruhe for nine francs, I took my departure from Strasbourg about half-past six on a frosty morning. After half an hour's travelling, we (for

there were three passengers besides myself) crossed the broad and rapid stream of the Rhine which *here* forms the boundary between France and Germany. The passage is effected by a bridge of boats of great length, held in its place by a range of stakes extending across the river, and necessarily of great strength to oppose its impetuous current. One of the horses being *ombrageux*, was somewhat frightened at the rushing of the water. The ground in this neighbourhood is marshy, and was continually level until we approached Baden. Soon after crossing the Rhine, I observed, at the road-side, a monument shaded by willows:—it was raised by Napoleon to the memory of General Dessaix who terminated his career at Marengo, a few months after having passed this road with the Army of the Rhine.

Not far hence, we passed through the little town of Kehl which is sometimes resorted to as an excursion from Strasbourg.

Having traversed vast plains, cultivated, but undivided by hedges, during the morning, we approached, about one o'clock, Baden-Baden,\* and its enclosing mountains. This is a delightful little town situated a short distance within the mouth of a green valley, and, as you enter it from the plain, appears to repose in a complete recess formed by woody eminences. It is, I need scarcely

\* *Anglicè*—Baths Baths.



say, a fashionable place answering somewhat to our Cheltenham or Leamington,—much resorted to during the season (from May to the beginning of October) for its mineral waters. At this period of festivity, few places can surpass Baden for excess of gaiety and excitement; and for its motley concourse of people of rank from nearly every nation of Europe. The baths, I am told, are taken at eight large hotels, there being no building appropriated *only* to bathing. The water may also be fetched from the public fountains where you see it steaming. There are delightful promenades here, and, at the principal of them, is a large and splendid edifice named the *Promenadenhaus*, containing a library, assembly rooms, cafés, and other resorts of recreation and amusement. Amongst its apartments, those for gaming are not the least conspicuous, that unhappy propensity being here carried to a frightful extent. The Alt Schloss, or ancient castle, of Baden is a very picturesque ruin enveloped in the shade of trees, and occupying a commanding eminence near the town.

Amongst the gay throng that resort to Baden during the season, there are a great number of English, and many make it a constant residence. This is not to be wondered at, since living is cheap, the environs, as I have before intimated, extremely beautiful, and amusement plentiful.

After an hour or two's stay, much of which I

spent in exploring, we continued our journey, and, leaving the mountains, again proceeded over plains to Carlsruhe. During the day, I continually observed picturesque wells of the same construction as those I had seen in Italy. They have a ponderous lever with a stone attached to one end, and a perpendicular rod to the other for raising the bucket.

About five, we passed through the town of Rastadt which is truly melancholy, and destitute of animation—*morne*, as a Frenchman would express it. There is, however, a fine open space in the centre of the town, which doubtless presents a motley and amusing scene at the period of the fair—when the peasants flock in from the neighbouring country. The Castle of Rastadt is worth seeing, and contains a great number of trophies taken from the Turks by the Margrave Louis William. I had no time to visit it, as we speedily renewed our journey towards Carlsruhe, which we reached about nine o'clock, after riding some hours in the dark. The distance from Strasbourg to this place is eighteen leagues by way of Baden which causes a *detour* of two leagues. The entrance to Carlsruhe at night reminded me of Edinburgh from the apparent interminability of the lines of lamps. You approach it by a long avenue which is continued through the town, and is of so vast a length that, if, in the day-time, you

stand at one end, and look towards the other, the distant part appears lost in obscurity.

I fixed my quarters at the Zahringer Hof, a good inn which affords both a dinner and supper table d' hôte. At this table I met several Germans who, for broad faces and ruddy cheeks, might vie with the most jolly of my countrymen.

Carlsruhe, the present capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden, is a good town with streets of remarkable regularity, and possesses several fine public edifices and squares. It contains about twenty thousand inhabitants, and has increased to its present size from a hunting-seat the foundation of which was laid as late as 1715. The Château, the residence of the Grand Duke, is a fine building occupying the side of a vast square in which the fair is held: behind it, is a noble park and garden open to the public, and through which I enjoyed a stroll the morning after my arrival. The principal streets of the town diverge like rays from the Place du Château; so that the castle-tower may be seen terminating the view from each of them, and often at a great distance. Fronting the *place*, and opposite the château, is a long row of houses pierced by arcades, before which stand a number of booths occupied by venders of various commodities. These form a kind of fashionable resort, especially about mid-day, when the band plays before the château on changing the guard.

The Maison de Ville, the Protestant Church, the Palace of the Duke's brother, &c. are grand edifices adorned with massive columns, situated near the middle of the town. The Protestant Church has a portico of vast dimensions supported by six colossal columns. In the *Place du Marché* stands a pyramid erected in honour of the Margrave Charles, the founder of the town, and from whom it derives its name. The avenues leading from the town are straight, of immense length, and bordered by trees ; in one or two instances by lofty poplars.

On the 6th of November, the *cocher* whom I had half engaged, being *au cachot* in consequence of having got drunk on the previous night, I agreed with another, and took my departure for Heidelberg. I performed no part of my short tour in Germany by diligence, but, with the exception of the steam conveyance on the Rhine, and one ride in an omnibus, I always travelled per *cocher*, on the same system as that of the Italian *vetturini*.

We quitted Carlsruhe by an avenue a league in length, as straight as an arrow, and certainly imposing although flanked by poplars, the stiffest of trees. At the extremity of this, we reached Durlach formerly the residence of the Margraves. Our route to Heidelberg lay over a country generally flat, and displaying little to interest the tra-



veller. We dined at Bruchsal, a small, dull, and unattractive town, and proceeding thence over plains, reached our destination about eight o'clock.

Heidelberg is a well-built town with many regular streets, situated at the entrance of the Vale of the Neckar, and between beautifully wooded mountains which rise abruptly from the plains we had been travelling over. The river Neckar, which runs at the side of the town, is crossed by a fine stone bridge of nine arches, and is bordered, on each side, by a road—one of which is the Bergstrasse, or ancient Strata Montana.

The Castle is a most magnificent and truly picturesque ruin of great extent, occupying the side of a mountain shadowed by woods—now tinged with the golden hues of autumn. The *façades* exhibit a great deal of elaborate work, and are decorated with statues of warriors in armour, &c. In the neighbourhood of the castle are a number of most delightful terraces and walks which command fine views of the castle, the town, and the river enlivened by its little swiftly gliding vessels. Here, indeed, the lover of the picturesque finds himself completely in his element, and may sit and muse for hours; nay, the meditative man may pause long to gaze on the mouldering towers—to moralize on the instability of human greatness, and the transitory nature of all mundane things. A large mass of one of the towers has

fallen on one side, and remains in an inclined position nearly in its original form—so as to be literally a leaning tower. The trees in the plantations around the castle, are marked with their botanical and German names : amongst others, I observed a specimen, as high as a moderate poplar, of the *Thuja Occidentalis*, from North America, named in England *arbor vitæ*, and in Germany *lebensbaum* which has the same signification. The celebrated Tun of Heidelberg is one of the objects to be seen at the castle, and, if filled with wine, would form a glorious sight to the votary of Bacchus.

At Heidelberg, and indeed immediately on entering Germany, I found the coffee inferior to that of France and Switzerland, and often adulterated with chicory. In the cafés (*caffee-haus*), on asking for “*caffee und milch*,” they bring you a wretched little cup of coffee and a still less portion of milk. The price, however, is remarkably moderate, as you may have this and two *petits pains* for less than  $2\frac{1}{2}d$ . The cafés themselves are not so good, so numerous, nor so frequented as in France.

In the evening I again toiled up the ascent leading to the castle, to contemplate and enjoy its romantic and truly interesting scenes. I lingered long in the precincts of the ancient edifice, and when the approach of night at length compelled

me to retrace my steps, the moon was rising beautifully behind its shadowy walls.

At the University of Heidelberg there are six or seven hundred students. Their usual dress, and a dress I continually saw in Germany, is a frock-coat, and a little cap, almost fitting close to the head, with a shade over the eyes. From the account of an American gentleman I met at the inn, the mode of living, of two or three hundred of the number of the students, is by no means intellectual. After breakfast, says he, they usually go to the fighting-house to settle any duels they may have on hand. Duelling is frequent amongst them, but they seldom kill each other, being satisfied with cutting off noses and ears, knocking out eyes, &c. After this, a portion of time is given to study ; and the afternoon and evening are devoted to drinking beer by the gallon, and smoking in proportion ! On expressing my surprise at the deserted state of the cafés, I was told that if I had gone to any of the beer-houses, I should have found them crowded to excess by students, enveloped in clouds of tobacco-smoke impenetrable to the sight. The gentleman who gave me this information said with the utmost *sang-froid*, he had just contracted a duel. He was studying here, and had been at Heidelberg during the summer. The system of beer-drinking and smoking is, I am informed, common at all the Universities, so that

a college education in Germany would seem to be, in a vast number of instances, rather the ruin than the improvement of the young men. Some parts of Germany appear, however, quite in advance with regard to general education; and *Prussia* has taken the lead, not only of the other European nations, but of the whole civilized world, in the establishment of schools,—not only for the children, but for those who are to instruct them. The national schools of Prussia are perhaps sufficiently interesting to render needless an apology for introducing the following extract, respecting them, from the *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1833.

“ Population of Prussian Monarchy } by the last census .....	12,726,823
Of these 12½ millions, there are, between the ages of 7 and 14, the period allotted for attending Schools .....	2,043,030
The return of children actually in } attendance in 1831, was .....	2,021,421
Difference .....	21,609

“ From this statement, so glorious for Prussia, it follows, that every human being in it not only has the means, but actually enjoys, the advantage of a good education; for the small difference of 21,609 is barely sufficient to account for the



children of the higher ranks educated at home, those attending private schools, and the boys under fourteen, attending the lower forms of the *gymnasia* or classical schools, who, in 1832, amounted alone to above 17,000, and are not included, more than the other two classes, in the primary school returns." In this country "the law compels parents, guardians, and, in default of these, the masters to whom the youths are apprenticed, to prove before the competent authorities that every child has received, or is then receiving, the benefit either of public or private instruction."

The Normal Schools, or those for teachers, are designed to prepare the teachers for the important office of not merely imparting general knowledge, but of "forming the heart and disposition of the child." To this end young men are trained to the art of teaching, under experienced tutors, and are not eligible to the office of schoolmaster without a certificate of their competency from the normal school which they have attended.

To return to the table of the *salle à manger*. I also met here an eccentric young Englishman who, amongst other adventures, related that of having, during a tour in Spain, been conducted as a suspicious character, under the guard of *gens d'armes*. During two days and two nights, he and his servant had the satisfaction of journeying on,

ignorant of their fate, with their hands pinioned, and their legs tied under their horses' belly.

It was on a gloomy morning, on the 8th of November (a contrast to the sunshine of the previous day), that I quitted Heidelberg for Frankfurt. Having crossed the bridge, and pursued our way for a short distance at the side of the Neckar, we passed over plains, with woody mountains, here and there crowned with ruined castles, at our right.

As in many parts of France, the country is not divided by hedges, nor enlivened by occasional dwellings, the houses of the country-people being mostly collected in villages at the road-side. In the part of Germany through which I have passed, as well as in the north of Switzerland, I have been struck with the original look of the male peasantry, many of whom wear picturesque cocked hats, long antique coats, breeches, and large buckles in their shoes. The women are, many of them, plain and sunburnt; and both men and women too often present a poverty-stricken appearance. In our way, we passed two or three pine forests of small extent.

At half-past two, we arrived at Darmstadt, the residence of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. The new town is regularly built, and has a court-like air, but the old one is a miserable place. In the former are many handsome edifices and

squares ; and the castle, the Grand Duke's residence, faces a fine, broad, and straight line of street. Darmstadt appears a very quiet place, and it is situated in the middle of an immense plain much of which is quite destitute of interest.

At four o'clock, I left this town in an omnibus by an imposing avenue of poplars, a league in length. Again passing over a flat country, but mostly in the dark, and in the smoke of ever-accompanying German pipes, I reached Frankfort on the Maine about eight o'clock, after a ride of six leagues. The distance from Heidelberg to Frankfort is about fifty English miles.

On arriving, I was conducted to the Swan, which is, I am informed, one of the largest hotels in Europe. In its immediate vicinity there are two or three other hotels which make a greater display, but are, I should think, less numerously frequented. At the Swan I have the pleasure of dining every day at the table d' hôte with about sixty persons of various nations, ladies and gentlemen, the latter, however, predominating in number. The waiters, of whom there are nearly a dozen, are remarkably spruce, active fellows, and act their parts very systematically under the command of the *premier garçon*.

In travelling, I have continually seen the same faces in passing from place to place, and at Frankfort, at the table d' hôte, I met, after a long

interval, a gentleman I had seen at Naples, on Mount Vesuvius, at Rome, &c. When I saw him on Vesuvius, he was mounted on a jackass !

As in the other large towns of Germany, the names of strangers are published every day, in a kind of pamphlet in which they are arranged under the different inns. I was amused at seeing at the head of the list of the Swan, for Sunday, the 9th of November, **Herr \* \* \* \* \*** **Rent. aus London.** I have here a spacious and elegantly furnished apartment affording the luxury of an excellent sofa. It costs a florin (or about 1s. 9d.) per day ; and the table d' hôte, which affords an excellent dinner with a great variety of dishes, costs another, exclusive of half a bottle of good vin ordinaire—sixpence. In England, living thus at an hotel would not be considered dear ! At Strasbourg, however, I gave only a franc per night for a comfortable but less stylish room.

A singular dish is seen at the German tables—consisting of cabbage and chesnuts. Occasionally several light things appear on one's plate at a time—which differs from the French system. The absence of saltspoons, and consequent digging of knives into the salt, offend an English eye. The usual time of dining in Germany is one o'clock, sometimes twelve, and half-past twelve. At the inns, in the evening, a repast is taken *à la carte* (*speiskarte*) about nine o'clock, which is



very convenient. A frequent repast in Germany and Switzerland is wine, and a crust of bread—a frugal and wholesome meal.

There is an appendage to the German and Swiss beds I have not yet mentioned, certainly an effectual means of securing heat—sometimes even to oppression: it is a plumeau or large cushion placed over the counterpane, or perhaps would be better described as a feather-bed on a small scale, placed above instead of below the sleeper.

Frankfort—the seat of the Germanic Diet—is a fine city possessing many regular buildings, but having, like most others, its narrow and disagreeable streets, and occupying a situation rather too flat to be desirable. The Maine is crossed by a stone bridge of fourteen arches. Around the town extend agreeable walks and shrubberies elegantly laid out with ponds, bridges, and seats, and occupying the place of the old fortifications. Without the barriers are many elegant residences situated in gardens, and near one of the gates is an interesting monument raised to the memory of the Hessians who fell at the assault of the city in 1792. The population amounts to about forty-five thousand, two thirds of whom are Lutherans. The rest are Calvinists, Catholics, and Jews.

The Public Library is a new and elegant edifice facing the river. Its portico is supported by six massive Corinthian columns, and the entablature

bears the inscription—" *Studiis, libertati reddita civitas.*" I saw its neatly arranged interior which, besides an excellent assortment of volumes, contains a very small collection of antiquities.

Frankfort, which is now one of the four free towns of Germany, was deprived of its liberty by Napoleon, but this was afterwards restored in 1813 by the Allied Powers. As if the city were incapable of its own defence, a number of Austrian soldiers are posted here. Their white uniforms, sometimes turned out with orange, their black gaiters, and caps furnished with a shade before and behind, I do not admire, nor is their presence, I fancy, much admired by many of the people, *id est*, the liberals.

Nov. 16th. This evening I was present, for a short time, at a scene without parallel in England at a similar time—a public ball on a Sunday evening!

"Revelry, and dance, and show."

I shall doubtless be censured for visiting such a scene on such a night: it is by no means my habit,—and my object, in this instance, was not amusement, but the gratification of a traveller's curiosity to see mankind as they *really* exist. I was drinking a cup of coffee in the spacious café of the Cheval d'or (where I usually breakfasted) when I was informed by the waiter that a dance

was taking place in the *grande salle* above-stairs. The price of a ticket of admittance was about  $5\frac{1}{2}d.$  English, and this entitled the bearer to a *chopine* of wine, or some beverage of equal value. Whilst I remained, I sat a mere observer, and listener to the strains from the orchestra, but I speedily retreated from the sabbath-breaking scene. The waltzers turned round and round with wonderful rapidity; and, had there been no greater cause for pity, I should have pitied the poor girls for their profuse perspiration, and the coarseness of their partners. The parties relieved each other by turns, those who were exhausted returning to the tables, which occupied one part of the room, to refresh themselves with Rhenish. Some of the less active part of the motley assemblage were partaking of meat suppers. There appeared no restrictions,—frock-coats, great-coats, pipes, and cigars being all admitted. This is a frequent mode of spending a Sunday evening, and the entertainments do not generally break up till a very late hour.

At the Theatre here, as on the Continent generally, the best performances, and most crowded audiences are on Sunday nights. The performers, at Frankfort, are some of the best in Germany.

Nov. 17th. At the café this evening, a party of old Germans had a long conversation about

England, in which dispraise evidently preponderated over admiration. I have remarked that

“Where’er I roam, whatever realms to see,”

England and the English form a frequent topic of conversation. *Zucker wasser* (*eau sucré*) is, as in France, a common beverage in the cafés, as well as the agreeable, but somewhat childish, drink of warm milk with sugar dissolved in it. The German newspapers, with their German text, are to me almost a *dead letter*, and the *Journal de Francfort*, published in French, is not remarkable for the length of its columns, nor the extent of the information they contain.

What seems strange in a country of smokers is—that, at Frankfort, and many of the German towns, it is forbidden to smoke cigars (and pipes, unless they are covered) in the streets, from an apprehension of danger. I was, one day, made acquainted with this fact by a sentinel, in the street at Frankfort. To an Englishman this seems like an interference with the liberty of the subject, but where smoking is universal, there is perhaps wisdom in the regulation.

On the 19th I left Frankfort between three and four o’clock, and, proceeding about twenty-one miles, mostly over uninteresting plains, reached Mayence about eight. This city is situated on the



western bank of the Rhine over which there is a long bridge of boats, connecting it with Castel on the opposite bank. Having crossed the river, I reached the Hotel du Rhin, a good inn commanding a fine view of the broad stream of that river. Such is the current that a range of seventeen mills is driven by it: these are perched on as many barges moored in the river, and having sharp bows to divide the water. Amongst the objects that diversify the surface, may be mentioned the vast accumulations of timber which are often seen, formed of smaller rafts brought down the Neckar, and other rivers, from the Black Forest, and preparing for a further descent to Rotterdam, &c.

Mayence, which contains about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, is also occupied by a garrison of sixteen thousand soldiers, half Austrians, and half Prussians, who give an animation to the city which would otherwise be somewhat dull.

There are several fine churches here, and the cathedral is a large edifice. The catholic church of St. Peter's is an elegant building with an arched and painted ceiling; and its altars, decorated with marble, brought Italy to my recollection. Not far from it, is a Museum of Roman Antiquities, and pictures by Italian, Dutch, German, and French masters, many of which are very good. I like to muse amongst these objects as they send me in imagination amongst the fairy

scenes of the "Paradise of Europe." The altars, votive stones, &c., all of which were found at Mayence or in its neighbourhood, are very perfect, and their inscriptions legible. There are several amphoræ, and jars of ashes, and others for holding tears, and other purposes; also a model of a bridge over the Rhine, projected by Napoleon, and a very ingenious astronomical clock made by a native of Mayence. The different objects now occupy an old house with a shabby exterior, but a new edifice is being built for them opposite the theatre.

The Theatre is a new building with a circular front, and is one of the largest in Germany: its interior is elegantly arranged, and the audiences are crowded. Whilst I was at Mayence, there were some Spanish performers here, who, amongst other things, danced the Bolero. This being a dance of Andalusia, the dancers were dressed in the Andalusian costume;—their hands were occupied with the castanets, whilst their bodies assumed the most grotesque, but not quite the most delicate, of attitudes.

At Mayence, the streets are mostly narrow, but there are two or three good ones near which most of the public edifices are situated. The city is defended by a strong citadel, it being a grand fortress of the Confederation. The soldiers appear to be in a high state of discipline, and the Prussians are

splendid fellows “as upright as a bolt,” clothed in excellent blue uniforms. Never have I seen troops more exact and machine-like than the Austrians stationed here, and that they should be so is not to be wondered at, since they have been exercising almost every day for a long series of years. According to my German fellow-traveller from Frankfort, the emperor is afraid to withdraw them lest they should carry eastward the liberal sentiments they may have imbibed in their western station,—which thus almost forms a place of banishment.

Mayence was an important place in the time of the Romans by whom it was long occupied ; and was the scene of severe struggles between them and the Germans.

On Sunday, I went to the Cathedral, which is appropriated to the catholic worship. It is a large edifice with little decoration in the interior, but there are numerous monuments several of which are handsome : amongst the ancient tombs is that of Frauenlob—the Troubadour.

In the afternoon, I walked to the promenade of La Favorite at the side of the Rhine : it is situated nearly opposite the mouth of the Maine, and is agreeably laid out with winding walks, and shrubberies. The immediate neighbourhood of Mayence, however, does not appear to afford generally much of interest. Perhaps I am wrong in saying

this, since my book tells me—Mayence “is situated in the midst of the most beautiful and fertile country in Germany.” Summer and Winter give a very different aspect to the same scenes. Wiesbaden, a gay place in the season, and well known as a watering-place of a similar character to Baden-Baden, is only a German mile and half from Mayence. A German mile, I should say, is nearly the same length as a French post, or about four English miles and three-fifths.

The weather, whilst I was at Mayence, was extremely cold.

On the 24th of November, at six in the morning, I left this place, in the *Stadt Frankfurt Dampfschiff*, and commenced my voyage down the Rhine to Coblenz. For some distance, although it was yet scarcely light, I could see enough to be convinced that I lost little by the obscurity, the shores of the river being nearly flat. As it became lighter, the scenery improved, and we passed between hills sometimes clothed with wood, sometimes with vines, and frequently crowned with ruined castles. The weather was completely Novemberish, and the trees and vines had lost their green foliage, so that I saw the scenery under very disadvantageous circumstances. “Dread Winter”

“reign’d tremendous o’er the conquer’d Year,”  
and

“dead the vegetable kingdom lay.”



Still I am of opinion that too much has been said in praise of the Rhine, and that the assertion of German innkeepers, that the scenery is *au moins* as fine as that of Switzerland, partakes, not a little, of patriotic prejudice. At the same time, I have no doubt that an excursion on the Rhine at an agreeable season of the year, when the sky is blue, the sun unclouded, and the earth smiling with verdure, would be truly delightful.

We continually passed small towns and villages some of which, like the castles that frown over them, have rather a desolate look.

We reached Coblenz about half-past twelve, and were later than usual partly in consequence of having on board six horses (three of which belonged to an English lord) which took some time to be rolled into the vessel in their boxes mounted on wheels. The distance from Mayence to Coblenz is eighteen leagues—a voyage usually performed by the steamer in five hours, thanks to the united power of steam and current.

The hotel at which I stopped (the Cour de Trèves) faces the grand parade, and immediately adjoining it is the Theatre above the entrance of which is seen the inscription, “*Musis, moribus, et publicæ lætitiæ.*” The party at the table d’hôte consisted principally of Prussian officers.

The streets of Coblenz are generally disagreeable, but there are two or three good squares.

The inhabitants, amounting to about eleven thousand, are chiefly catholics. Opposite the town, and connected with it by a bridge of boats, is the little town of Ehrenbreitstein over which stands, on a commanding rock, the now modern-looking fort of the same name—one of the strongest fortresses of Prussia, and one of the most imposing objects on the Rhine.

25th. I crossed the bridge of boats to Ehrenbreitstein which, being interpreted, means *broad stone of honour*. I walked round this much talked of fort, but did not enter it, not wishing the trouble of procuring an order from the commandant. The mountain of Ehrenbreitstein, on which the Romans established a castle, has been the site of several successive fortifications which have experienced many vicissitudes at different times, and have been repaired, and put in their present state since 1816. I ascended a neighbouring hill commanding a similar view to that from the fort. Hence is seen the town of Coblenz opposite, and the Chartreuse occupying a fine situation on the hill behind it. The Rhine and its romantic hills, and the bridge of fourteen arches over the Moselle, which falls into the Rhine at Coblenz, are also seen. The town derives its name from the union of these two rivers, Coblenz being a corruption of *confluens*. Returning, I walked to the bridge over the Moselle,

which is remarkable only for its length. I, however, lingered for some time in its neighbourhood—enchanted by the melody of a Prussian band.

About twelve, I again went on board the steamer, and commenced my voyage to Cologne under circumstances like those of yesterday. For a considerable distance, the scenery too was similar, but less interesting with the exception of the Drachenfels which we passed about four in the afternoon. It is a noble rock of very imposing appearance, crowned with a picturesque castle in ruins. In the language of poetry,

“The castled crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o’er the wide and winding Rhine,  
Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks which bear the vine.”

Soon afterwards, we passed Bonn, the fourth city on the banks of the Rhine, containing about twelve thousand inhabitants. Long before reaching Cologne, the banks of the river become flat, and entirely uninteresting. We reached this city in the dark, about six o’clock.

On the morrow, I inspected the town which, although interesting from its antiquity, must be disagreeable as a residence from the narrowness of most of its streets. Its present name is a corruption of Colonia Agrippinæ, the name given it by Claudius in compliment to his wife. The Cathe-

dral, which would have been a magnificent edifice if finished, is a fine specimen of ancient German architecture : at present, part of its exterior presents the appearance of a fine ruin. It contains many curious old monuments, and numerous objects interesting to the antiquarian. The Roman Catholic service is performed here as may be supposed, since, of the inhabitants of Cologne, about sixty thousand in number, the greater part profess catholicism.

The quays present a bustling scene, and here I observed a steam-boat, formed of iron,—arrived thus far on its way from England to the Lake of Zurich, on which it is to run : it will have to be conveyed a short distance by land—to accomplish which it must be taken to pieces !

27th. I again perambulated the dirty and narrow streets of Cologne, and, in the course of my wanderings, discovered a spacious *place* or parade on which the soldiers were exercising. This open space was a relief to the eye : it presented an animated spectacle, and was enlivened by a grand martial band which was filling the air with its stirring tones. To one who, like me, can be charmed by the sound of a hand-organ in the street, what must be the effect of these German bands !

In the evening, I visited the Circus Olympicus, as an arena for the exhibition of horsemanship, at



present fitted up here, is termed. There was a considerable display of skill, and the entertainment was concluded by an eastern procession with an elephant which at last seated himself at a table to take his supper ! He soon cleared the different courses, and, after each, rang a bell for a further supply. I was amused at the astonishment depicted on the countenance of one man who, as the elephant dispatched his succession of viands, exclaimed “ *Alles !* ” I understood a good deal of the German I heard spoken here ; and I find this language begins to dawn upon my intellects just as I am leaving the country.

On the 28th, at six in the morning, I went on board the *Stad Nymegen Stoomboot*, and continued my voyage down the Rhine for Nymegen. The banks of this large river are very flat, and almost entirely devoid of attraction all the way—indeed they may be said to be singularly uninteresting. In the forenoon, we passed Dusseldorf, a good town, of considerable size, possessing the remains of a fine gallery of pictures. We also passed two or three places of smaller size, and, in the evening about dusk, reached Emmerich where we remained for the night, most of the passengers sleeping on board the steamer on the seats and benches. We had been given to understand we should reach our destination the same evening. In our way down the river, we met a large steamer

towing up, by its single power, a considerable number of trading vessels which were attached to it. It is appropriated solely to this purpose.

On the following morning, about six, we resumed our course, and, passing similar scenery, reached Nymégen, or Nimeguen, about eleven o'clock. In going down the Rhine, I observed many floating bridges like those I have before described, transported from side to side by the current. There are; too, many bridges of boats at different parts of the river.

Nymegen is rather a pleasant town situated, on an ascent, on the banks of the river, and having some agreeable promenades on one of which is a pretty ruin. The neighbouring country is very level. Nymegen, which is strongly fortified, is the first town within the territory of Holland; and fresh coins, and a fresh language combine to embarrass the traveller. Dutch, however, is so like German that the language of one country may be understood by a native of the other, when spoken slowly, and if the parties are intelligent. I know very little of languages; but I take an interest in them; and, as I pass from one country to another, I like to observe the relationship of their respective tongues. Even in the harsh language of Holland, I found words that recalled the melodious Italian; for instance, *maar* (but) instead of *ma*, — *bosch* (wood) for *bosco*, *muur* (wall) for *muro*, &c.

Here, as in other places, the people display a great deal of curiosity, and are great starers—a fact rather remarkable, when one considers how many foreigners they must see. In the evening, I went into a café (*koffy-huis*) where one man amused himself by staring at me nearly all the time, with a look of mingled curiosity and astonishment. It was rather annoying, but I forgave the man, as he appeared to be deficient in intellect. On asking for a cup of coffee, they brought me a cup of it ready-prepared with milk and sugar, with a roll cut in two, buttered, and spread over with little slices of Dutch cheese. This I observed to be a frequent plan.

At the table d'ôte at my inn at Nymegen (De Zalm, or The Salmon, a good and moderate inn that I can recommend) we were six persons including the landlord, whose five guests were all of different nations, viz. Holland, France, Germany, England, and Portugal. The Portuguese had set me down as a fellow-countryman from having, he said, exactly the complexion of the Peninsula. French, as usual, was the language of conversation.

At nine o'clock the next morning, I left Nymegen, in the diligence, for Utrecht—distant fourteen leagues. My road for most of the distance lay through Guelderland which, although generally level, is the most varied and hilly province of

Holland, and may be termed its Arcadia. The pleasantly situated town of Arnheim, which I did not visit, is its capital.

• We passed, on the route, several small towns as well as plantations of tobacco ; and, on approaching Utrecht, numerous country residences of the citizens of Amsterdam and Rotterdam. These are neat country boxes with gardens and shrubberies attached to them. About half-past two, we arrived at Utrecht, one of the prettiest cities in Holland with neat houses generally of brick—the usual material here. The town is intersected by one or two good canals, and surrounded, like Frankfort, by elegant promenades which occupy the place of former fortifications. These walks and shrubberies, bordering canals, form delightful resorts. The cathedral tower commands a most extensive view, but, as it rained nearly all the time I stayed at Utrecht, I did not ascend it : from the summit, it is said, may be seen no less than fifty-one walled cities and towns.

Of the three gentlemen I dined with at the table d' hôte one was deranged, and another, although strong in body, remarkably weak in mind. The latter, with whom I passed a part of the evening, spent most of the time in relating how strong, how tall he was, and how much the young ladies liked to dance with him. Self was his all-absorbing, inexhaustible, ever-interesting topic. By the



bye, I am sadly afraid that the reader, unless he is a very indulgent one, will say that this last sentence is applicable to myself, since, throughout these pages, I am my own hero.

On the 1st of December, about one o'clock, I went on board a trekschuit or barge which conveyed me to Amsterdam along the canal. The trekschuit, which may be rendered in English *draught-barge*, is a covered vessel divided into two parts, one a neat little cabin furnished with windows, a little table, and cushioned seats for *les gens comme il faut*, the other more open and less luxurious for the *canaille* !

The distance to Amsterdam is called eight hours (or rather more than twenty miles), and the price in the cabin is twenty-five styvers and a half, each of which is a trifle more than one English penny. The banks of the canal are continually flat, but frequently enlivened by pretty residences surrounded by gardens and plantations. Almost all of these villas are distinguished by inscriptions printed on their gates, such, for example, as “ *lust en rust* ” (*pleasure and repose*), &c. These mottos have frequently a reference to the character of the situation, or, if a retired tradesman be the proprietor, to the manner in which he acquired his property : one of this class might perhaps say “ *repose after labour.* ”

The barge being drawn by only one horse, we

did not reach Amsterdam until between eight and nine o'clock. In the summer there is a trekschuit with two, which goes at a quicker rate.

The next morning, I left my inn to inspect the "Venice of Holland." It is a noble city with streets mostly intersected with canals whose banks are planted with rows of trees. It differs from Venice in this—that here the houses have quays before them, but there they rise immediately from the water, or rather stand in it. The houses are mostly of brick, and the shops and their windows have a very English look. There is an appearance of sameness about the canals, but the trees which deck their sides, must look cheerful in summer.

Amsterdam, from its artificial character, certainly forms a proud monument of human industry and perseverance: it is only secured from inundation by an immense dam, and the neighbouring country is from four to five feet below the level of the river Y, from the irruption of which it too is secured by vast and massive banks of a similar description. Such is the swampy nature of the ground on which the city stands, that the foundation of all its buildings, is formed by driving piles, fifty or sixty feet long, into the morass, until they rest on a firm bank beneath. The upper extremities of the piles are then sawed to a level, and strong planks nailed over them,—and

on these the stone or brick-work of the edifice is raised. Not only do the houses rest on piles, but the very quays on which you walk before them, have a similar foundation.

The Royal Palace, which was built for a *Stadhuis* (or *hôtel de ville*), is a vast and noble edifice, and the piles that support it are said to be nearly fourteen thousand in number. My cicerone informed me that the piles, as long as they remain under water, are preserved, becoming hard like stone ; but that as soon as any portion is exposed to the air, it decays. Of course the piles of this mighty fabric still stand in the water, or are exposed to its action, although few would suppose it. I saw the interior of the palace which displays some fine paintings, not, however, numerous. The walls of some of the apartments are formed of beautiful white marble from Italy. The Grand Hall, or ball-room, is of vast dimensions, lined with white marble, and displays a number of flags taken from the Spaniards. It is one hundred feet high, one hundred and twenty long, and sixty broad. The wood, employed in the construction of the palace, was brought from Russia, the stone from Germany, and the marble from Italy. The tower commands a good view of Amsterdam and its edifices, of the Zuyder Zee and the neighbourhood.

To-day I witnessed, at a distance, the execution

of a sailor, a youth of sixteen years and nine months, for the murder of his *bonne amie* in a fit of jealousy. Every avenue leading to the place of execution was crowded with people, amongst whom there were vast numbers of women, hastening with sanguinary curiosity to witness the last moments of the offender. The wretched youth was unable to ascend the ladder to the gallows, but was dragged up, and—in a few moments his remains were the sport of every blast—a melancholy warning to every passenger. The execution took place on a platform in front of the old Waag, or Weighing House,—one of the oldest public edifices in Amsterdam.

The people of Holland have frequently a primitive look, and the women, with their neatly bordered caps, have a very prim appearance. Wooden shoes turned up into points in front, which are much worn, look Dutch ! In Holland I observe something new to me in the way of vehicles. It is a carriage, with a body like an English one, placed on a sledge, suspended on springs, and drawn by one horse. It is needless to say that its pace is by no means so fast as that of the London cab. Many of the waggons have no shafts, and the horse is attached to the vehicle by chains only : the country being all flat, he has only to pull. The diligences, which are constructed like those of France, but are sometimes even more



clumsy, travel at a good pace, the roads being everywhere so level. Little carts drawn by dogs, and children's carriages by goats, are often seen : the poor dogs are often badly treated by their drivers, who are frequently, I am told, "*canaille sous tous les rapports.*"

On the 3rd I walked to the dock-yard, situated on the side towards the Zuyder Zee, and having in front a fine and spacious basin communicating with the Y. Being long ago tired of seeking "sights," I made no attempt to gain admission. The roofs erected over the slips (on which several large vessels were now building) appear to resemble those of our own dock-yards. I also saw the Exchange, a sombre-looking brick edifice near the Palace, supported on colonnades, and built round an oval enclosure. Here, daily at three o'clock, assemble merchants from many lands, to transact their affairs.

The population of Amsterdam is about two hundred and ten thousand ; thirty thousand of whom are Jews who, in Holland, enjoy the same privileges as the rest of the people. Speaking of privileges, I may quote the following.—"Every subject of the king is eligible to all employments, without distinction of birth or religious belief."

"The most precious of all rights, liberty of conscience, is guaranteed in the most formal manner.

Every religion is equally protected by the laws of the state."

The following day being Thursday, when the National Museum is open to the public, I went thither to see its celebrated collection of paintings which occupy a number of apartments. Amongst the most conspicuous, I remarked the large and famous painting of the "Night Watch" by Rembrandt, and Vanderhelst's magnificent picture representing the feast given by some of the officers of the Civic Guard of Amsterdam to the Spanish Ambassador, in commemoration of the Treaty of Munster, in 1648.

In the evening I visited the magnificent café of the Mille Colonnes (*De duizend colommen*). It is a large apartment surrounded with mirrors and columns, the latter of which, being everywhere reflected, appear almost innumerable. It is lighted by three large and elegant glass chandeliers. At the end opposite the entrance, on a kind of stage, are stationed musicians four of whom, attired in the Tyrolese costume, play and sing the songs of the Tyrol. The woman who sings has a beautiful manner of warbling in the throat—an intonation of the voice common, as I have before said, in Switzerland amongst whose mountain scenes it has a very pleasing effect. In person, this woman is, as some one remarked, a *miserable frau*, but her

voice is like the Siren's song ! There are also two Italians who sing Italian airs, and play on the guitar, and accompany their music with theatrical gesture. The price of admission is twelve styvers (or a shilling) if you take, what sounds very unpoetical, a glass of punch or spirit and water—eight, if you take coffee,—in addition to which you have the musical entertainment.

There are many inferior places of this sort, and amongst them is one (perhaps several) conducted by Jews, and sometimes called the “Jews' Theatre :” here, on a little stage, at the inner extremity, dramatic performances are given on a small scale.

There are numerous other establishments of a less reputable description (although in some of the last-named the society is far from select)—called Spiel-houses, conducted on a similar principle, and forming a kind of public seraglio. Some of these are situated in open parts of the town,—a publicity which does not seem to indicate a very high state of general morals. But these *pépinières d' enfer* are licensed by the government, and certainly the government that derives a revenue from such a source has much to answer for. Such haunts of infamy, however, are by no means peculiar to Amsterdam, nor to Holland.

Having mentioned such establishments, it is but fair that I should say that Amsterdam abounds,

more than most other cities, with philanthropic institutions, such as hospitals, asylums, and schools, and that it possesses a Workhouse perhaps unique in the world,—the object of which is the correction of slight offences as well as the relief of the distressed. Hither husbands may send their wives if they are guilty of intemperance or extravagance, and if these can be duly proved; and hither husbands may themselves be sent for the commission of similar offences! What would English husbands and wives say to such a House of Correction? They would, I suppose, consider it too great an invasion of the liberty of the subject.

On the 5th, at ten o'clock, I went on board the *Mercurius* steamer which transported me across the river, or rather bay of the Y (pronounced I), in about three quarters of an hour, to Saardam. From the vessel you have a good view of Amsterdam, and its forest of masts, but, save these and the houses, all is uninterrupted flatness. The chief object at Saardam is the hut in which Peter the Great lived and worked two years. It is a wooden cottage, now two hundred years old, with two apartments, and a closet where the monarch slept. An edifice of brick, supported on colonnades, is built over it for its preservation. In the cottage is a book of autographs in which you write your name and residence. As I waited for admit-



tance, my guide remarked "*Het is warm in de zon*"—a little observation on the weather I perfectly understood although I had not studied the Dutch language.

Saardam is a remarkably neat little town, or rather large village, containing eleven thousand inhabitants, and is, to the stranger, quite a curiosity. The gable ends of its little buildings face the street, and are usually of wood, and painted green. Many of the streets are intersected by canals crossed by steep bridges. The pavements here are mostly formed of small neat yellow bricks which, indeed, are much used in Holland for this purpose. Broek (pronounced Brook) a few miles hence, and which I did not visit, is still more neat than Saardam, and is said to be the most beautiful village in Holland.

The costume of the women of Saardam and its neighbourhood has a very original look: the bonnet projects in front, and the outer garment forms a little jacket. Some, too, wear a neat little cap fitting very close to the head, kept in place by large flat plates of metal, at each side, which are also often worn within, and half concealed by, the cap. These plates are generally of gold or silver, and often set with precious stones, many of the people being very rich. Caps and plates of this sort are also seen in other parts of Holland.

Never have I been so stared at as at Saardam ;—indeed the natives seem to regard a foreigner much as they would “ a whale ! ”

At one o'clock, I quitted the town in a sailing packet, and, after a passage of about an hour in a favourable wind, again reached Amsterdam,—my whole excursion having cost the small sum of half-a-crown.

Amsterdam was gay to-day in consequence of the Catholic festival of St. Nicholas ; and boys, dressed much like the mummers in England, were seen in the streets, in the evening, amidst crowds of people.

About eight o'clock, I went to the Frascati, an establishment like the Mille Colonne, but having a larger apartment, one indeed of vast size. This is elegantly fitted up, and illumined by nine immense glass chandeliers. The musicians occupy an orchestra at the side of the room, and the instruments are chiefly violins which do not please me so well as the Tyrolese music of yesterday evening. The admission here is also twelve styvers for which you can have a glass of punch, or something else of equal value, or coffee if you please. The company was large and generally genteel, but there was a mixture, and, at the same time, a harmony of feeling rarely met with in England in such an assembly. The waiters are numerous, and numbered, each having his num-

ber, inscribed on a brass plate, attached to his arm. As at the Mille Colonnes, and the cafés generally, they always bring you a fine clay pipe. These pipes, although superior in form and manufacture to those used in England, have a less genteel appearance than the more hookah-like pipes of Germany. The tobacco mostly used in Holland, which is the *c'naster*, is of a fragrant description, and is sold at a quarter the price of the same sort in England.

The winter resident in Amsterdam may find much to amuse him, and be merry in spite of the gloom and fogs which usually prevail in Holland at this season, when the weather is not frosty. There are three theatres, Dutch, French, and German, which as in England, are not allowed to be opened on Sundays. The Dutch is a large edifice with good interior decorations. One night, here, after the tragedy of "De Cid" there was a ballet named "Het Kasteel van Macgregor," *anglicè*, "The Castle of Macgregor." The Scotch plaids and costumes, although not of the best, recalled the Highlands. I observed that many amongst the spectators kept on their hats during the performance—a practice both unpolite and annoying. Coffee is served to the audience from an establishment in the theatre. In Holland, Belgium, and Germany, but not in France, women are admitted in the pit.

Another evening, at the French Theatre (the most fashionably attended of the three), I saw “*La Muette de Portici*,” an interesting historical opera, well known as representing Masaniello’s insurrection, at Naples, against the Spanish viceroy, in 1647. It was with this revolutionary performance that the Belgian Revolution commenced. The fisherman-attire of Masaniello and his comrades (by whom he was afterwards killed) transported me, in my mind’s eye, to Naples ; and the market-scene at Portici awakened pleasing associations.

The opera of “*William Tell*” is frequently performed at the German Theatre.

But enough.—I am neither an amateur nor a patroniser of theatricals ; and I doubt not that if their good were weighed in the balance against their evil—the instruction they afford against the dissipation they encourage—the latter would be found greatly to preponderate. Experience indeed has shown us that abuse is inseparable from them. If, however, they were always made, according to their original institution, the means of holding “as ’twere the mirror up to nature ; of showing virtue her own feature, scorn her own image,” and vice her own deformity, then might they afford valuable instruction.

The climate of Holland is certainly worse than our own variable clime, and from the marshiness



of the land, the number of stagnant canals, and the frequent fogs, must be far from salubrious : indeed that it is so the prevalence of fever during the autumn sufficiently proves. The Dutch have a less jolly appearance than the Germans, who appear to me generally fatter than the English, in spite of their appellation of John Bull.

The water of Amsterdam is, as may be supposed, bad and *graisse* ; and that which is used in the city is procured from a distance of some leagues, and sold in the streets at so much per pail.

There are many excellent cafés at Amsterdam, particularly in Kalver Straat, a bustling and much frequented street with good shops : here you may read newspapers and other publications in different languages. Amongst these, at one place, I found the London Courier (daily paper), Lloyd's List, the Penny and Saturday Magazines, and various similar works in English, French, Dutch, and German.

The 7th was Sunday, and a most gloomy day, the fog quite resembling a London one. I went to the " New Church " (Nieuwe Kerk) which, despite its name, is three hundred years old. It is a large and lofty building close to the Palace, with rather a light and elegant interior, and contains some handsome white marble monuments one of which is that of Admiral de Ruyter. It is

devoted to the Protestants of whom there are about three times as many as Catholics here. The men keep on their hats during the sermon, but I observed that when one handed his snuff-box to his neighbours, one of them moved his hat to him in refusal !

The number of windmills in Holland is remarkable, and you may sometimes count thirty, nay, even fifty or sixty, together : of these the large are flour-mills, and the small are for sawing wood, or for pumping water to drain the land. Holland may well be termed an “ amphibious world,” the water in its canals frequently being several feet above the level of the land :—it has been well said—

“ the broad ocean leans against the land,”

since, in some of the northern parts of this country, you may walk on *terra firma*, and hear the surges booming thirty or forty feet above you—repelled only by vast artificial banks.

Voltaire took leave of Holland in the following terms, “ *Adieu canards, canaux, canaille.*” I would by no means conclude that the last designation was a just one, but the Dutch generally make less *display* of politeness than the French.

Holland is an expensive country, and I am inclined to think *Englishmen* not unfrequently find it even more so than their own *dear* country. As

the land produces no vines, the wine of course comes from abroad: the usual sort, or *vin ordinaire*, is Bordeaux. The ordinary time of dining is two o'clock, but at some of the tables d' hôte I found four the hour.

Little mirrors placed obliquely, without, and at each side of, the windows of the houses, and which I had occasionally seen in Germany and Switzerland, are very frequent in Holland. Their purpose is to reflect the objects passing in the street, for the amusement of the inhabitants, more particularly, I suppose, the ladies.

On Sunday the 14th, I went to the Oude Kerk, and, afterwards, to the Westerkerk, both vast edifices, the latter of which has a very lofty tower, and an imposing appearance. The Old Church contains the tombs of several illustrious Dutchmen, but is more interesting to the stranger on account of the fine paintings on its windows, the subjects of which are Scriptural and Historical.

A favourite Sunday promenade is the Plantajie or Park, and in its neighbourhood are numerous carriage drives shaded by trees. Here are numerous cafés, and places of refreshment; but the surface of the ground offers no variety—being almost as flat as a billiard-table.

On the tables of the Dutch coffee-houses usually stand little brazen vessels of turf ashes (which retain fire) for lighting pipes. In the churches and

public places, in the trekschuits, and even at home, the ladies keep their feet warm (during the winter season) by placing them on boxes containing a little pan of this ignited turf, and pierced with holes, at the top, to let out the heat. Their feet, I AM TOLD, are often large and clumsy !—and it is said that this practice causes the complexion to become sallow, and the countenance to assume early the appearance of old age.

In travelling, I have made the observation that in Italy and Switzerland, England is regarded with admiration, whilst in Germany and Holland, many are fond of picking faults in it—a circumstance which perhaps shows a jealousy from which an unconfessed admiration may be inferred. In France there appears a mingled feeling : the disposition to find fault probably predominates, although I have heard several Frenchmen express their admiration of England, its productions, literature, &c.

The Germans, in accordance with their love of *vaterland*, have a very high opinion of their own language, and I have heard many of them speak of it as entirely original : with a slight knowledge of the language, however, it is easy to find many of its words which are derived from the Latin, whilst others are derived from Greek—a language with which the German is well known to have considerable grammatical analogy. They have,



too, a prejudice against English, which to *my* ear (I try to judge impartially) is much more harmonious and liquid, and, of course, less harsh and guttural. Still the German language is allowed to be a fine and a comprehensive one, and perhaps affords a greater variety of expression than most of the other European tongues. I should add that I have met with individuals amongst the Germans, who appreciated the beauties of our literature; and I have heard the works of Shakspeare, Byron, Scott, and Bulwer spoken of by them with admiration: most of those who are competent to judge would probably express themselves in a similar manner.

On Thursday, the 18th, I again went to the Museum where, amongst other paintings, I observed the portrait of Peter the Great, in whose countenance there is a greater expression of austerity than I should have expected to see. A small picture, here, of the Evening School by Candlelight, is valued at forty thousand guilders, and is certainly a most admirable production: the glare of the candles, shedding light on the neighbouring objects, appears true to nature. I might give a long catalogue of paintings and the names of their painters, but this would be *serrying* my *columns* without affording any amusement to the reader. The Wolf Hunt by Snyders was, if I

recollect right, amongst the paintings of this collection.

Dec. 20th. This afternoon I quitted Amsterdam with some regret, and proceeded by trekschuit to Haarlem which is at a distance of about eight miles. The canal and road are parallel to each other, and run through a flat country almost entirely devoid of interest. About mid-way, we had to change barges, and proceed a short distance on foot—not a very pleasant operation in the cold and dark, as it now was. The only explanation of this proceeding that I could get from the *schipper* was—“*Eene andere schuit, Mynheer,*”—but I afterwards found that the necessity of changing boats arose from our having to cross the artificial neck or isthmus which divides the Y from the Haarlem Meer.

The day I spent at Haarlem was Sunday, which I had selected because the most convenient for seeing the interior of St. Bavon, the largest church in Holland, and containing, *it is said*, the largest organ in Europe. I doubt, however, the correctness of the latter assertion, and am inclined to think that the organ of St. Lawrence at Rotterdam is both a larger and a more powerful instrument.

The church of St. Bavon stands in the middle of a large square displaying some curiously ornamented houses, and is imposing from its vastness ;

but its whitewashed interior looks poor after the temples of Italy. At one end, crowned with the royal arms, is the grand organ which certainly did not strike me as being superior in sound to some others I had heard,—but it is unfair to form a judgment from hearing it on an ordinary occasion. I heard it a second time in the evening when the church had a grand appearance, being lighted from long lines of brazen chandeliers.

Haarlem is a neat town containing a population of from eighteen to nineteen thousand, but after Amsterdam appears sadly deficient in animation. It is embellished with pleasant promenades prettily arranged on the site of the demolished fortifications, and, like the other towns of Holland, is intersected by canals shaded with trees. In the square are two large coffee-houses, one of which is of grand dimensions. In quietude these formed a striking contrast to similar places of resort in France, but the roistering sounds which issued from some neighbouring public-houses might have rivalled those of the most disorderly beer-house in England.

There is much neatness about these Dutch towns, and a certain *trimness* which is not observed even in England. This arises from the all-pervading use of brick of which the houses, pavements, and frequently the high roads are composed. The bricks with which the roads are

paved are a durable sort, generally of a yellow colour, and form a smooth surface very agreeable to travel on.

In taking a walk to-day in the neighbourhood, my eyes were relieved by the sight of rather a long range of hillocks rising to nearly double the height of the houses which stood at their base, and which were now to me somewhat of a rarity ! Holland, if seen immediately after Italy, would appear

“ weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,”

but in visiting it, as I did, after an interval of three or four months, you would pronounce it a country by no means devoid of interest. It is an artificial world, and may be called, like Venice, “ *unica al mondo*.”

At the table d' hôte of my inn, I dined with three Belgian officers in the Dutch service, and two or three other gents., who, after my departure, amused themselves with drinking fourteen bottles of Champagne, eating oysters, singing, and, finally, by breaking to pieces every article in the room, including tables, chairs, cigar-box, &c. —an intellectual amusement which they prolonged until half-past one on Monday morning. At each fracture there was a tremendous roar of laughter which reached my ears in the room above.

Haarlem is celebrated for its gallant defence, in 1572, against the Spaniards, to whom it was at



length compelled to surrender. It was three days after the surrender that the inhuman Duke of Alva arrived, and gave evidence of his presence by wreaking his vengeance on the garrison and the citizens : the scenes of blood which followed were most appalling,—men, women, and children, the sick, the defenceless, and the innocent, were alike included in the diabolical massacre which now took place.

On the 22nd, at two o'clock, I again proceeded, per trekschuit, for Leyden which I reached at six, after a slow voyage through a productive, but, as regards the picturesque, a totally uninteresting flat. The distance is about twelve miles. A few steps from the place of landing, I reached the inn to which I had been recommended, the Goude Molen, or Golden Mill, where I found a civil landlord and a quiet apartment.

Leyden is another neat and brick-built city with canals and trees, but destitute of that air of gaiety so essential to a single traveller. The number of inhabitants is about thirty thousand. There is one street here more animated than the rest, containing good shops, two or three of which are splendid.

In the morning, I visited the Museum of Natural History, a large edifice containing an extensive collection of skeletons and stuffed specimens of animals, reptiles, birds, &c. There are some

fine specimens of crocodiles, and numerous interesting objects. In the mineral department I observed an immense topaz from Ceylon, weighing twelve pounds, which is considered almost unique for its size, and valued at a great sum.

Near the Museum, on the opposite side of a canal, is the University, an edifice whose appearance is less brilliant than its reputation.

In the window of a neighbouring book-shop I observed Irving's *Alhambra*, translated into Dutch: under the vignette was this extract,—“*Ik ben een zoon van de Alhambra*”—“I am a son of the Alhambra.” The Dutch have few modern writers of celebrity, and the greater part of the books printed in Holland are translations from French, English, and German. Many of the compositions in their periodical works appear to me to be borrowed from those of other countries:—I see, for instance, a work resembling the English Penny Magazine, from which many of the articles are evidently taken.

Late in the afternoon, I went to that singular old edifice, the Town Hall, to see the pictures it contains, but, as it had become, to use the words of the attendant, “*te donker*,” I deferred my inspection of them till the following morning.

Of these paintings the two most remarkable are the Siege, and Relief of Leyden, in 1574. The former is a vast and noble production by Van

Bree, representing the devotion of the Burgo-master, Van de Werff. It was when the inhabitants—reduced to the last extremity by the sword, by famine, and by pestilence—called on him to give them food, or surrender the town, that he returned this heroic answer:—"I have sworn that I will never surrender myself or my fellow-citizens, to the cruel and perfidious Spaniards; and I will die rather than violate my oath. Food I have none, or I would give it to you; but if my death can be of use to you, take me, tear me in pieces, and devour me;—I shall die with satisfaction if I know that my death will benefit you, and protract your noble defence." In the picture before us, the horrors of starvation are admirably depicted in the haggard countenances of the dying, and the ghastly pallidity of the dead.

The siege had lasted a considerable time when the States-General came to the desperate resolution of relieving Leyden by demolishing the dikes, and laying a large extent of their country under water. This expedient was at first unsuccessful, as the waters did not rise sufficiently high to endanger the besiegers; but at length a storm arose, and the swelling billows of the ocean were blown tempestuously on the land. In its onward movement the flood reached and surrounded the forts of the Spaniards, great numbers of whom, as they attempted to fly, were swallowed up by

the insatiate waters. Thus was the relief of Leyden effected.

At Catwyk, two leagues from Leyden, are the celebrated works which repel the force of the Noord Zee, or North Sea. They afford a grand example of Dutch enterprise and perseverance which surmounted what was pronounced an impossibility.

On the 24th, at half-past one, I again went on board a trekschuit, to glide along “the slow canal,” and between “the willow-tufted bank.” I had mistaken the hour for starting of the direct boat for the Hague, and went by another which conveyed me within a short distance of that place. Having performed the first part of my voyage, I had to wait about a quarter of an hour, for a second boat, at the cottage of a happy old Dutch couple who were drinking their cup of tea—a little incident which gave a variety to the trip. The cottage, its occupants, and its tidy but antique furniture had, I thought, all, an English look. The country, though flat, was a little more interesting than that I had lately passed through,—country-boxes being occasionally seen at the canal-side, especially as we approached the Hague.

Travelling by diligence seems generally preferred, by the people of the country, to that by the trekschuit, and is little more expensive. Foreigners, however, frequently prefer the latter, on



account of its novelty. In summer it must be very agreeable, but at present most would prefer the more speedy conveyance.

The Hague—the seat of Dutch royalty—is another amphibious town, and a most agreeable place,—containing from forty to fifty thousand inhabitants. It has many fine open squares, and promenades, and its houses generally have no appearance of being crowded together. The neighbourhood is very pleasant, and the Bosch, or Wood, in which there is a palace of the King, is delightful. It is a forest laid out with promenades and ponds, and the shade of its lofty trees must be most grateful in summer : indeed it must then be a paradise. Its noble oaks are regarded quite with veneration by the Dutch, and to injure a twig of them would almost be like committing sacrilege.

The day after my arrival being Christmas Day (in Dutch *Kersmes*, and in French *La fête de Noël*) the Wood was much frequented, and there was a grand display of Dutch gentility. Amongst the crowd I saw many pretty faces whose owners might have passed for my own *jolies compatriotes*. Christmas here is well observed—people went to church, and business was almost suspended. The following day was also a *jour de fête* nearly as well kept.

The night of my arrival I went to a large café,

of which there are several good ones here. Whilst there, a company of musicians entered, and played beautifully, amongst other tunes, “ *Green Hills of Tyrol.*” These musicians are much encouraged in Holland, and, at the tables d’ hôte, you are frequently regaled with music in addition to the more substantial part of the repast.

At the Hague, as at Amsterdam, &c., are *Societeits* where most of the principal gazettes of Europe are to be found, and where you drink coffee or what you please. These establishments appear to answer to the News-rooms which exist in many of our large towns. To procure admission, an introduction from one of the subscribers is necessary for a stranger.

On the 26th, I walked to Scheveling, a village of fishermen about two miles from the Hague, remarkable as the place where, on the overthrow of Napoleon’s power, William the First (Willem de Eerste) set foot on his native soil : here he landed in November, 1813, after his exile in England of twenty years. Scheveling is situated at the side of the sea, which I had not seen since I glided in a gondola over the blue and sparkling waves of the Adriatic. The broad expanse of waters stretching to the horizon and forming a grand semicircle, the long line of fishing vessels extending along the shore whilst others were heaving in the spray, the sandy beach with its picturesque

groupings of fishermen with their pointed wooden shoes, formed, altogether, a varied and interesting scene. The old road to this place runs, nearly the whole distance, through an avenue of lofty trees with a shady walk on each side. The new road is less interesting, being cut over a common of sand.

In my return by the latter route, I passed the Queen's Pavilion, a pretty little palace for summer resort with a portico of four handsome columns, and having a recumbent statue on each side of the entrance. Near this, I reached a fine establishment of baths (in Dutch, *Badhuis* !), which has a large and magnificent apartment fitted up as a café, with tables formed of elegant marble slabs. Here you take what beverage you please according to the *Tarief*. Besides the baths, there are a number of elegant rooms which may be hired as lodgings, and which are much resorted to in the summer season. The establishment is close to the sea-shore, and commands the far-stretching expanse of waters. Leaving it by a long line of brick-paved road across a desert of sand, I reached, near the Hague, a new cemetery where I remarked, as most conspicuous, the tomb of an officer who fell during the Siege of Antwerp.

On the 27th, I visited the Royal Museum at the Hague, which contains a number of Dutch antiquities, curiosities from savage countries, objects

from Japan and China, a model of a Japan town (made in Holland), &c. Here are also seen some Japanese arms, a palanquin, and models of Mont Blanc and the Simplon. Indeed the collection is a very interesting one. Above-stairs, is an excellent gallery of paintings which, however, I only partly inspected to-day.

Hence I walked through the Royal Wood to see the Painted Hall in the Palace. After having been conducted through several apartments displaying Chinese paper-hangings and tapestries, I reached the grand hall just alluded to, which is completely covered with splendid paintings—mostly the productions of the disciples of Rubens, and one or two by the prince of Flemish painters himself. The largest painting is by Jordaens, and represents a triumph of Frederick Henry after having defeated the Spaniards: there are many others of which his triumphs are the subject. Here are seen, too, the Muses, the Cyclops, Aurora, Father Time with his “*falce tagliente*,” and numerous other personages of equal reputation.

The next day being Sunday, I went to a reformed church near my inn—which was well attended by an apparently attentive congregation. I observe in Holland a much larger proportion of men in the churches than in those parts of the Continent I have hitherto visited. I am *informed*, however, there is more show than substance, but



where is this not the case? At any rate, a good attendance at church shows a homage paid to religion very different from what is seen in France. It is to be observed that Calvinism, not Catholicism, is the prevailing religion of Holland.

I afterwards entered one of the Catholic churches—an elegant temple with a portico supported on massive columns. I then walked to the delightful promenade of the Wood, which presented an animated scene,—and again to the palace-like edifice of the Baths near Scheveling.

The Dutch language is a very difficult one—more so even than the German, although it is a relief to the eye to find the plain Roman character in use, instead of the unintelligible black letter. From its relationship with the English—Dutch is more easy for an Englishman than for persons of many other nations, but to a Frenchman, it almost amounts to an *entire prohibition*! It is not displeasing from the mouth of an educated female, but the lower classes give it a barbarous, guttural pronunciation:—the latter, it is consequently more difficult to understand. The Dutch acquire foreign languages with facility; and, here, I am immediately recognised as an Englishman, in speaking French, from my accent; although, in other parts, I have frequently passed, for a short time, for a *veritable Français*. This I mention to show that the Dutch have a good ear

for language ;—I glory more in the name of Briton than in being supposed to belong to “ *La Grande Nation*.”

On Monday, I again visited the Museum which contains seven apartments of excellent paintings. Amongst many groups of cattle, the celebrated Bull by Paul Potter, a young one the size of life, attracts attention ; and amongst the pictures of Rembrandt, is one of doctors engaged in dissecting a body, and a small one of Simeon and the Infant Jesus. Many hours may be spent most agreeably in these galleries, and you may visit, and revisit them with pleasure. Here, indeed, are subjects for every mood—from scenes on which the eye delights to repose to those that excite the mind, or harrow up the feelings—from “ Adam and Eve in Paradise ” to the “ Death of Abel ”—from a “ Calm at Sea ” to the tumults of “ Battle ”—from smiling nymphs to Massacres of Innocents—from the sunny landscape to the gloom of night enveloping the wild scenery of mountain solitudes.

In the evening, I entered, for the first time, the Zuid Hollandsche Koffy-huis (pronounced *zoud*, and *house*) which has an apartment of enormous dimensions, lighted by large and elegant glass chandeliers, and furnished with two billiard tables. Here, a good variety of French, as well as Dutch, papers, and other publications, is found. Amongst the number of excellent cafés which the Hague

affords is one much frequented by Englishmen. It is styled the "Café Royal," and is kept by a Dutchman, whose wife is an Englishwoman, and always gives a kind welcome to her countrymen.

On the 30th of December, I quitted the Hague for Rotterdam which is distant thirteen miles, or about four hours per trekschuit. An hour and a half from the Hague is Delft noted as the birth-place of Hugo Grotius, and *once* celebrated for its earthenware manufactories: it is a quiet, neat, brick, Dutch town—in short like the rest, except that it has less animation than some of the larger places.

Between the Hague and this town, the banks of the canal are enlivened with villas and cottages, but afterwards the traveller may slumber, and scarcely lose, windmills being nearly the only objects. One or two of my companions did indeed slumber, and, after having filled the cabin with a cloud of smoke

"Nulli penetrabilis astro,"—

breathed forth the "droning music of the vocal nose" with striking effect.

At Delft, the barges were changed, and I had to walk from one extremity of the town to the other—which is a considerable distance.

We left Schiedam at a distance on the right. At Rotterdam I stopped at the Hôtel de St. Lucas,

a reasonable inn, whence the diligences start. It is in Hoog Straat, or High Street,—a bustling thoroughfare in which the principal shops are situated.

The bedrooms in Holland are warmly carpeted, and have a look of English comfort. At my inn at Haarlem (L' Hôtel de Madame Quinterne) the bed was placed in an alcove or neat little apartment opening from the other which was a nicely furnished sitting-room.

In Holland, they are at present very particular with regard to passports; and foreigners are obliged to present themselves at the Police Office within six hours after their arrival at a town. Soon after reaching an inn, a paper is handed you to be filled up with a number of particulars amongst which are even your birthplace, and present residence in your own country.

New Year's Day is observed here like Christmas Day, and the churches are well attended. The shops are not *completely* shut as in England on Christmas Day, but their doors are closed.

On the previous night I was reminded of the Fifth of November by the number of fire-works and *rappers* let off by the boys in the street, by way of "ringing out the old year."

Rotterdam is situated on the broad Meuse, and contains about seventy thousand inhabitants. It is superfluous to say that it is a great place of



commerce, and that it bears a resemblance to Amsterdam, to which it is second in importance. Many of its canals are very large, allowing ships of the greatest burden to penetrate into the midst of the city, and unload at the warehouse-doors : indeed they have rather the appearance of rivers and basins. Houses with their gables towards the street, and ludicrously painted, are not so numerous here as I had supposed from the descriptions I have frequently read. As elsewhere, bricks of small size constitute the almost universal building material. The front walls of the houses are frequently out of perpendicular, and seem to threaten the passenger.

In walking in the neighbourhood of these Dutch towns, I have often been struck with the artificial appearance of everything, and the very ground on which I trod sometimes appeared to be composed of chippings of brick and rubbish.

On the 2nd of January, I left Rotterdam, at one o'clock, to return to the Hague, for the purpose of obtaining my *permission* to enter Belgium, from the English Ambassador, to whom I had previously applied, and who obliged me by procuring the necessary pass from the Dutch authorities. To-day was the first time I had travelled by trekschuit under a blue sky, and an unclouded sun. I thus reached Delft whence I walked to

the Hague. My short journey was very pleasant, and the walking part occupied an hour and a quarter at a good steady pace.

The people of the trekschuits have an ingenious plan for allowing their vessels to pass each other. The drawing ropes are attached to low masts which are allowed to fall by means of a hinge. On the approach of two boats towards each other, one of these masts is lowered so as to allow one boat to pass beneath the drawing rope of the other.

The next day I received my *permission* on application ; and, on the 4th, again walked to Scheveling, the Bath-house, and the sea. The weather was most charming—*un temps superbe* ; indeed I have been remarkably fortunate in having good weather at the Hague. In returning to my inn, in the evening about a quarter past ten, I encountered a party of some twenty people (mostly women) returning from their Sunday carousals, and all singing most merrily in chorus. There were several other parties thus concluding their Sunday's amusement. There is much stupidity in the lower classes here, who seem

“ Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.”

If you ask a question, you must pronounce the words exactly as they do (not the easiest thing in

the world for a foreigner), or they cannot comprehend you : indeed they sadly want enlightenment.

5th. Still *un temps magnifique*, but cold enough to freeze the ponds in the Wood. I again visited the Gallery of Paintings (*schilderyen*), and derived pleasure from my visit.

8th. To-day the pictures of my childhood have been realized in seeing Dutchmen skating on their canals with their pipes in their mouths. Hundreds of persons, amongst whom ladies were seen to mingle, were thus amused. In the evening the weather changed, and the next day it was mild and rainy, and the ice thawed rapidly.

I now took leave of the Hague, not without regret, and returned to Rotterdam partly on foot, and partly by *trekschuit*.

10th. Here I am again amidst the busy sons of commerce—the grand forte of the Dutch. Indeed traffic is too much their forte, begetting an avaricious spirit : money, money, money is the main object ; for this they

—“calmly bent, to servitude conform.”

It is not to be denied that

“Industrious habits in each bosom reign ;”

indeed the nature of the country, and, if I may be

allowed the expression, the precarious tenure by which it is held of the ocean seem to require them.

“ But,” says our poet,

—“ view them closer, craft and fraud appear,  
E'en liberty itself is bartered here :”—

and I am sorry to have had a confirmation of the first of these lines in the attempt made by my landlord to charge me *English* prices.

The weekly splashing of windows and washing of pavements announce it Saturday in this cleanly country. For neatness in their streets, houses, and shops, I will give the inhabitants that praise which is due to them.

The Cathedral of Rotterdam (St. Lawrence) is an enormous pile containing a very large and a very fine organ—to which I have before alluded. In speaking of the churches of Holland, I must not forget to mention their pretty carillons or chimes :—in the solitude of my apartment I was one day enlivened by hearing the *carillonneur* of the tower of St. Lawrence, strike up the Triumphant March in Masaniello. The effect of the carillons, when their tones

“ By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep,”

is very pleasing, and they breathe forth a sweet music not unlike the notes of a soft and well-toned organ.



The Exchange is a fine modern edifice, and worthy of a large commercial city.

At an excellent coffee-house here, styled the London Coffee-house, I read the daily Times Newspaper which is particularly interesting now from containing information respecting the elections in England, consequent on a Tory Ministry coming into office.

On the 14th of January, about five o'clock in the morning, I seated myself in the diligence, and quitted Rotterdam for Antwerp in company with several other travellers—Dutch, French, and American. In our way to Breda we had to cross three broad ferries, two of which were on the Meuse, and performed in large boats or flying bridges; and the third in a steam-vessel over what may be called an estuary of the same river, forming a passage of considerable length.

The second ferry brought us to Dort, or Dordrecht, a large, ancient, and thinly inhabited town situated on an island formed by the Meuse. In 1421, this island was divided from the mainland by an irruption of the rivers, which destroyed the embankments, overwhelmed seventy-two villages, and engulfed in a watery grave no less than one hundred thousand persons.

Proceeding continually over a flat country abounding with water, we reached, about mid-day, the strongly fortified city of Breda. This is less

intersected by canals than most of the other towns, and is so surrounded by fortifications as to appear impregnable. It is a grand military station, and is occupied at present by the celebrated General Chassé and his troops. From Breda I set off with three others for West Wezel in a carriage we had hired for the purpose. At Groot Zundert, the last village on the Dutch frontier, I gave up my *permission* which only availed for once, or, in the words of the pass, was "*goed voor een maal.*" We now crossed the frontier, and reached West Wezel, the first village on the Belgian side. Here the passports were examined and *visé* as they had frequently been before. Indeed the frequent examination of passports, the double one of baggage, the three changes of vehicles, and the three ferries rendered the day's journey one of rather a tedious description. The passage from Holland into Belgium was, however, effected, without the necessity of returning to Germany, as I had, some time before, been assured I should be obliged to do. It is to be hoped that the two rival powers may ere long settle their differences, and that travellers will be relieved from the trouble and delay of procuring an extra passport.

At five o'clock, we left West Wezel by the diligence, in which we reached Antwerp about eight. Immediately after crossing the frontier, you find the French language spoken. The military too

have a more French look, and more martial *tournure* and deportment than those of the Dutch, although the latter do not *fight* badly.

I now had to bid adieu to the land of smokers—for the Dutch smoke almost everywhere and anywhere. At Antwerp I immediately found on entering a café that, instead of bringing me a pipe as a thing of course, they told me it was *defendu de fumer* ! There are, however, many good *estaminets*, or cafés where you are perfectly at liberty to

“inhale the tranquillizing herb.”

The difference between the Dutch and Belgian towns is remarkable, and it seems quite astonishing that within so short a distance there should be so much. Instead of the neat little brick edifices of Holland with their clean brick pavements, you find, at Antwerp, lofty houses covered with a light plaster, and streets entirely paved with stone. Everything indeed has more of a French air, even down to the horses and carts ; and the people, instead of the quietude of Holland, have an animated manner. The dress and manners of the *beau monde* are completely French.

The general religion of Belgium is Catholic, whilst in Holland (I need not repeat it), the Protestant predominates. So striking indeed is the difference, generally speaking, in habits, religion,

and language between the two nations that one is scarcely surprised that they found it difficult to remain under the same government. Still, their commerce has suffered by the separation, and Belgium, the greater sufferer of the two, finds she has lost, in Holland, a good market for her manufactures, iron, coal, stone, &c.

The costume of the female peasantry of Flanders is picturesque, particularly the cap which descends over the shoulders on each side in large flaps. This head-dress extends also into Holland, and I had remarked it at Breda. The *bourgeoises* wear a black scarf which is passed over the head, and falls over the shoulders in the style of the Spanish mantilla and the Genoese mezzaro.

The Catholic churches of Antwerp are well worthy the attention of the traveller. The Cathedral is a magnificent specimen of light Gothic architecture, and the size and elegance of its interior have a striking effect. In the transept are the two celebrated pictures of Rubens, representing the "Elevation of the Cross," and the "Descent" from it; and each of these is furnished with wings consisting of smaller paintings by the same great master. The elegant spire which, from its loftiness, and open, *corally* look, reminded me of that of Strasbourg, is, according to the highest computation, four hundred and sixty feet in height: this, however, is probably somewhat



above the mark. It is at the fall of evening, when the incense emits a grateful odour, that I like to enter the cathedral—to stalk across its sounding pavement, or stand, absorbed in reverie, in the gloom of some shadowy projection. It is then that the magnitude of the building, its long ranges of stately columns, the majestic vistas of its seven aisles, the hum of devotion, and the occasional glimmering of the lamps combine to produce an awe-inspiring influence. On Sunday evenings, the broad floor of the church is thronged with people—a circumstance not remarkable since the music is truly enchanting,—but certainly more calculated to gratify the ear than to inspire devotion.

The Church of St. Jacques is a splendid structure adorned with paintings and marbles, and may rank with the churches of Italy. It was built by the Spaniards many of whom, of high families, are interred within its walls. Here, too, is the Tomb of Rubens one of whose masterpieces is placed above the urn which contains his ashes. This painting serves “a double debt to pay,” representing, according to the taste of those who view it, the Family of Rubens or the Holy Family.

The Churches of St. Paul and St. Andrew are also vast and imposing edifices embellished with marbles and paintings; and that of the Jesuits (dedicated to San Carlo Borromeo) commands attention. In it is a chapel completely surrounded

with beautiful marbles and pictures. After the battle of Waterloo, this church was occupied as a hospital by the wounded British soldiers.

I, one morning, entered the Church of St. Augustine which, though smaller than many of the others, well deserves a visit : it is a very elegant structure containing several fine paintings by Rubens, Vandyk, and other masters.

It is a pity that nearly all the churches, the cathedral included, should be so shut in by houses, which are actually built against them ; but it is probable that this circumstance has saved them from destruction.

The Museum displays many paintings most of which were brought from churches that have been demolished. It contains many masterpieces of Rubens, Vandyk, Jordaens, Seghers and others, and amongst them is Rubens' wonderful production representing " Christ crucified between the two thieves." The building appropriated to the Museum has two large apartments, and was formerly the church of a convent. Many of the churches of Antwerp are now converted into warehouses.

Whilst at Antwerp, I went twice to the English church, which is, rather, an old chapel neatly fitted up—in the Rue des Tanneurs : it is pleasing in a foreign country to hear a good sermon delivered in one's mother tongue.

At the corners of many of the streets, are images representing the Crucifixion, and others of

“The Virgin Mother, and the God-born Child.”

Notwithstanding these external demonstrations of religion there is a vast number of most abandoned characters at Antwerp; and disreputable establishments like those I mentioned at Amsterdam, exist here, I am told, on an amazingly extensive scale.

In speaking to the lady of the café where I breakfast, respecting the churches, &c., she tells me that many of those persons who frequent them the most, and appear to pray so fervently, go there to meditate evil (rather a bold assertion by the bye), or, in the words of our erratic bard, are

“e’en in penance planning sins anew.”

Many a fraudulent debtor, she adds, is half afraid to quit the church lest he should be assailed by his clamorous creditors.

Antwerp has several fine *places* amongst which the Place Verte, and the Place de Mer may be mentioned. The former is a large square planted with trees, adjoining the cathedral, and the latter may rather be termed a broad open street of considerable length, and imposing effect. The square

in front of the Hôtel de Ville is the chief market-place, and is rendered remarkably picturesque by the lofty and antiquated buildings which enclose it :—indeed many parts of Antwerp present worthy subjects for the artist's pencil, from the antiquity and picturesque appearance of the houses. As in Holland, the gable ends frequently face the street, and their pointed tops rise curiously in steps.

The Hôtel de Ville, or Stad-huis, is a large stone edifice with a marble façade which has become dark with the sombre tinge of Time. One day, in crossing the square in front of it, I observed a crowd of people assembled ; they were gazing at a sheepish-looking criminal who was chained to a pillar, and whose offence (a theft) was inscribed at full length on a placard placed before him.

Whilst at Antwerp, the house of Rubens was pointed out to me as one of the curiosities, but I thought it had not a sufficient air of antiquity to give it full interest.

The Exchange, which formed a model for that of London, is an antiquated edifice built on colonnades surrounding a court. I one day remarked, in this neighbourhood, a singular sign : it was the figure of a human head with the mouth wide open, with the double inscription, "*In den gaeper* " and "*Au bâilleur.*"

The new Theatre of Antwerp is perhaps scarcely



excelled for completeness, and seems the very acmè of convenience and elegance. Its decorations are superb, and its saloon for loungers, adjoining which is a café, cannot be surpassed for elegance. Beneath its circular front, within which is the saloon, carriages drive in, under cover, to land their fair passengers. The revolutionary opera of “La Muette de Portici” is all the rage here, and is continually performed. Another opera much in vogue at present, on the Continent, is *Frà Diavolo*, ou *L’Hôtellerie de Terracine*. In this, an unfortunate English traveller and his lady are represented as being robbed by Italian banditti, and indeed are sadly caricatured.

Near the theatre is the Botanical Garden, a pretty little enclosure in the midst of the town.

The docks of Antwerp are very fine, and would require little labour to make them extremely complete. Of the two magnificent basins formed by Napoleon one is said to be capable of containing thirty-four sail of the line, and the other fourteen. Here I saw vessels from many ports—British, French, American, and Italian—seamen of different aspects, from our own Jack Tar to the swarthy *marinero* of the Mediterranean.

The quays bordering the Scheld (pronounced Skeld in Flemish, as in English) form an agreeable promenade. The Tête de Flandres—a small,

fortified village—is seen on the opposite shore which has rather a barren look.

With all its advantages, Antwerp has, in many parts, an air of loneliness and desolation—a fact easily accounted for, when you consider that, instead of the two hundred thousand inhabitants it once contained, it now only numbers seventy thousand. How is the aspect of this city changed since that period when it was a grand emporium for the world—equalled alone, in commercial importance, by the “earth-commanding” Venice herself!

Most of the inhabitants speak both French and Flemish, but there are many amongst the lower classes who understand only Flemish. This language or *patois*, as it may be termed, very much resembles Dutch, and has a slight mixture of French. When written, it has the appearance of an ill-spelt Dutch, many of the words being the same except that you frequently see an *e* for an *a*, and so on. There is a vast contrast between this language and French with regard to elegance; and I have remarked that when persons, who have been speaking French, have spoken a few sentences of Flemish, they seemed, with regard to language, transformed from gentlemen to peasants.

In Belgium, the surface of the country is gene-

rally level, or varied only by gentle undulations : the soil is extremely rich and productive, and abounds much less with water than the dead flats of Holland.

At Antwerp I fixed my residence at the Grand Hôtel de St. Antoine, an excellent establishment having seventy apartments, and, like some other Continental inns I have met with, enclosing a quadrangular court. Here you pay a franc and a half per day for a good room, and two francs for an excellent dinner at the table d' hôte which displays a great variety of dishes. The wine chiefly consumed here is Bordeaux which costs three francs a bottle.

The table d' hôte, like his German pipe

(“ A beacon which may cheer ten thousand nights ! ”)

is a great resource for the single traveller who meets at it men of almost all nations, and nearly every grade. I have myself dined with men of almost every condition from a waggoner up to a noble, and from a private soldier to an officer of high rank. Amongst those who frequented the table d' hôte at Antwerp was a party of merchants from whose discussions I sometimes derived amusement. One of them might have rivalled Howitt himself in declaiming against priests and priestcraft.

The periodicals one sees in the cafés here,

appear to be, generally, remarkably puerile productions, and to want the solidity of those of England. I find, however, one or two of a rational and instructive character. The frequenters of the cafés are perpetually playing either dominos, billiards, cards, or some other game of hazard, and are seldom seen poring, for any length of time, over literary productions.

I of course did not leave Antwerp without visiting its famed citadel. On presenting, at the gate, the card of permission I had obtained from the general, an officer very politely stepped forward, and procured me a guide who pointed out the chief objects of interest. The buildings in the interior of the citadel were completely destroyed, and the ground was covered with their *debris*, and scattered remnants. Everywhere, may still be seen the holes formed by the terrific bombs of the French.

The first object to which my attention was directed was the hospital for the wounded Dutch soldiers, a kind of large hut rendered bomb-proof with *fascines* and earth. Just without, a sunken spot in the ground marks the place where the dead from this place of sighs were buried. Near here, was the kitchen formed much like the hospital, and into which a bomb entered at the chimney, killing two men. I next saw the part where the breach was effected, and which was nearly practi-



cable when the garrison surrendered. It is now completely repaired, as well as a great part of the citadel. Hence Marshal Gérard's position was pointed out to me, also a point of the fortifications which was undermined, and blown up by the French who succeeded, too, in drawing off the ten feet of water in the moat before the breach. The walls in this neighbourhood were everywhere shattered with balls, the holes formed by which are now repaired, and numbered.

Passing over ground which was occupied by barracks whose foundations even, are now scarcely to be observed, I reached the retreat of General Chassé in one of the bastions. This has the appearance of a cellar, and is rendered completely bomb-proof, having above it, four feet of masonry, and ten of earth. Here the general resided a month, lighted only by candles or lamps; and here was held the Council of Defence. Near this, is the powder-magazine close by which the traces of immense bombs are still seen.

The Dutch gallantly defended the citadel, and held out to the last extremity, but the terrific energy of the French was not to be resisted. The latter, according to my guide, lost fifteen hundred men, the former, only about four hundred; but other accounts make the Dutch loss rather more, and that of the French much less: the Dutch garrison consisted of about four thousand.

The population of Holland is about two millions and a half, whilst that of her revolted province (if I may call it so), Belgium, is nearly four millions. Notwithstanding the smallness of her population, Holland raised, to suppress the insurrection, an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men.

The city of Antwerp is, itself, enclosed by strong fortifications and broad fosses which command attention. The only injury the city received, during the siege of its citadel, was the destruction of a few houses in the immediate vicinity.

On February the 2nd, I left Antwerp at four in the afternoon, and proceeded by diligence towards the seat of the Belgian government, the route to which lies over a flat, but rich, fertile, and woody country abounding with population. At six o'clock, we reached Mechlin, or Malines, an ancient city of considerable size, celebrated for its lace manufactories, and having a cathedral of enormous dimensions. Mechlin was one of those places which fell a prey to the barbarity of the Spaniards,—who, in 1572, under the monster Alva, pounced on the unresisting citizens, and plundered and massacred them without mercy.

The country from hence to Brussels is intersected by a great number of canals. We reached the capital a little before nine, having travelled with tolerable speed in consequence of the oppo-

sition, or *concurrence*, as the French call it, existing on this road between the diligence proprietors.

I already found less trouble than before with regard to passports which were not even required to be *visé* at Antwerp—one advantage which results to the traveller in a country enjoying a liberal government. At Brussels my passport rests in the hands of the police during my stay. This document is the wonder of every one who sees it, from its immense length and numerous *visas*, and I talk of presenting it to the British Museum on my arrival in London !

Brussels is a fine city, but not so generally fine as I had expected to see it. It is well situated on a hill, and I now found it a pleasure once more to walk up an ascent instead of always on level ground. The lower part of the city, called the old town, is not agreeable, the streets being, in many parts, dirty, narrow, and irregular. The upper part, however, in the neighbourhood of the Park, and inhabited by the genteel classes, is princely, and imposing. The city has one chief commercial thoroughfare leading up to the splendid *Place Royale*, and answering, for instance, to the line of Fore Street, at Exeter : although narrower, and inferior to this in the style and regularity of its shops, it greatly surpasses it in gaiety and display.

The cafés are numerous and excellent, and that of the Mille Colonnes, in the square of the theatre,

is superb. As at the Hague, Rotterdam, Antwerp, &c., they are frequently enlivened, in the evenings, by musicians, but at the two former places I have remarked the most respectable companies of them. This may be accounted for by the fact that they are more liberally remunerated by the Dutch. The Belgians, like the French, seem to like music without the trouble of paying for it. One evening, at Rotterdam, a ventriloquist-boy came in, and kept up a dialogue with a doll which he pretended to be his child. This is a very little incident, but the small part of the dialogue that I understood, sounded familiar, and caused a smile. The baby with its small voice was made to say "*Vader*," and the vader replied "*Wat is het klein jongen ?*"—which means, and almost sounds like, "*What is it little young un ?*"

Some of the Dutch words *sound* more like English ones than they *look*: thus the *j* being pronounced *y* gives *jongen* the sound I have mentioned. In Holland I have sometimes almost fancied myself in some remote corner of *myn vaderland*, when I have been asked, in passing through the street—" *Hoe laat is het ?* "—(" *What o'clock is it ?* ") and other simple questions. The addition of "*Mynheer*" to the query, however, speedily dispels the illusion.

In a journal, I remarked, one morning, a fact mentioned, which is not unworthy of observation.



It is that colours have been found to attract odours, as they do—heat, according to their intensity. Thus a black coat absorbs odour more than a white one, and is, therefore, a less desirable habiliment in cases of epidemic. So much for that subject *en passant*.

I have once or twice met with the French “Magasin Pittoresque,” a useful publication resembling our Penny Magazine from which some of the articles appear to be taken. Several of its wood cuts also appear to be the same.

It is to be regretted that we have so few establishments in England resembling the cafés of the Continent which would afford a much more rational resort than the taverns and public-houses, and where the temperate beverages of coffee, chocolate, &c. might be taken instead of intoxicating liquors. Here men of all classes, and often women, are seen seated at the little tables, frequently of marble, which are distributed about the room. The cushioned seats, in many instances covered with velvet, horse-hair, or moreen are quite luxurious, and the general elegance of many of these places is really remarkable: the mirrors and gilding have a beautiful effect, especially when the apartments are lighted up in the evening. The establishment of coffee-houses of this description would not perhaps be unworthy the attention of the Temperance Society:—indeed, in some of

the large towns of the north, something of the sort has been set on foot.

The Theatre at Brussels is a large edifice the portico of which is supported by eight enormous Ionic columns : it faces the *Place de la Monnaie* which is in the midst of the town in the neighbourhood of the large cafés. “*Latude or Thirty-five Years of Captivity*,” a very interesting historical drama, is much in vogue here at present ; and indeed, as a theatrical entertainment, few things can be more rational.

Balls, concerts, and soirées are now in full operation in this gay capital. The grand ball at the Court, on the 10th, was very numerously attended, and the train formed by the carriages of the fashionables was *not* quite a mile in length.

The Park, situated at the upper end of the town, is a noble enclosure laid out with promenades, shaded by lofty trees, furnished with seats, and adorned with fountains. Amongst the fine edifices that surround it, are the Royal Palace, the *ci-devant* Palace of the Prince of Orange, the Hotel des Etats Generaux, the immense Hotel de Belle Vue, opposite one side of which is the Café de l’*Amitié* noted during the Revolution, and the Café Royal, a beautiful establishment of its sort.

The Cathedral Church of St. Gudule, which is situated on the brow of a hill, is approached by an imposing flight of steps : it is a fine old Gothic

edifice, but its interior (particularly) will not bear comparison with that of Antwerp. Its effect is much injured by the paltry statues fixed to the columns, and by the miserable daubings on its walls. Many of the churches are large, but too often shut in by houses, whilst their interiors are injured in effect by paltry, would-be decorations—an observation that will also apply to many of the churches of Antwerp.

The Town Hall is a fine Gothic structure, and forms a striking object. The tower, which is of great height, resembles in some degree that of the cathedral at Antwerp, and is surmounted by a large statue of St. Michael, which serves as a weathercock. The building faces a singularly picturesque square in which the principal market is held. The singularity and antique appearance of the houses enclosing the square, are quite remarkable—much more so indeed than in the similar *place* at Antwerp.

Brussels is surrounded by boulevards some parts of which extend in avenues of imposing length. They are planted with trees, and form an agreeable resort for the inhabitants. Without the city, and close to the boulevards is the Botanical Garden ornamentally arranged on the side of the hill, and open to the public on certain days. I derived amusement from sauntering through its conservatories.

At Brussels, the Flemish language is but little spoken, people of all classes generally speaking French.

Amongst the good things of Belgium should be mentioned its beer, which is usually served in large tumblers with handles ; the Louvain and the Faro are the sorts in most general use.

On the 11th, I set off by diligence, at half-past six in the morning, for the renowned Field of Waterloo. A considerable part of the route lies through the Forest of Soignies the dense woods of which here and there give place to fertile fields, and pretty hamlets. Much of the wood has latterly been cut down, and people are still occupied in thinning it. At nine miles from Brussels, you emerge from the forest, and find yourself at the small town of Waterloo.

I alighted at the inn which was the headquarters of the Duke of Wellington—a somewhat rural one opposite the church ; and then went to the latter edifice to take a glance at the monumental tablets erected to the memory of some of those who fell in the battles of Quatre-Bras, and Waterloo. Hence I was conducted to the grave of the Marquis of Anglesea's leg : in the adjacent cottage his sword is shown, as well as the remains of his boot which has nearly half disappeared, the leather having been carried off in small pieces, as relics, by travellers.



Having breakfasted, I set out with my guide for the once "ensanguin'd field." After a walk of nearly a mile and a half along the high-way, we reached the village of Mont St. Jean, where the road ascends to the ridge which was occupied by the British army. At the top of this gradual ascent, the Duke of Wellington was posted during most of the memorable day. Here stood a tree which received the name of The Wellington Tree, and was much marked with bullets. It was bought some time since for a considerable sum, and, according to my guide, carried to London to be made into snuff-boxes to be sold as remembrances. Here also stand two monuments, one on either side of the road,—one erected to the memory of Sir A. Gordon, the other to some officers of the German Legion.

Just below them, and close to the road, is the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, against which the French directed their second desperate attack in the midst of the battle, and which they succeeded in occupying for a short time. It was near here that the struggle which decided the fate of the day, took place, between the British and the *Garde Imperiale*, and that Shaw, the lifeguardsman, fell, after having killed several with his own hand.

Along the ridge above-named, the British Army extended, whilst the opposite ridge, divided from

it by a slight valley or hollow, was occupied by the French.

Leaving the neighbourhood of La Haye Sainte, I was conducted across the field which was now completely whitened with snows that had fallen during the night. At a considerable distance, and more than three miles from the village of Waterloo, we reached the Château of Hougoumont which was occupied by the British; and which the French made three desperate, but ineffectual, attempts to gain possession of—with a loss, it is estimated, of ten thousand men in killed and wounded. It eventually caught fire, and was burnt with the wounded soldiers it contained. It remains in ruins—its shattered walls still displaying the marks of cannon-balls. The British very much annoyed the enemy by firing through holes they had formed in the garden wall of the château, whilst the sight of the French was obstructed by the denseness of the wood, much of which has since been cut down.

Quitting the château, I passed near La Belle Alliance, the position of Napoleon during the chief part of the engagement, and the spot where Wellington and Blücher met after the fate of the day was decided. It was on first arriving at this eminence, and beholding the British army drawn up on the opposite side, that Napoleon exclaimed—

“ At last then, I have these English in my grasp,” but—he reckoned without his host. The farm-house of La Belle Alliance, like the position of the Duke of Wellington, is close to the road to Charleroy. At a distance beyond it, was seen the spot where the Prussians arrived to the assistance of the Allies.

My guide, who was a servant in a neighbouring farm-house at the period of the battle, told me he was one of those occupied in carrying off the wounded, and in burying the dead. He was very communicative, and, amongst other things, told me what Napoleon used to say of his Belgian soldiers—that they stood their ground well, but that the French had more impetuosity in making an attack.

Many are the relics which are offered to the traveller,—buttons and bullets may be purchased in abundance, but, as is usually the case, only a part of the objects are *veritable*; there are, for instance, imperial eagles manufactured on purpose in brass. On the field, not far from Wellington’s position, an immense mound, or rather hill, surmounted by a large lion in iron, was raised in 1825, by the King of Holland, in commemoration of the victory : but this is now in the territory of the new kingdom of Belgium. The erection of this monument was a work of considerable time and labour, as may be supposed from its dimensions :—

it is two hundred feet in height, and two thousand one hundred and sixty feet in circumference at the base.

In surveying the Field of Waterloo, a person of the most unthinking mind can scarcely fail to be struck with the horrible nature of war, and to feel astonishment that men who call themselves "civilized" should meet together for the purpose of slaughtering each other in thousands and tens of thousands!

I retraced my steps through the village of Mont St. Jean, where the only remarkable object is the house of Bonaparte's guide, Decoster, who died in 1826, after having realized a little fortune by acting as guide to the Field of Waterloo. I now returned to the village which has given name to the field, to await the arrival of the diligence. The language generally spoken in this neighbourhood, is a *patois* of the French, but the Flemish here disappears.

Again passing through the Forest of Soignies, I reached Brussels about two in the afternoon, having made an interesting morning's excursion. The view of the city, as you descend the hill to it, is very fine, and was now improved and enlivened by a bright sunshine.

On the 12th, at seven in the morning, I took leave of Brussels rather abruptly, and set off for Calais—to embark for my native land. The



country from Brussels to the French frontier is beautiful, in a high state of cultivation, and varied by gentle undulations. The towns passed through are Hal, Enghien, and Ath, at the last of which the diligence passengers dined. Tournay, the last town on the Belgian side, is large and neat, and, being intersected by canals, has somewhat the appearance of a Dutch town. A league or two hence, we crossed the frontier, and were detained about half an hour, in the cold and rain, at the French *Douane*, for the examination of baggage. A short distance hence, at about eight o'clock, we reached Lille, the first town on the French side, the gates of which were already shut, seven being the hour for closing them. This is a good town with a fine square, and elegant shops. Here we supped, and left it again at ten, to jog along through the night in the comfortable interior of the diligence. Early in the morning, we reached Dunkerque where a *dejeuner de café au lait* was provided.

The scenery of France looked flat and uninteresting after that of Belgium, and particularly so as we approached Calais which is, itself, a wretched place. The small, fortified town of Gravelines was passed a little more than mid-way between Dunkerque and Calais.

At Calais, as usual, we were beset by a host of waiters and *commissionnaires*, pressing us to accept

their cards, and to *honour* them with our company. I went, as I had done before, to the Hôtel Meurice, with an agreeable German in whose company I had travelled all the way from Brussels. We arrived at Calais about mid-day, the distance from Brussels being about one hundred and fifty English miles, or perhaps rather less.

About an hour after our arrival here, my German companion and I went on board the French steam-boat which had been established, about eight months before, to share the passage with the English ones which formerly monopolized it. We were detained at the quay a considerable time in consequence of the breaking down of the *estafette* from Paris, but at length we proceeded on our watery way. The sea being, as some one remarked, *bien agitée*, I was, as usual, ill enough, and could not muster even sufficient energy to exclaim—

“ Me miserum, quanti montes volvunter aquarum ! ”

I was not without companions in misery, for from the very *penetralia* of the vessel the most unearthly sounds, the most distressing groans, the most heart-rending sobs might ever and anon be heard to issue. “ Steward, bring the basin ” was almost the only articulate sound to be distinguished, and that was sufficiently ominous !

Our passage occupied four long hours and a

half, whilst the other steamer, which had just arrived at Calais from England, had performed her voyage in two hours and three quarters, having been favoured by the wind. I hailed *ma chère patrie*, and the white cliffs of Albion with pleasure, although my sensations were too wretched to allow of my being very ecstatic. At Dover, the passengers had the satisfaction of paying three shillings each, for their short transport from the rolling vessel to the wished-for shore, and an additional sixpence for the "ladder," or rather plank, for descending from the boat to the land. We were here assailed by a still larger army of waiters, &c. than on the opposite side; and my German friend was very glad of my assistance in getting rid of them, and in selecting an inn:—we were well attended to, and reasonably served at the Gun.

The next day,—leaving the German to recover from the effects of unrelieved sea-sickness, I proceeded towards London, and experienced no little pleasure in once more finding myself on the outside of an English stage-coach, the elegance of which was striking, whilst the rapidity of its pace was truly exhilarating, after a ten months' absence on the Continent. The road from Dover to the Great City appeared to me hilly after the flats of Holland, Belgium, and France.

I found that, after all, there is no place like London—a fact which, the more I visit it, the

more I am impressed with. It is still *the* Great City unique for its commerce and its movement, unequalled for its streets, its bazaars, and its shops, rarely surpassed for its parks, and unrivalled (except at Liverpool) for its docks. In public edifices it is perhaps rivalled by some other cities, or, I should rather say, there *may* be other cities which have, in proportion to their size, a larger number of handsome ones. It is, however, difficult to picture to one's self any buildings which may exceed in magnificence some of the private residences in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park, which appear more like fairy palaces and the work of enchantment than realities ;—still it must be allowed that in some of these there is more show than substance.

Amongst other objects which I visited at this time were the still imposing St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey with their admirable sculptures ; and the far-famed docks whose wonderfully extensive cellars I partially explored. I accompanied thither two Spanish Carlist officers whom I had accidentally met at my lodgings, and with whom I could hold very little conversation as we were unable to speak each other's language. French was unknown to the Spaniards, but, my slight knowledge of Italian necessarily including a *slight* knowledge of Spanish, we were enabled to exchange a few remarks.



The Pantheon, in Oxford Street, is well worthy a visit from the traveller. As a bazaar, I have nowhere seen it equalled for magnificence and tasteful arrangement. Around the interior is an elegant gallery supported on arcades, and commanding a pleasing view of the gay scene on the ground floor. Besides an abundance of articles of fancy, whose fair venders can boast no small share of personal charms, there are two or three apartments stocked with paintings which are on sale, as well as an elegant conservatory of foreign plants. Porters are stationed at the doors to prevent the entrance of improper persons, but the admittance is gratis. It forms a fashionable lounge, and is quite a place of attraction.

One morning was devoted to visiting the far-famed Tunnel, that half-achieved triumph of English enterprise, the works of which were just now recommencing. To give it the effect of completion, a large mirror has been placed at the extremity of the finished part, but unfortunately the damp has completely deprived it of its reflecting powers.

The coffee and eating-houses of London lose by comparison with those of the Continent ; and the system of shutting them up with boxes, as if we were afraid of seeing our fellow men, or being seen by them, appears very unsocial and unpleasing to one who has been accustomed, for some time,

to Continental habits. There are, however, some good establishments of this sort ; and the Cigar Divan in the Strand, although less brilliant and glittering than the French cafés, is certainly more luxurious. Its spacious apartment is covered with a carpet (which would not be seen in France), and surrounded with sofas before which stand little tables, each furnished with an ignited stick of a fragrant composition for lighting the cigars. There is a good assortment of newspapers, magazines, and other works for the perusal of the visitor. The paper-hangings and decorations are somewhat in the oriental style, and, in the middle of the room, stands a large ottoman for sitting or lounging on. At the entrance, you pay a shilling (dear enough, by the bye, after the Continent) for which you are furnished with a cup of Mocha coffee and a real Havannah cigar.

The Grand British and Continental Coffee-house in Cornhill—a large establishment on a similar plan—deserves to be mentioned :—I was induced to visit it from having read a prospectus of it in Kalver Straat at Amsterdam.

After a very short sojourn in the stirring metropolis, I took my seat on a stage-coach, and returned—

“ To that dear delightful land  
Which I yet must call my own ”—

to rest in tranquillity amidst its still lovely recesses, and to subsist on recollections, until the Genius of Roaming again bids me to wander.

Reader, the ink which filled my pen is exhausted, and my subject itself concluded. If the meagre pages of my journal afford thee any amusement, or serve to call up any agreeable associations, I shall feel amply repaid for the trouble of transcribing it.





A VISIT TO THE SCENES  
OF THE  
“LADY OF THE LAKE,”

&c. &c.

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I REACHED Edinburgh by the Chevy Chase Coach about nine o'clock in the evening of the 3rd of October, 1833. I had started in the morning from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and passed, in succession, on my route, the following interesting objects—the celebrated Field of Chevy Chase about three quarters of a mile from the village of Otterburn—a part of the Cheviots—Jedburgh Abbey—Dryburgh Abbey where the *mortal* remains of Sir Walter Scott are interred—Melrose Abbey which his pen has celebrated—and Abbotsford, his well-known residence.

The effect on entering the Scotch metropolis at night is rendered very imposing by the long and straight lines of brilliant gas lights with which its streets are illuminated. I took up my quarters in

the New Town at a comfortable hotel in Princes' Street, a row formed by a long and excellent line of houses fronting the Old Town, and commanding a fine view of the castle. The New Town is divided from the Old one by the North Loch which, however, is not a loch but a nursery-ground ; and one of the chief communications between the one and the other is an embankment called the "Earthen Mound." The lights in the windows of the Old Town, as seen from Princes' Street at night, have a singular effect, from being spread over so extensive a surface. There are still some houses ten stories high, but no longer, I am told, any that attain the dizzy height of fourteen.

In the morning, I walked forth to see a little of the splendid city which has been designated the "Modern Athens," and which is, perhaps, for its size, the finest in Europe. I did not direct my attention to any particular object, as I intended to set off for Stirling at half-past eleven, and to return in the course of a few days. I, however, walked to the Calton Hill, enjoyed the view it affords, saw the monuments erected on it, and afterwards perambulated some of the principal streets of the city. The double rows of shops are a novelty to the eye of the *southern* traveller, and those in Princes' Street being very neat and good, are particularly remarked. The shops of the

lower range being partly underground, are descended to by steps, whilst those of the higher are entered by an ascending flight.

The situation of Edinburgh is certainly a most noble one, and the varied and hilly surface on which it stands renders it, or ought to render it, a most healthful, and delightful residence. The New Town was not commenced till the year 1767, and its spacious streets and open squares are far better calculated for the free circulation of air, and the promotion of health, than the narrow *wynds* and narrower *closcs* of the ancient town.

At the hour above-named, I took my seat in a stage for Newhaven which is three miles distant, and where the "Stirling Castle" steamer awaited the arrival of passengers. To reach the vessel we had to pass over a suspension pier of a construction so slender and fragile that the step of a Jack Tar, transporting a trunk, makes it vibrate wonderfully. In course of time, our vessel was unmoored, and we commenced our steam up the Frith of Forth which is here a wide expanse of water. As you proceed, the country, which, on either side, is woody and cultivated, is varied with sloping hills, and enlivened with gentlemen's seats and occasional towns and villages. Some way up we passed five ships of war stationed here, I understood, to enforce the quarantine regulations at the time of the cholera. We stopped, for a short

time, at several towns on the right bank of the river one of which was “Dunfermline grey.” As you approach Stirling, the Forth becomes much narrower, and glides in a most serpentine course : its many turnings are named the “windings of the Forth,” and are the cause of continual optical illusion to the stranger who will, at one moment, see Stirling and its castle on his right, and, in the next, observe it on his left, and scarcely believe it the same object he before saw. On the right bank of the river, in a verdant meadow, a little before we reached the town, were seen the dilapidated remains of Cambuskenneth Abbey, forming a picturesque and interesting object. We now passed through a fertile and delightful country, and, from the deck of our vessel, had a noble view of the town of Stirling, and its apparently impregnable castle frowning from its lofty rock. As we turned and gazed in an opposite direction, our view was bounded by grand and distant mountains.

About half-past four, after a little voyage with which, as I write, the most pleasing recollections are associated, we reached the landing-place below Stirling, and a short walk brought me into the town. Never did I enter one more completely full of company than this was—in consequence of a grand agricultural exhibition which had just taken place here. A splendid banquet, at which



the Duke of Buccleugh presided, was, after my arrival, partaken of by the farmers, and others interested in agriculture, in a temporary apartment fitted up at the castle.

Thinking there would be some difficulty in procuring a lodging, I immediately made several applications at the different inns for the purpose of securing that desideratum. My expectations were fully realized, and, my search proving quite unsuccessful, I at length established myself at an inn over-crowded with farmers, with the agreeable prospect of sitting up all night. About half past ten, however, I was informed that, in consequence of the departure of another person, I might have a lodging at a short distance from the inn. I thus enjoyed a good night's rest for the moderate sum of 3s. 6d. (a reduced price from 5s.) in a house of antique construction, with a staircase winding within a tower.

In the morning I strolled, as I had done on the previous evening, up the steep street leading towards the castle. The town occupies the side of a hill, and, being one of the most ancient in Scotland, is built in an old-fashioned, irregular style. At the head of it, stands an antique church of Gothic construction, and other edifices deserving the examination of the curious.

A few steps beyond these, I passed the es-

planade, traversed the drawbridge, and gained the Castle. This fortress crowns the summit of a commanding, and somewhat isolated, rock three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, and its situation renders it a key to the Highlands. It has been styled the Windsor of Scotland, from having been the residence of many of the Scottish kings, and has many interesting events associated with it. Its occupants at the time of my visit were the first regiment of foot, and some artillerymen. The view from the castle is a most splendid and extensive one, but the weather was gloomy when I visited it, and deprived me of the sight of a large portion of the surrounding objects. From the base of the hill extend wide, cultivated plains, with here and there a pretty and richly wooded knoll rising from them. Along the northern horizon extends the Grampian range; to the south are seen fertile hills: to the east, beyond a rich and cultivated expanse of country, may be distinguished, on a clearer day, the venerable towers of Edinburgh, whilst in the foreground the Forth winds its wonderfully devious course. Ben Lomond, at a distance of thirty miles, and scarcely discerned through the mists of the morning, bounded my view towards the west. In walking round the walls I met with a youth who pointed out to me the different objects, amongst which was the en-

closure on the plain (or, as it is here called, the park) below, where the exhibition of cattle had taken place the day before.

I descended from the castle by a path winding at the side of the hill on which it stands, and on the opposite side from the town. On this side the rock is most lofty and precipitous, and, with the time-worn walls of the castle towering above it, sternly frowns on the passenger, who has also a steep descent below him. Here I probably passed "Blind Alick of Stirling" unthought of, and almost unobserved, although I had enquired of mine host for him at breakfast time, and been informed that he was to be seen in this neighbourhood. The reader may, perhaps, have observed an account of this remarkable individual in a late number of the Penny Magazine—if not, I would refer him to it for his history. It is for his memory that he is most extraordinary, and for his acquaintance with the Bible, which he knows throughout by heart. At all events, I saw a person having the appearance of a mendicant, sitting at the side of the path, but, as I expected to be teased by an application, passed him with the air of one who is desirous of avoiding the importunities of a beggar. It afterwards occurred to me that this man might have been Alick, and I regretted having passed him without further observation.

Descending the hill, I left behind me (to use the

words of the great author of the “Lady of the Lake”)

“the bulwark of the North,  
Grey Stirling with her towers and town,”

and directed my steps towards Callender. I now advanced over a tolerably good road, passing through a pleasant and cultivated country enlivened occasionally by gentlemen's seats. During my walk I met a great number of cattle of the diminutive Highland breed, which are mostly black, and not unfrequently a kind of mouse-colour. These were being driven to Stirling fair, and I had observed the roads leading to the town crowded with them whilst enjoying the view from the castle at an earlier hour in the morning. These cattle, with large flocks of sheep, were driven by Highland drovers (furnished with plaids), of some of whom I enquired whence they came, &c., merely for the purpose of hearing their answers. I had supposed I might receive some reply resembling the Welsh blunt “Dim Sassenach” which has often annoyed my ears, but they all seemed able and willing to speak English. There are now, I understand, few Highlanders incapable of speaking the more general language, and, from the almost constant communication with the Lowlands by means of steam, &c., the English language is fast gaining ground.

Half-way on my journey, I passed the Teith by a bridge commanding a most romantic view of the



river shaded by its woody banks, and of Doune Castle (formerly one of the grandest baronial mansions in Scotland) situated on its bank. This edifice, once the seat of the Earls of Monteith, is now the property of the Earl of Moray, and, like most other old castles, has been tenanted by a great variety of occupants. I presently reached the little town of Doune, the chief attraction of which, to me, was an invigorating though frugal meal.

Leaving it, I proceeded through a pleasant country, and, at a distance of a mile and a half, passed, on my right, Cambus Wallace, or, as it is now called, Doune Lodge, a good stone structure, the seat of the Earl of Moray. Considerably further on is seen, on the left, Lanrig Castle, which stands near the bank of the Teith. Here-away the country varies, but is mostly in a state of cultivation. In some places are seen plantations, and, here and there, the land, having a rugged surface, has not been subjected to the industry of man. At a short distance before you reach Callender, is Cambusmore, a fine residence surrounded by woods, where, and in the neighbourhood, Sir Walter Scott passed many of his earlier years, and perhaps imbibed a love for those scenes which his muse has celebrated in a manner so beautifully descriptive.

I now entered Callender, a rural and Highland-looking town consisting chiefly of one long street.

This was enlivened by numbers of little bare-legged urchins at play, attired in the plaid petticoat which nearly reached to the knee ; and varied, amongst other objects, by cows calmly sauntering by, and awaiting the milkmaid. The vast and rugged mountain of Ben Ledi, which is almost in a line with the street, terminated the scene with noble effect, whilst near the village were seen to extend Callender Craigs, a range of stupendous cliffs overshadowed by the dark foliage of firs. Of my inn here, which was the Star, I cannot say much in commendation, but there are, I believe, two others superior to it. The appearance of my dormitory was by no means neat, and was not calculated to give the stranger a very favourable opinion of Highland cleanliness ; but weary travellers are not usually over-scrupulous about these matters, and I enjoyed refreshing slumbers. In other respects I fared pretty well ; and was treated with civility.

The morning dawned a sabbath, and I determined not to pursue my journey until mid-day. Breakfast over, I seated myself at the window to observe passing scenes, and enjoy the mild air of a delightful autumn morning. At a corner house, opposite my inn, stood an old Highlander dressed nearly in the original national costume which he had never thrown off except on one occasion—when called out to serve in the militia. As he was almost the only one in the town that retained it, a

brief description of his attire may not be uninteresting. On his head was a small round cap, not so broad as the usual bonnet, with a tassel at top. He wore an ordinary coat, and a green and red plaid vest, with a kilt of green tartan scarcely reaching the knee. Buskins of black and scarlet, coming just below the knee, and shoes completed his dress.

An idiot of brawny frame, wearing a petticoat or kilt, and displaying bare his muscular legs and feet, occasionally strolled by, gazing listlessly at the objects around him,—whilst a female attired in a miserably tattered garb, and either idiotic or insane, paced to and fro with a more stately and decided step.

Some portion of the dress of the men is frequently of plaid, and scarfs of that material are very much in use as substitutes for cloaks—particularly the Ettrick shepherd's plaid, a black and white crossbar so much worn of late in England for trowsers. The bonnet, which is a woollen cap with a crown of large circumference, is the usual head covering. The women are generally without bonnets of any sort, and, like the children, mostly go barefoot.

I now strolled out to see what the cross-street opposite the inn afforded, and it soon led me to a bridge crossing the Teith. This point commands a pleasing view of the river winding through a level and cultivated vale, overlooked, at a little distance,

by Ben Ledi, and other eminences. About eleven o'clock, I proceeded to the kirk, which, as is generally the case in Scotland, was very well attended. The clergyman had a harsh, unpleasing voice, and what seemed to my ear, accustomed to the softer accents of the south, a barbarous Scotch pronunciation.

About two, I resumed my staff and my knapsack, and bent my solitary way towards the Trosachs. Proceeding near the banks of the Teith, amidst interesting scenery, and through a pretty hamlet, I passed, unknown to me at the time, Coilantogle Ford, the scene of the desperate conflict between Rhoderic Dhu and Fitz-James,—where the latter, after having overcome his foe,

“ faltered thanks to Heaven for life,  
Redeemed, unhopèd, from desperate strife.”

I soon reached the eastern extremity of Loch Vennachar, which is five miles in length and one and a half in breadth, and along the northern shore of which my route lay. Around it rise lofty mountains : those on the opposite side reared themselves abruptly from the banks, and were wooded to a considerable distance from their bases ; the others, on my side, receded gently from the lake, and presented a less bold appearance. Passing some of the scenes of the “ Lady of the Lake,” I reached the western end of the above-named loch, between



which and Loch Achray I had to ascend an eminence affording a beautiful prospect. Near here is the rustic village of Duncraggan the cottages of which

“Peep like moss-grown rocks half seen,  
Half hidden in the copse so green,”

and where the henchman who transported the “Fiery Cross” first stopped during his hurried journey

“O’er the wild rock, through mountain pass,  
The trembling bog, and false morass.”

As I descended the hill, I was followed by another wretched, barelegged idiot in a ragged dress, and a plaid reaching the knee. He uttered a horrible inarticulate noise—half groaning, half whining—and would not leave me until I had searched my pocket, and found a penny for him. I understood afterwards that he rejects silver when offered him, in consequence of having been once given a bad sixpence. Had these idiots been dwarfish and deformed, I should have fancied myself in the land of *cretinism*.

I now crossed the “Brigg of Turk” where the scenery is very fine, and where you get a peep into the ancient deer-forest of Glen Finlas. Before entering on the banks of Loch Achray, you pass through a sylvan scene with prettily wooded cliffs

rising on the right of the road. I soon gained the banks of this lovely little lake, and passed along its northern shore, beneath the shelter of an eminence arrayed with

“ The copsewood grey  
That waves and weeps on Loch Achray,  
And mingles with the pine trees blue  
On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.”

Along the opposite margin of the lake are bare, and rather low, and gently rising mountains, but the stupendous Ben Venue, which ascends from its extremity, terminates the scene with awful grandeur. Between the wood, as I pursued my way, I could occasionally see a pretty island not far from the middle of the lake. Thus proceeding, I reached, at a distance of nearly ten miles from Callender, Ard-chean-o-chro-chan (!!), a comfortable and delightful inn worthy of the situation it occupies near the banks of Achray. Its windows command Ben Venue, behind it rise grand and lofty mountains of which Ben An is the chief, and in its immediate vicinity are the Trosachs. It was here I met two gentlemen (an Irishman and a Scotchman) in whose company I enjoyed the morrow's excursion, and with whom I shared the boat which conveyed us down Loch Katrine. The passage-boat, which plies down this lake during the summer, had been stopped for the

season, the day before, and consequently it was necessary to hire one at the expense of ten shillings.

On the 7th of October, at an early hour, our Highland boatmen being in attendance, we bid

“ Farewell to lovely Loch Achray,”

and set out for other scenes of poetry and romance ; and thus commenced one of the most agreeably-spent days of my life. Our way lay through the magnificent and celebrated pass of the Trosachs where, on the right, rose in imposing majesty, and to a towering height, crags shrouded with firs, and a variety of other trees through the dense foliage of which protruded, occasionally, shapeless masses of rock. Peering above these cliffs was Ben An’s mist-encircled summit. On our left was a varied surface—here clothed in mountain heather—there feathered over by the richly tinted foliage of woods. Thus passing through a scene which seemed to savour of enchantment, and where

“ rocky summits split and rent,  
Formed turret, dome, or battlement ;  
Or seem’d fantastically set  
With cupola or minaret,”

we approached Loch Katrine, the principal scene

of the “ Lady of the Lake,” where it realizes the description of

“ A narrow inlet still and deep,  
Affording scarce such breadth of brim  
As serves the wild duck’s brood to swim.”

The part styled “ the Trosachs ” extends, the boatmen informed me, a considerable distance down both sides of the lake. As we proceeded, my Lowland Scotch companion had been holding a warm, but good-humoured discussion with these men on the respective merits of the Gaelic and English languages—the Highlanders shrewdly arguing in favour of their old national tongue—the Lowlander contending for the banishment of it, and for the general use of the English language. When we reached the boat, a circumstance occurred which gave the mountaineers an opportunity of declaring their superiority in a physical point of view. The seats of the boat had become moistened by the dews of the morning, and we *Southrons*, my two companions more particularly, were expressing an apprehension of bad consequences from sitting in the wet—when the Highlanders smiling, somewhat with an air of contempt, at our anxiety in this respect, and putting down their bonnets as cushions, asserted that a Highlander would stand all day, up to his



middle, in the waters of the loch, and receive no injury.

We now glided along the inlet which is hemmed in by lofty and romantic crags covered with wood, and over which Ben Venue frowns in mountain majesty. We soon passed beneath the concave rocks where is pointed out the cave to which, as a better place of concealment, Ellen Douglas and her father are represented as having retired from the neighbouring isle. It was here that our boatmen exerted their manly voices for the purpose of producing an echo. The valorous chieftain "Rhoderic Dhu" was loudly invoked, and the mountains thrice resounded with his haughty name. Shorter words or calls followed this, and were responded to by three distinct repetitions.

We still pursued our course between grand mountains mostly covered with trees varied by the tints of autumn, and were not long in reaching Ellen's Isle, where we moored our skiff beneath the luxuriant and overhanging woods with which it is covered, and at the side of some rude stone steps. These we ascended accompanied by one of our boatmen who acted as guide, and, proceeding for some distance through the wood, up a steep path, came to a rustic, but ornamentally constructed, wooden edifice erected on the supposed site of Douglas's cottage. Round the interior of this building hung a variety of skins of animals

taken in the chase, amongst which were those of the deer, and of the white bull with the horns remaining, as well as the hides and horns of a few foreign animals—apparently of the ibex tribe. A rude and massive table, occupying the centre of the apartment, supports a quantity of ancient armour, and on it are seen scattered—breastplates, targes, skull-caps, and Highland dirks, daggers, and swords. The rustic sofas and seats are quite in character with the other parts, and are furnished with cushions of heather. This rural summer-house crowning, as it does, a little eminence amidst the wood, has altogether a very pleasing effect, and seems crowded with most interesting associations.

We now retraced our steps to the boat whence, and indeed before we arrived at the isle, we had a good view of the densely wooded glen where Fitz-James lost his “gallant grey,” and where,

“Touch’d with pity and remorse,  
He sorrow’d o’er the expiring horse.”

It extends from the margin of the lake in the direction of Ben An which towers over it.

Quitting the island, we glided along the glassy and unruffled surface of the lake which now formed a mirror wherein the copse-clad mountains were beautifully reflected: the reflection, I thought, surpassed the reality—the objects having

gained a clearness in the watery speculum. The azure vault which canopied all was unobscured by clouds except a few light ones that hovered on the mountain-sides, or appeared to float in the lake's crystal mirror.

On looking back, we beheld an imposing mountain-scene which the poet thus describes—

“ High on the south, huge Benvenue,  
Down on the lake in masses threw  
Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confus'dly hurl'd,  
The fragments of an earlier world.  
A wildering forest feather'd o'er  
His ruin'd sides and summit hoar ;  
While on the north, through middle air,  
Benan heaved high his forehead bare.” \*

As you proceed down the lake, you are struck with its sequestered character, one or two farm-houses, with a few cultivated patches of land near the water's edge, being almost the only indications of the residence of man amongst these romantic scenes. It was in this secluded character that I observed the difference between the Scotch lakes and those of Cumberland and Westmoreland which I had lately visited,—the banks of most of which abound with the haunts of men, and often with elegant seats and villas.

Pursuing our way, we still saw fine mountains

\* For this and other extracts, see “ Lady of the Lake.”

rising on each side of us, some of which were bare, and others partially wooded. Amongst the recesses and fastnesses of these, you might easily conceive the possibility of Highland banditti maintaining themselves in security. When we had advanced a considerable distance, we stopped to take on board a young piper attired in plaid, and his companion. The strains of the bagpipe were interesting as being completely in character with the scene, but, although the musician was considered skilful, and had gained two or three prizes by his performances, I confess they seemed to me rather deficient in melody.

I have since heard Gansey, the celebrated blind piper of Killarney; and must say that I much prefer the Irish to the Scotch instrument. It certainly possesses a compass and a capability of producing a variety of tune which the Scotch cannot boast. The "Mucruss Fox-hunt," as executed by Gansey, is a most exciting performance: it is an imitation of the various sounds of the chase; and the successive scenes of the hunt, such as the mountain, the glen, the lake, &c. are named by the piper as he proceeds. . . . . In wild and sylvan grandeur Loch Katrine must, I think, bear the palm over the wildest and most imposing of the three Lakes of Killarney. These last, however, well repay a visit, combining, as they do, within a small compass, two or three styles of



scenery—the grand on the upper lake, the beautiful on the lower, and perhaps a blending of the two in the middle one. . . . . In echoes, Killarney has the advantage: I have heard one blast of young Gansey's bugle awaken no less than six or seven mountain echoes in succession.

*Mais revenons.* We now approached the end of Loch Katrine, and saw arising from its shore Ben Chon, or the Dog Mountain—*chon* like the Latin *canis* signifying dog. Here-away my Scotch companion once or twice pointed out to me little rich tracts, or, as he called them, “straths” of land between the hills.

Running up from the northern extremity of the lake (which I may here say is ten miles long) is seen the dell noted as the birth-place of Rob Roy. We landed not far hence, at a hut, or very small public-house affording usquebaugh and oatmeal-cake,—where the piper and boatmen drank our health free of expense.

We had now five miles to proceed to Inver-snaid which is situated on the banks of Loch Lomond. My Irish friend, having some time before broken his leg in fox-hunting, procured a pony, but my Scotch companion and I, with the two boatmen who transported the luggage, proceeded on foot. Our route lay over a barren, mountainous, and completely Highland region displaying few signs of cultivation. A little way on,

we passed, on our left, the small loch Arklet, and, after having walked perhaps two miles from the shore of Loch Katrine, our attention was attracted by a hand-bill stuck up at the road-side, intimating that Rob Roy's musket, six feet and a half long, was open to inspection at a cottage above, and, I think, something to this effect—that there still lived near, a man who married a first cousin of that noted character's second wife ! Our curiosity was at first a little excited, but we soon decided to set the thing down as an imposition. My Irish companion, however, was very desirous of purchasing one of the hand-bills (which were quite of a moderate size) as a curiosity, but the old lady of the hut asked for it the exorbitant price of half-a-crown ! This he of course refused to give, and offered sixpence, a sum which, handsome as it was considering the value of the article, was rejected.

Before us at a distance as we now advanced, stood, apparently side by side, and resembling mighty pyramids, the four mountains—Ben Duchray, Ben Im, Ben Vane, and Ben Voirlich. Walking on, we at length reached Inversnaid Fort, which was erected in this lonely spot for the defence of the neighbourhood against Rob Roy and his associates, but which now has the appearance of the ruins of a farm-house. The celebrated General Wolfe was once stationed here, whilst an

officer in the Buffs. Adjoining this solitary ruin, is its little deserted cemetery, where one or two almost obliterated inscriptions may still be seen. Near the fortress, we observed a kind of sentry-box placed here, I was informed, for the use of ministers on occasions of field preaching.

Leaving the ruined fort, we crossed a mountain stream by a rustic bridge of fragile construction, and soon after descended a steep path through a wood to the humble inn of Inversnaid—a cottage occupying a woody recess close to the margin of Loch Lomond. A few steps from the cottage, embowered in trees, is a pretty and romantic cascade the waters of which, flowing from Loch Arklet before named, here mingle themselves with those of “The Queen of British Lakes.”

We had been here about half an hour when the Euphrosyne steamer, on its way up the lake, stopped to take our little party on board. We soon reached the vessel in a boat, and proceeded five miles to the northern extremity of this fine expanse of water, the whole length of which is about thirty miles, and its breadth from one to nine. In a rock a little above Inversnaid, and on the same side, is pointed out Rob Roy’s Cave, with an entrance scarcely perceptible.

The northern part of the lake possesses a very imposing character, and is enclosed by grand and lofty mountains some of which are finely diver-

sified with wood. Near the head of the lake, we passed a woody island on which stand the remains of a small castle where, but a short time since, lived an eccentric character in the style of a hermit.

We now wheeled round, and, bending our course southward amidst fine scenery, again passed Inversnaid, and reached Tarbet where we stopped to land one passenger, and take others on board. This, being in the neighbourhood of grand mountains, and having a very commodious inn, is a place of great attraction. Amongst other eminences is the mountain of Ben Arthur, or the Cobbler, remarkable for the grotesque appearance of its summit.

Passing down the lake, we soon observed Rob Roy's Rock rising abruptly from the water to the height of about thirty feet, and beheld Ben Lomond, which is 3262 feet in height, towering immediately at our left; but a cloud hovering over it concealed its extreme point from our sight. The sky had now become partially overcast; but the bright spots on the surface of the land, occasioned by the sun shining through the small openings of the clouds, produced a pleasing effect from the contrast they presented to the remaining portion of the ground which was left in gloom and grandeur. If the eye of the voyager is now directed towards the part of the lake he has left



behind him, it encounters a scene of mountain magnificence, but in glancing towards the south it surveys hills less lofty, and a more abundant quantity of luxuriant wood.

From Row Ardennan, a small village which stands at the southern base of Ben Lomond, and where its ascent is frequently commenced, the shores of the lake begin to expand, and, after passing one considerable promontory, you find it open into a wide expanse diversified with numerous islands. About three miles below Row Ardennan, within a beautiful bay on the right, is seen the pretty village of Luss with its little church, and humble dwellings. Opposite this is one of the largest islands, named Inch Lonag, remarkable as being almost covered by an extensive plantation of yew trees supposed to have been planted for the purposes of archery when it formed a chief part of military defence. We pursued our delightful course amidst a number of islands most of which were decorated with rich wood, and, amongst others, Inch Cruin used as a place of confinement for insane persons, and another (probably Inch Fad) in use, I was told, as a quiet retreat for refractory wives ! We also passed Inch Cailleach, once the burial-place of the Clan Macgregor, and on which a parish church formerly stood.

Leaving this, and several other *inches* (*insulæ*)

at our left, we approached Inch Murrin, the largest island in the loch, formed into a deer park by the Duke of Montrose. On this beautiful island stand the picturesque ruins of a castle once the property of the family of Lennox, and here also is a pretty cottage built in modern style, for the accommodation of parties of pleasure from the Duke's residence on the mainland.

The lake, at this part, with its lovely islands (of which there are altogether more than thirty), although it has lost the grandeur of enclosing mountains, forms from the deck of the steam-boat a most enchanting scene bordered, as it is, by the luxuriant shores of the mainland adorned by romantic castles, noble seats, and other objects each of which would deserve a particular description.

Having reached the southern extremity of the lake, we entered the fine river Leven where, as Smollett says,

“ Devolving from its parent lake  
A charming maze its waters make ;  
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,  
And hedges flower'd with eglantine,”—

and presently anchored at Balloch Ferry where we effected our landing. A few steps from the shore, a spacious two-horse coach *graced*, like the steam-boat, with the name of Euphrosyne, awaited our arrival. A ride of five miles, in the course of

which we passed two or three villages, several bleach and print-fields, and numerous gentlemen's seats, brought us to Dumbarton. Soon after setting out, we observed, on our right, Tillichewen Castle, a Gothic structure, the noble abode of Mr. Horrocks. Its situation, amongst lofty trees tastefully arranged, is very fine, and it had previously attracted our attention from the lake.

Having proceeded a little more than half way, we noticed, on the same side of the road, a Tuscan obelisk erected in memory of Tobias Smollett. It is to be regretted that this monument is in a very neglected state, the ground around it, overgrown with weeds, and the tablet with its long Latin inscription, injured and defaced. A little further, on the opposite side of the road, is Dalquhurn House, Smollett's birth-place,—near which he wrote his pretty address to Leven Water ;

“ Pure stream ! in whose transparent wave,  
My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;  
No torrents stain thy limpid source,  
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,  
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,  
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread,” &c.

About five o'clock, we entered Dumbarton by a fine bridge crossing the Leven (*Le Avon*, or the soft river), and affording a good view of the river both above and below. Thus arrived, I bid adieu to my companions who immediately set off by one

of the steamers ; and, having left my knapsack at the King's Arms, I bent my steps towards the castle which is about half a mile from the town. As but little daylight remained, I was fain to leave dinner out of the question, and direct my attention to the more important object. The castle stands on a vast rock rising abruptly from the plain to the height of five hundred and sixty feet, and having two unequal summits. In the articles of the Union between England and Scotland it is stipulated that this castle (with those of Stirling, Blackness, and Edinburgh which it resembles) shall be kept up as a military station, being considered as the key to the Western Highlands.

On entering the gate, I asked the centinel if I could see the interior of the castle. " Yes, Sir," said he, " one of the *guarrd* will show ye," and, on his calling out, " One of the *guarrd*," a Highlander attired in the national costume of the kilt and the buskin, with a fine nodding plume of black feathers overshadowing his bonnet, made his appearance for the purpose of becoming my cicerone. I followed him up a long and steep flight of steps and reached the armoury where, amongst a large display of muskets, pistols, swords, &c., I saw an immense sword said to have belonged to Wallace. I ascended both points of the rock one of which is occupied chiefly by the fort, whilst the other on which a flagstaff is



planted, exhibits the ruined base of a small tower also called Wallace's. The view from the summits, now rather obscured by the gloom of the evening, is very fine on a clear day, including, with many other objects, the Clyde between Glasgow and Port Glasgow, the town of Dumbarton beneath, the neighbouring cultivated shores adorned with seats, and the lofty Ben Lomond towering in the distance. I asked my guide if he did not find it cold with his *sans-culottes* style of dress, but he said that, although he had never worn the kilt until he enlisted, custom soon reconciled him to it. He also told me, what I was not aware of before, that there are still *three* regiments who wear this manly and handsome costume.

The shades of evening were gathering ere I quitted the castle, and it was almost dark when I reached my inn,—where I recorded the proceedings of this most interesting day, and

“ Partook of needful food and grateful rest.”

Dumbarton is a small town of considerable antiquity, noted, amongst other things, for its glass-works, and for the number of vessels which are built there. It is the principal thoroughfare to the Western Highlands, but its appearance is not particularly attractive.

About eight o'clock in the morning of the following day, I embarked from the quay on board

the "Leven" steamer, in which I soon quitted the river of that name, and entered the Clyde. We presently passed beneath the commanding rock occupied by the castle, and pursued our course for Glasgow. As you advance up the noble river, many pleasing objects present themselves, and, on the left, are observed, after proceeding a short distance, some finely wooded and rocky hills which appear to much advantage as afterwards seen by the voyager as he casts a farewell glance behind him. On the right, after proceeding several miles, is the seat of the late Lord Blandford who was accidentally killed by a cannon-ball at Brussels, during the late revolution there. He was standing at a garret window when the ball carried away his cheek, and he fell to rise no more. He served in the Peninsular War, and was, at the time of the fatal accident, on a tour for the benefit of his health in company with his lady. Lord B. was building a splendid new edifice which is nearly completed, and stands near the old mansion, but in a more commanding situation. The new building is discontinued until his son becomes of age, and the old is still occupied. The park is very fine, and beautifully wooded, and extends to the margin of the Clyde. Further up, on the same side of the river, stands, amidst luxuriant trees, the elegant seat of Mr. Campbell. As we proceeded, several other pretty residences were

observed, but the scenery is occasionally rather tame and flat. The river, as we approached the termination of our voyage, presented an animated appearance, and we were constantly passing steam-vessels of different sizes, bound for a variety of destinations. It was on the Clyde, in 1811, that the first steam-boat in Great Britain was used.

At fifteen miles from Dumbarton, we reached Glasgow, the most important place in Scotland with regard to commerce and manufactures, and by far the most populous, the capital not excepted. It contains more than 200,000 inhabitants, whilst the population of Edinburgh does not exceed 140,000. The quays skirting the Clyde reminded me a little of those of Paris, being open, and forming a noble, and nearly straight, line of a mile or two in extent. They are animated by a large quantity of shipping, and are overlooked by rows of houses some of which are very well built. The river is crossed by several bridges—mostly good structures.

I had no intention of making any stay in this city, but, having read the story of Rob Roy, I was unwilling to leave it without visiting the scenes with which his name has been associated by Sir Walter Scott. I therefore enquired for the Tolbooth, but was first directed to the new edifice instead of the old one which I sought. The

modern building, which is one of a classical and exceedingly elegant appearance, is situated near the banks of the Clyde, and fronts a fine promenade of great extent called "The Green."

Leaving this, and following for some distance a street nearly at right angles with the river, I passed the Salt-Market, and soon had the *tower* of the ancient Tolbooth pointed out to me—the only part that now remains of it. This tower, which somewhat resembles that of a church, stands at the lower corner of High Street, at a cross-way formed by that and the three other streets named Gallowgate, Salt-Market, and Trongate Street. Very near the tower is the Town Hall, a fine structure containing on its ground floor the *Tontine* coffee-room, a place of great public resort to which strangers are liberally admitted.

Knowing that the Hunterian Museum connected with the College was well worth the inspection of the stranger, I walked up High-Street, and made an application to see it, but was civilly informed that I had come during a week set apart for cleaning it, and that it could not be seen. I did not, however, enter the court of the college for nothing, the keeper having pointed out, in the adjoining green, what (thanks to the force of association) seemed to me nearly of equal interest with the museum itself—"Rob Roy's Tree," a very old one which even the cheerful spring fails to clothe with



foliage, and under which the two Osbaldistons are represented as having fought.

Pursuing my way up the long and steep ascent of High Street which is, by the way, also connected with the tale in question, I reached the Cathedral which is considered the finest specimen of ancient architecture in Scotland, and is indeed the only cathedral, with the exception of the one at Kirkwall, Orkney, that was permitted to survive the Reformation. Near it stands the Royal Infirmary which is a noble and extensive establishment. I contented myself with a view of the exterior of these edifices, and, on descending, visited the Trongate, a fine line of street of which, both for its imposing appearance and its commercial air, the inhabitants of Glasgow are justly proud. Having remained about an hour in the city, I passed through Gallowgate, and pursued my way towards Hamilton and Lanerk.

Glasgow may be called a fine and well-built city, and, even in High Street and its vicinity, which form by far the most antique part, there is considerable regularity in the lofty houses, although they have a sombre, and rather unattractive appearance. As I walked down Gallowgate, which is not the cleanest of streets, I passed, on my left, some large barracks into which three deserters were just being conducted by their former companions in arms.

On leaving Glasgow, I had immediately to pass through two or three most disagreeable and wretchedly dirty villages. The people are quite in keeping with the haunts they occupy, and the bare-footed women, sluttishly attired, and mostly without bonnets, have a most ill-favoured and squalid appearance. Leaving with pleasure these scenes of filth, the aspect of things improved, and I passed through a cultivated country partly divided by thorn hedges—a kind of fence I have frequently observed during my journey in Scotland. The country is now pleasant all the way to Hamilton, and the Clyde is here and there seen. Near the road are several genteel residences, and, amongst other seats, that of Lord Douglas is remarked, on the right, surrounded by a fine park and trees. After a journey of eleven miles, half of which I had performed by one of the several two-horse coaches which travel this road, I reached Hamilton, a town of considerable size and importance, containing several neat streets.

Hence I immediately set off on foot for Lanerk which was now distant fifteen miles. My road led me through Clydesdale, or the Vale of the Clyde, which displays, particularly in this part, scenery of the most splendid description, and is further interesting as the scene of “Old Mortality.”

Since my visit to Scotland, the scenes of Sir

Walter Scott's tales have been, I am informed, much visited by foreigners, particularly by Frenchmen ; and I am pleased to find that it is becoming more the fashion amongst the Continentals to make tours in our island. In confirmation of this, I may mention that, in returning from a trip to Ireland in the autumn of 1835, I met no less than fourteen foreign tourists (nine French, four Germans, and one American) within a few days in the neighbourhood of the Menai Bridge. I travelled from Capel Curig to Shrewsbury with three Frenchmen, and was gratified at hearing their expressions of admiration as we passed through the splendid scenery of North Wales. It was, they said, "*superbe*"—" *delicieux*"—" *charmant*"; the Vale of Llangollen was "*un paradis*"—" *une scène enchantée*"; the neat white cottages were "*riantes*;" and the cataracts were so sublime as to be "*épouvantable*." Indeed I was myself surprised with the beauty of the Vale of Llangollen, although I had seen it before, and although I had lately seen some of the most favoured spots in Italy.

But to return to the Vale of the Clyde.—On the opposite side of the river from that by which I pursued my way, is seen a surface ever varying from the beautiful to the romantic, occasionally adorned with seats embosomed in luxuriant woods. Three or four of these mansions have a very imposing effect, being of superb appearance and vast

dimensions, and occupying commanding slopes near the banks of the river. Indeed all the way to Lanerk, the traveller enjoys a succession of delightful scenes, and, as he approaches that town, his eye is more-than-ever charmed when he turns to take a retrospective view of the enchanting vale through which he has passed. The river—sometimes lost to sight in consequence of its graceful windings—at others, displaying its smooth or frothy surface—pursues its course along the bottom, whilst from its margin ascend noble hills of constantly diversified appearance, clothed, in some parts, with trees which now displayed all the varied tintings of autumn.

Soon after I had left Hamilton, a little circumstance occurred which illustrated a Scotch custom:—a neat-looking girl who had just quitted the town, stopped as I, and a grave young Scotchman I had met with, passed her, to take off her shoes and clean white stockings which were to be reserved till she again approached the haunts of men.

About three miles before reaching Lanerk, I was met by a crazy woman who introduced herself as guide to one of the falls of the Clyde named Stonebyres, and presently conducted me through a field to the edge of a precipitous rock. Having asked me if I was a pretty good climber, and received an affirmative answer, she desired me to



follow her, and conducted me down a difficult and rather dangerous path to the foot of the fall. She afforded me much amusement by officiously pointing out the different footings in the rock, and in scraping away with her hands, as a dog would with his paws, the dried leaves which concealed the path. Having reached the bank of the river, I obtained a noble view of the fall which is seen descending from a height of seventy-two feet over three shelves of rock. It is enclosed by lofty, projecting cliffs decked with wood, and, being formed by a large volume of water, produces a grand effect. The river after its descent rushes over scattered rocks, and then falls into a deep basin, as far as which the salmon come, but in vain attempt to ascend the cataract. On one side of the fall, perched on a rock, as if for the sake of effect, is seen a ruined mill. The river is lost to view soon after its descent in consequence of a turn in its course, and its troubled waters become appeased as they flow down the vale.

As the shadows of evening were lengthening, I cast a farewell look at the fall, and bade adieu to my chattering guide who was indeed quite a character. She called me almost *Sirrah* for Sir, and, on my paying her the price of her guidship, made a most profound courtesy, and said "Thank you, kind gentleman, it's more than I expected."

The scenery as I proceeded was most fine, and

my road was enlivened with villas, cottages, and hamlets. At a short distance before I reached my place of destination, I crossed the Clyde by a bridge, where its banks are beautifully wooded, and the neighbouring scene is romantic and delightful. The ascent of a long hill, which concluded a walk of twenty miles, brought me to Lanerk which I found rather a gloomy town at night, but where, after a little groping, I discovered a comfortable inn. Here, having spent the evening in company with a succession of jovial Dumfries farmers who were on their return from a fair, and whose dialect I was sometimes at a loss to comprehend, I submitted myself to

“Tired Nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep.”

During the night there was a hard frost, but the weather, in the morning, was delightful,—the sun shone forth with undiminished lustre, and scarcely a cloud chequered the blue vault of Heaven.

My first excursion was to Cartlane Craggs which are situated about a mile from the town. These overlook each side of a deep, woody, and romantic glen through which a torrent, on its way to the Clyde below, murmurs along its rocky channel. The cliffs have a very imposing appearance, and rise in one place to the height of four hundred feet. Two caves dignified, like many other things in Scotland, with the appellation of “Wallace’s,”

are pointed out in their sides—one close to the stream, and the other at some elevation in the rock. The glen is crossed, on a turnpike road from Lanerk to Glasgow, Stirling, &c., by a bridge one hundred and twenty-six feet high, completed nine years ago, which claims attention for its elegance and unusual loftiness, and has from beneath almost the appearance of a structure suspended in mid-air. Below this, on the same stream, is an ancient Roman bridge the use of which is superseded by a modern one at its side.

I now returned to Lanerk previous to setting out for the village of New Lanerk, and the Upper Falls of the Clyde which are situated in a different direction. A walk of a little more than a mile from the old town, through a cultivated country, brought me to the first of these objects. This is the establishment, and here are the grand cotton manufactories some time since conducted by Mr. Owen, the great *co-operator*. The mills are fine, regularly-built edifices fronting the river, and the houses for the work-people are very neat and well arranged. There is an excellent school for the education of the children who, at the time of my visit, were enjoying themselves in the adjoining play-ground. The entire population of this place is about two thousand ;—the romantic Clyde flows before it, whilst, from behind, it is enclosed by steep and lofty hills prettily wooded.

Hence I proceeded up the vale through the fine park of Lady Mary Ross, and near the banks of the river, towards the grand cataract of "Corra Linn" which is two miles from old Lanerk. At an inner lodge, I procured my guide who was a remarkably well-behaved, shrewd, and interesting Scotch lassie about eighteen. She first conducted me to some convenient steps which led to the foot of the fall, where it shows itself to great advantage. Here the splendid volume of the Clyde is seen rushing down two ledges of rock from a height of eighty-four feet into a large natural basin—after which the course of the river is rather altered. As at the fall of Stonebyres, the picturesque ruin of a mill occupies a rock at its side; and, on a lofty height above, stands frowning over the sublime scene an old tower named Corra Castle. Round the upper part of the cataract, and from its sides, spring trees which display almost every variety of rich foliage. The fall with its accompaniments, and the neighbouring part of the Clyde constitute, I think, the finest river scenery I ever beheld. (I had not then seen the Cataract of Velino.)

It was not, however, at the foot that the splendour of this waterfall, probably the finest in Great Britain, was appreciated in the highest degree, but from a summer-house delightfully situated on the wooded bank above. From this commanding



spot it is seen between the trees in all the pride of sylvan magnificence, and foaming grandeur ; or may be viewed, reflected and softened, in a mirror fixed for the purpose—where its troubled waters appear almost to be falling on the head of the spectator. I paused here awhile to contemplate the sublime and justly celebrated scene before me, and to mark

“ how the giant element  
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,  
Crushing the cliffs.”

Having also made an attempt at immortalizing myself by inserting my name in a bulky volume devoted to the signatures of tourists, I now followed my guide towards the Bonnington fall which is at a distance of one mile from that of Corra. Our path still lay near the bank of the river through a shady wood here and there enlivened with little rustic seats and summer-houses. The Bonnington Linn situated at an angle of the stream, and descending in an unbroken sheet from a height of twenty-seven feet only, forms a pleasing object, but does not display those grand accompaniments which characterize the noble fall below. The river is here divided in its course, and produces a second cataract of a smaller size. After its descent, it dashes over an uneven bed hemmed in by bold and overhanging rocks adorn-

ed with wood, but, above the falls, its channel is broader, and its waters roll placidly between banks also shaded by trees. Seats are prettily arranged on the neighbouring rocks, where the votary of Nature may sit, and, without interruption,

“ muse o’er flood and fell.”

I began to retrace my steps, but, before I again reached Corra Linn, had my attention directed to a little grotto, named “ Wallace’s Cave,” in a rock overlooking the Clyde. I took a farewell glance at the noble cataract as I passed it, and at length reached the lodge where I had engaged the services of my guide. I now bade her adieu, but not without saying that I should long remember her, and the splendid scenes to which she had so ably conducted me. At the turn of the path I paused to cast a “ lingering look ” towards the plant-decked window, and wave a last adieu to my conductress ! In cultivation of mind, she appeared superior to her station, and, in possessing a good share of personal attractions, differed from many of her countrywomen whom I had remarked *en passant*. Judging from my own hasty—English—observation, I should say that female beauty is somewhat rare in those parts of Scotland I have passed through, except Edinburgh.

Musing on the scenes and occurrences of the morning, I returned to my comfortable inn at

Lanerk—to fortify the *inner man* previous to proceeding to Edinburgh. I was occasionally amused with little peculiarities of speech, and, amongst others, I observed that the waiter here always said, “O yes, Sir” when she gave an affirmative answer. *Ay*, pronounced of course like *I*, is frequently used, and sounded, I thought, rather barbarous. *I dinna ken*, *wee bit*, *sair* and *mair* for *sore* and *more*, *no* instead of *not*, and numberless other Scotticisms are continually employed by well-informed persons, and are, frequently, pleasing to the southern stranger who has before scarcely met with them except in print.

I now shortly quitted Lanerk which is an old-fashioned, and, in itself, rather an unattractive town, containing about six thousand inhabitants. It derives an interest from having been the place where Wallace began that series of heroic achievements which led to the liberation of his country.

As you pursue the road towards Edinburgh, the scenery is, for a short distance, rather pretty, but its character soon alters, and you pass over a “howling wilderness,” or vast extent of moor displaying nothing to interest the traveller, but subject, as I found by painful experience, to bitter and chilling blasts. As evening advanced, the country appeared to improve, and trees were seen at the road-side; but it soon became so dark that no objects were distinguishable save those within

the light afforded by the lamps of the coach. Thus proceeding until between nine and ten o'clock, I again reached Edinburgh, where I remained only four days.

Amongst other things seen during my stay in the three-hilled city, I should not omit to mention its celebrated castle which occupies a most commanding rock overlooking the old and new towns, and rearing itself between them. It is a place of great strength ; and, before the invention of gunpowder, was, when well garrisoned, impregnable except by stratagem. The court in front of the entrance forms a commodious place for exercising the troops. In an apartment of the castle (the Crown Room) are deposited the regalia of Scotland which are displayed by a pompous old gentleman arrayed in a gold-laced red gown, and assuming all the pomp of office. His "imposing attitude" brought to my recollection Napoleon's favourite phrase, "From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step."

But to return to the regalia.—These consist of the crown of King Robert the Bruce (as my informant designated him), which, at the time of his coronation, was merely a golden circlet or hoop, but was afterwards rendered a complete crown ; the golden-handled sword of state, five feet long, with a scabbard of gold, which was presented by Pope Pius II. to James I. ; two sceptres ; an em-



blem of the Order of the Garter ; and one or two costly baubles. A rail protects these from the stranger, and on one side of the room stands the great oaken chest in which they were deposited shortly after the Union in 1707, and remained undiscovered until 1818. The massive receptacle had, during this period of one hundred and eleven years, been kept strictly guarded, but it was generally supposed that the valuable relics it once contained had been long removed. The mystery, however, was at length solved by its being opened under authority of a warrant from the King.

Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat (which is the most elevated part of them, and 810 feet high) were also objects not to be left unvisited, for, besides the interest they derive from their commanding character, they possess another, and a deep one, from forming one of the scenes of that admirable story "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." I ascended Arthur's Seat on a most delightful day, and beheld from it a truly magnificent—an almost unequalled—prospect. An enumeration and description of all the objects comprised in this view would fill a volume ; and I shall content myself with mentioning a few of the most conspicuous.—The "City of Palaces" (as it was styled by George the Fourth) in all the glory of its commanding situation, with its venerable castle, and its nume-

rous public edifices, stands pre-eminent ; the Calton Hill, with its monuments, attracts the eye—which is refreshed alternately by the blue and sparkling waters of the Frith of Forth, the green and smiling shores of Fife beyond it, and the surrounding rich country enlivened with thriving towns, large mansions, and numerous humbler residences,—and at length returns to survey the bold eminence on which the spectator stands.

On Calton Hill I visited Forrest's statues, amongst which were those of Scott, Byron, and the Rev. Andrew Thomson, and the original ones of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, as well as some fine equestrian figures of Bruce, Queen Mary, Marlborough, and Wellington. On this classical eminence stand the Observatory, and monuments of several illustrious men—of Nelson, Burns, Dugald Stewart, &c. The view from the summit of Nelson's column is said by Scotchmen to be “the finest in Europe, the Bay of Naples not excepted ;” and the German traveller, Herr Von Raumer, in his “England in 1835,” says, in speaking of the same view,—“There are few panoramas in the world to be compared to this.” I should be inclined to doubt if there is any street in Europe which presents a more magnificent *coup d'œil* than Princes' Street, as seen from the Calton Hill.

On this eminence stand twelve columns of "The National Monument" the object in the erection of which was "to commemorate the great naval and military achievements of the British arms, during the late glorious and eventful war." Its first stone was laid in August, 1822, during the visit of George the Fourth, and it was to have been an imitation of the famous Parthenon at Athens. The twelve columns that have been erected cost, according to my guide, £1000 each, and the accompanying portion of the edifice £2,000, making a total of £14,000. This expended, no further sum could be raised, and seven years ago, the work was abandoned. Thus, the National Monument, although forming in its present state an imposing object, seems to stand a monument of national want of public spirit, or national poverty, or of the poverty of the party by whom it was projected.

One of the days I spent in Edinburgh was a Sunday, and I had an opportunity of observing the devotional aspect of the citizens on the sabbath. On sallying forth in the morning, I found the streets thronged with a church-going population, and, bringing up the rear of one of the trains, I at length found myself at St. Giles's Cathedral. The amount of "true devotion" it would be impossible to calculate, but the congre-

gation certainly displayed a seriousness of demeanour which was striking.

One morning I walked down to Leith, the port of Edinburgh, to which it is almost joined by the intervening buildings. The distance is two miles and a half, and the communication is by means of a noble road bordered all the way by excellent footways. The new part of the town displays some good streets and fine edifices, but the old is very unattractive, being composed of ill-built houses bordering narrow and disagreeable streets. The most interesting scene that came under my notice in the course of this perambulation was that presented to the eye from the long pier which extends perhaps half a mile into the Forth. It commands a fine view of the broad estuary, and its verdant and productive shores,—of its azure surface chequered by innumerable vessels.

Besides the prevalence of the use of plaid, I observed nothing in Edinburgh remarkable in the way of costume, except the dress of the fish-women which has, in *some* instances, a pretty effect, and looked, I thought, like some foreign costume I had seen. It consists of a neat cap with a plain border, and a striped gown generally tucked up so as to display a striped undergarment of a different pattern or colour. More I cannot say of it, not being acquainted with the



terms applied to the different objects of female dress.

The University and Holyrood Palace ought of course to be visited by every stranger, but I did not obtain a sight of the interior of them,—having delayed my visit from day to day, and at length been compelled to—bid adieu abruptly to the Metropolis of the North.



## ADDENDA.

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IN speaking of Rome and its environs, I have omitted to say anything of that great agent of depopulation, *Malaria*,—an omission which arose partly from the shortness of my stay in the “Eterna Città,” and partly from my want of observation whilst there. Dr. Macculloch, in his observations on malaria at Rome, says—“that every year adds something to the extent of its course and influence, and not a little to the alarm of the inhabitants; since, should it proceed for many more years in the same accelerating ratio, Rome, the eternal city, may perhaps at length be abandoned, and the modern Babylon, as it has been named, become, like Babylon the Great, a desert of ruins.” With this account—recent statements in the Italian papers would seem rather at variance. It appears from them that in 1826, the population of Rome was 139,847, and that at the end of 1835 it amounted to 152,437. If this statement be true, the following prediction of the Author of Anastasius does not seem to be in the

course of fulfilment.—“ Thus shall soon the world’s ancient mistress again return to nought ; and, as the herdsman erst wandered in solitude, where Rome in later days arose, so shall the herdsman again wander in solitude where Rome has ceased to be.”

During the whole of my stay in Italy, and indeed throughout my ramble, I enjoyed excellent health, and therefore can say nothing of the salubrity or insalubrity of different localities from any effects on myself. Continual change of air and exercise are admirable preventives of disease.

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#### ERRATA.

Page 126, 7th line, for *Septimus* read *Septimius*.

„ 126, 10th line, for “ *between the Forth and the Clyde* ” read “ *from the Solway Frith to the German Ocean.* ”

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EXETER :

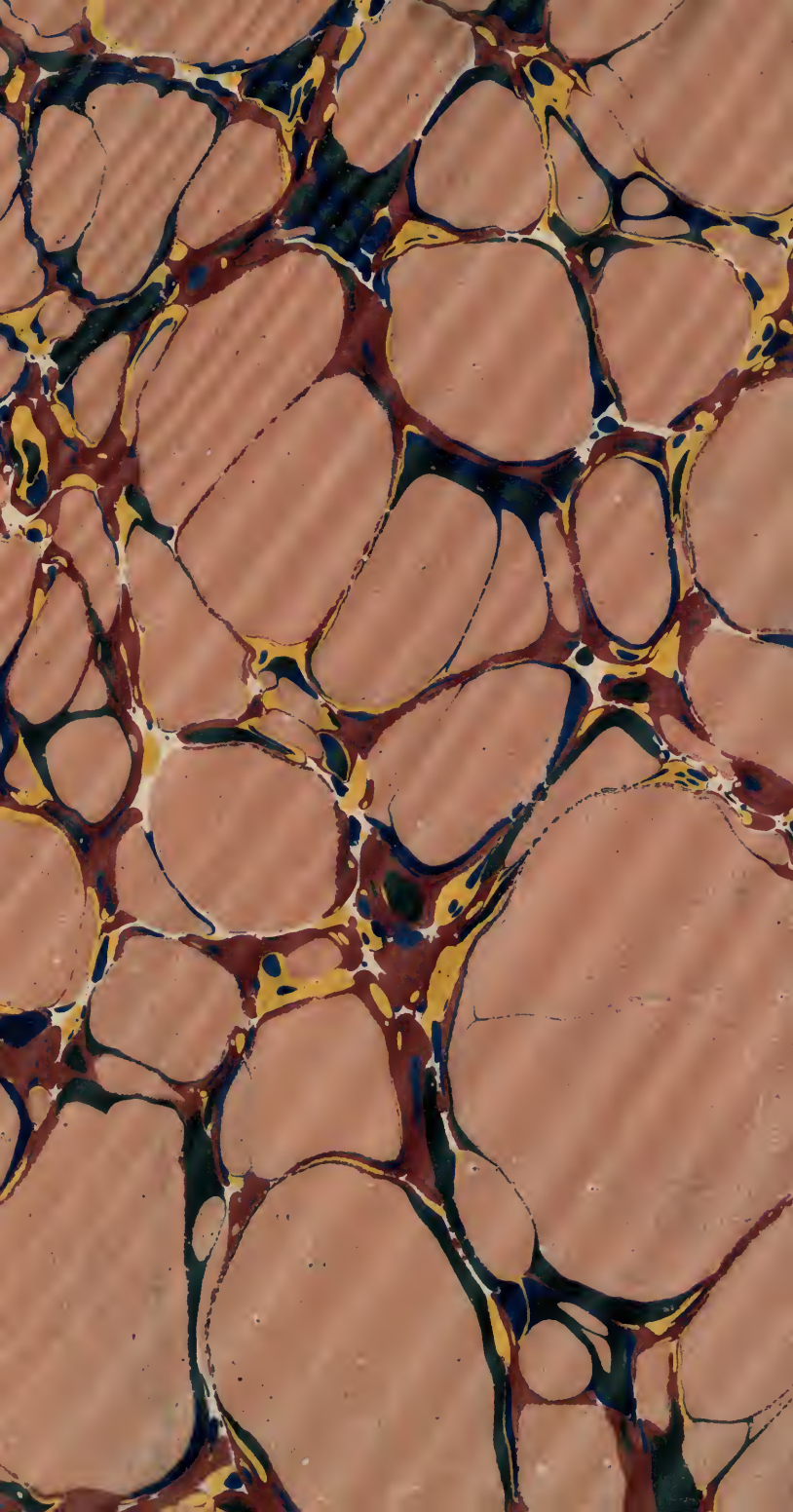
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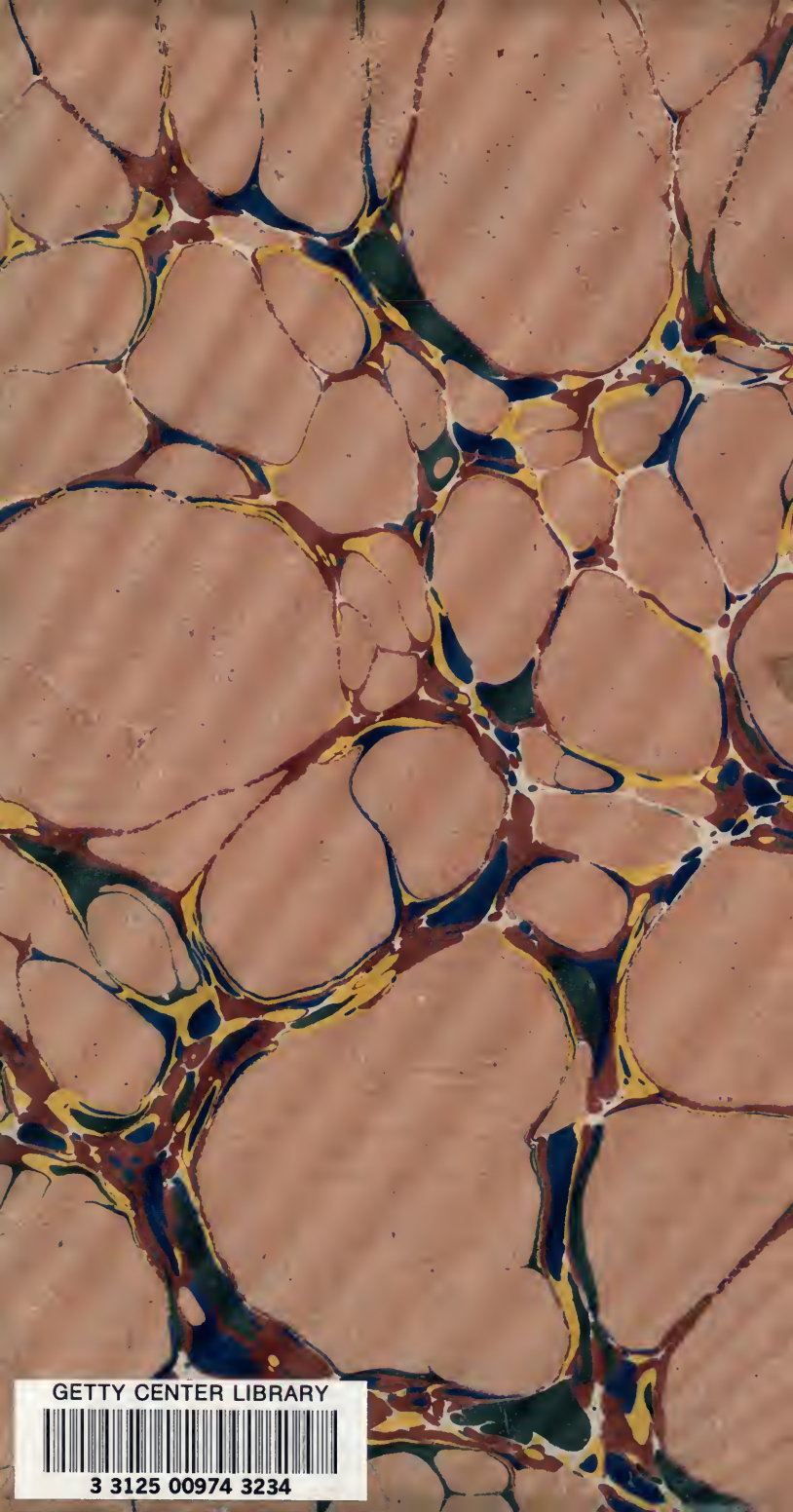




a.







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